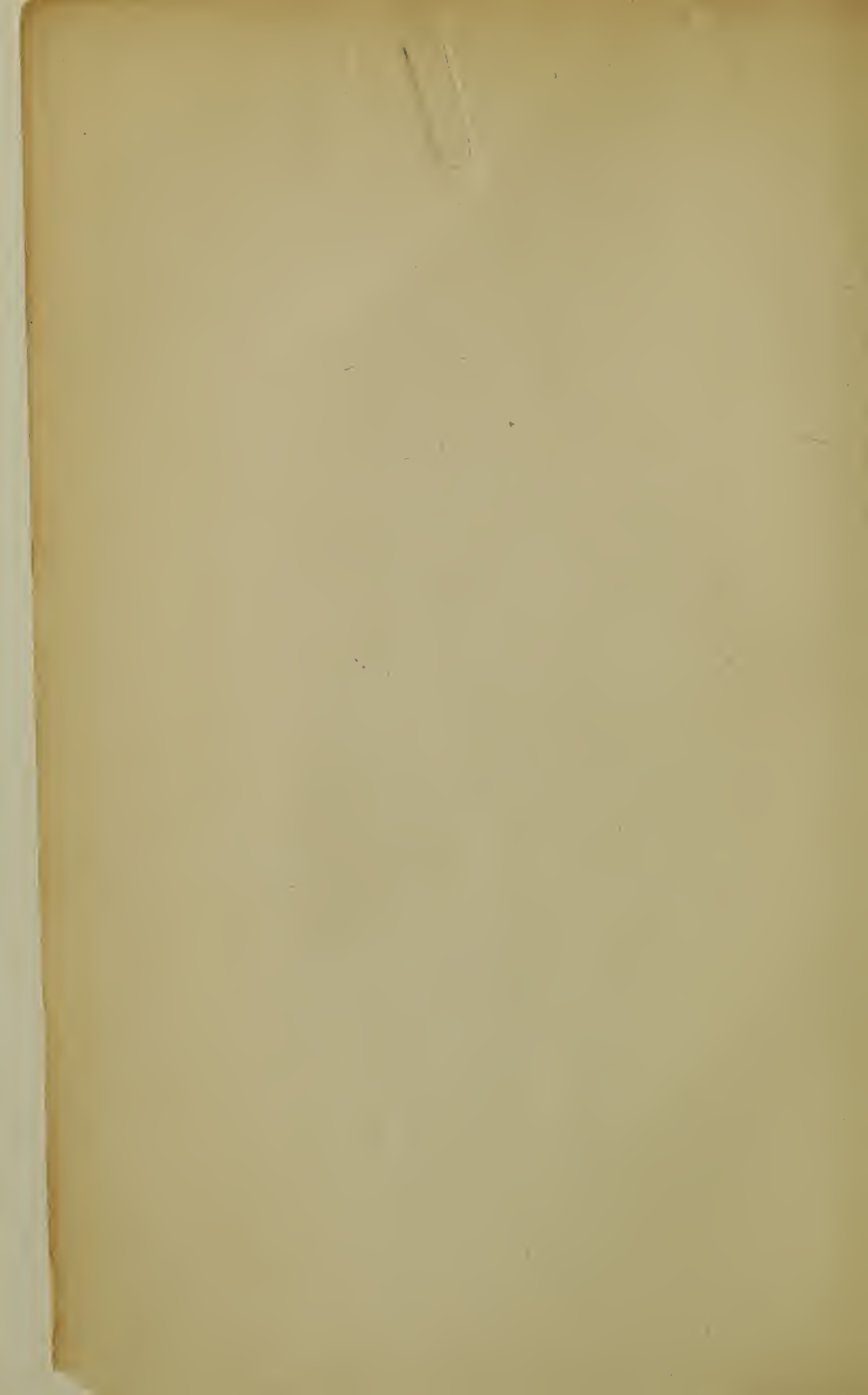


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The Complete Works of
Lyof N. Tolstoi

Anna Karenina

I-II



THE KELMSCOTT SOCIETY
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

VRONSKY PLEADING WITH ANNA

LONDON: PRINTED BY R. CLAY AND COMPANY, BUNGAY, SUFFOLK



VRONSKY PLEADING WITH ANNA

ORIGINAL DRAWING BY E. BOYD SMITH

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1880



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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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ANNA KARÉNINA

VOL. I

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INTRODUCTION

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN, Russia's greatest poet and the inspirer of the two best works of Gogol, the father of Russian realism, may perhaps be regarded as the direct cause of Count Tolstoï's greatest novel. A relative happened to be visiting at Yasnaya Polyana, and had been reading a volume of Pushkin. Count Tolstoï picked up the work and opened it casually. Some one entered as he was glancing over the pages, and he exclaimed, "Here is something charming! This is the way to write! Pushkin goes to the heart of the matter."

Count Tolstoï was so impressed by Pushkin's directness that he immediately felt like emulating him. He asked to be kept free from interruptions, shut himself into his library, and began "Anna Karenina."

The publication of it began in the *Russky Viestnik* or *Russian Messenger* in 1875; but it was frequently interrupted. Months and even years elapsed before it was concluded; yet it kept public attention. Not even the break of several months between two of the parts was sufficient to cool the interest of its reader. After the appearance of the first part he wrote a friend:—

"You praise 'Anna Karenina,' and that is very pleasant to me; the more so as I hear much in its favor; but I am sure that there never was an author more indifferent to his success than I am in this case."

A year later he wrote:—

"For two whole months I have forborne to stain my hands with ink or to burden my heart with thoughts. Now, however, I turn once more to that dull commonplace 'Anna Karenina,' moved solely to rid my desk of it—to make room for other tasks."

Even then he did not finish it. The next year he wrote: "The end of winter and the opening of spring are my busiest months for work. I must finish the novel of which I have grown so tired." But when he once took hold of it the spirit of it quickly seized him again, and much of it was written, as any one can see, with almost breathless haste.

Polevoï, in his illustrated "History of Russian Literature," says of this story: "Count Tolstoï dwells with especial fondness on the sharp contrast between the frivolity, the tinsel brightness, the tumult and vanity, of the worldly life, and the sweet, holy calm enjoyed by those who, possessing the soil, live amid the beauties of Nature and the pleasures of the family."

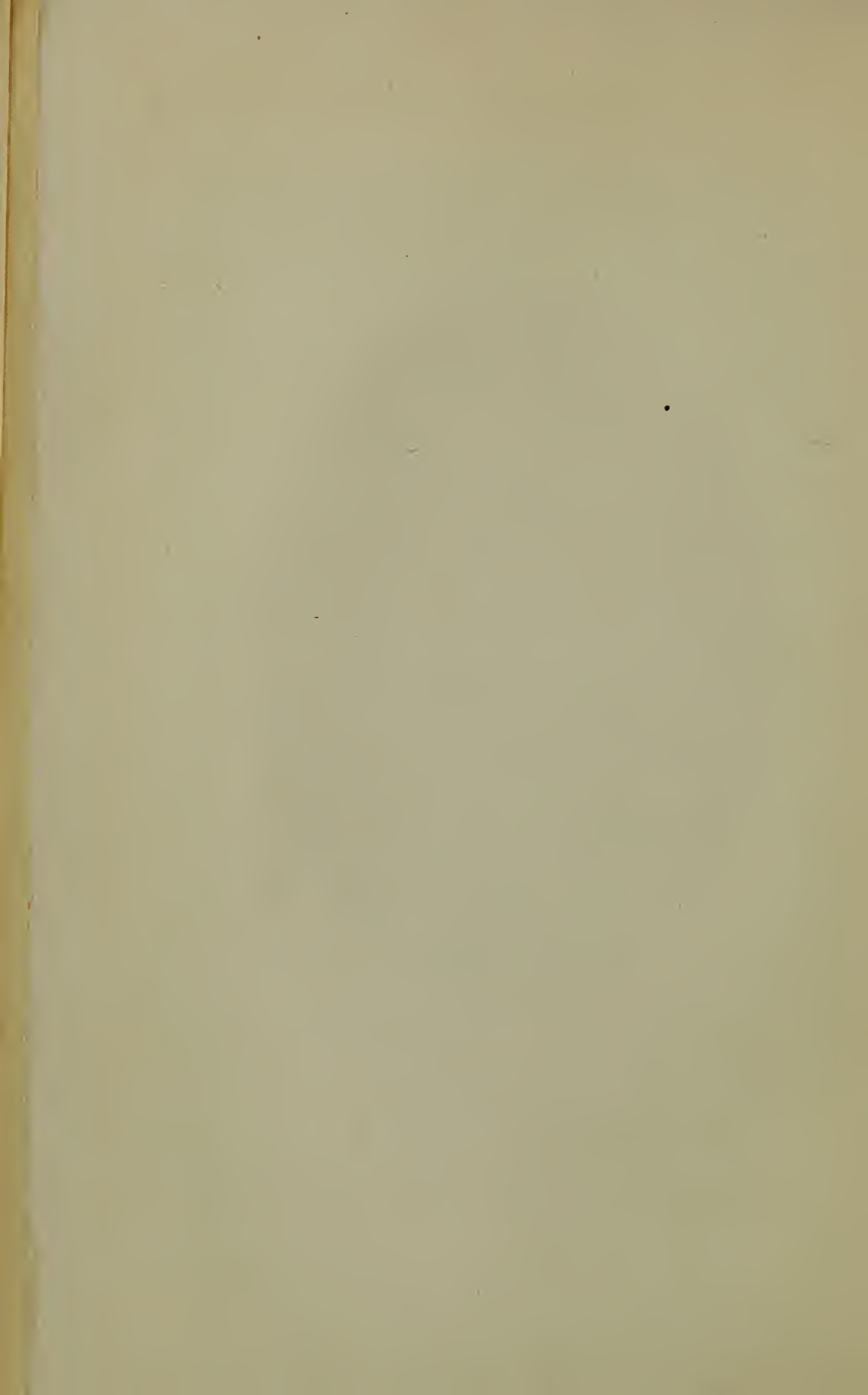
This contrast will strike the attention of every reader. It is the outgrowth of Count Tolstoï's own life; his dual nature is portrayed in the contrasting careers of Levin and Vronsky. The interweaving of two stories is done with a masterly hand. One may take them separately or together; each strand of the twisted rope follows its own course, and yet each without the other would be evidently incomplete.

As one reads, one forgets that it is fiction. It seems like a transcript of real life, and one is constantly impressed by the vast accumulation of pictures, each illustrating and explaining the vital elements of the *épopée*. At times one is startled by the vivifying flashes of genius. The death of Anna is dimly suggested by the tragic occurrence of the brakeman's death in the Moscow railway station. A still more suggestive intimation of the approaching tragedy is found in the death of Vronsky's horse during the officers' handicap race at Peterhof. If one may so speak, the atmosphere of the story is electrified with fate. In this respect it is like a Greek drama. There is never a false touch.

Count Tolstoï's brother-in-law says there is no doubt that Levin is the portrait of the novelist himself, but represented as being "extremely simple in order to bring him into still greater contrast with the representatives of high life in Moscow and St. Petersburg." He also



COUNT L. N. TOLSTOÏ, 1876.



says that the description of the way that Levin and Kitty make use of the initial letters of the words in which they wish to express to each other their mutual love is faithful in its minutest details to the history of Count Tolstor's own wooing. And undoubtedly many of the experiences of Levin on his estate are also transcripts of Count Tolstor's own experiences.

Tolstoï, like Levin, sought to reform and to better everything about him, and took part in the Liberal movements of the time; but his schemes came to naught, one after the other, and his nihilism,—for he declares in his confession that he was a Nihilist in the actual meaning of the word,—his nihilism triumphs in bitterness on their ruins. The struggle in Levin's mind and the horror of his despair tempting him also to suicide are marvelously depicted. At length, as in Tolstor's real life, the muzhik comes to his aid, light illumines his soul, and the work ends in a burst of mystic happiness, a hymn of joy, which he sings to his inmost soul, not sharing it with his beloved wife, though he knows that she knows the secret of his happiness.

Interesting and instructive as this idyllic romance is, the chief power of the novelist is expended in portraying the illicit love of Vronsky and Anna. Its moral is the opposition of duty to passion. It has been said that the love that unites the two protagonists is sincere, deep, almost holy despite its illegality. They were born for each other; it was love at first sight, a love which overleapt all bonds and bounds. But its gratification at the expense of honor brings the inevitable torment, especially to the woman who had sacrificed so much. The agony of remorse, intensified by the mortifications and humiliations caused by her position, unites itself with an almost insane jealousy, product also of the unstable relation in which she is placed. At last the union becomes so irksome, so painful, so hateful, that the only escape from it is in suicide.

Count Tolstor manages with consummate skill to retain his own respect for the guilty woman. Consequently the reader's love and sympathy for the unhappy woman

never flag. He lays bare each throb of her tortured heart. He is the Parrhasius of novelists.

Mr. Howells says: "The warmth and light of Tolstoy's good heart and right mind are seen in 'Anna Karenina,' that saddest story of guilty love in which nothing can save the sinful woman from herself,—not her husband's forgiveness, her friend's compassion, her lover's constancy, or the long intervals of quiet in which she seems safe and happy in her sin. It is she who destroys herself persistently, step by step, in spite of all help and forbearance; and yet we are never allowed to forget how good and generous she was when we first met her; how good and generous she is fitfully, and more and more rarely to the end. Her lover works out a sort of redemption through his patience and devotion; he grows gentler, wiser, worthier through it; but even his good destroys her."

Mr. Howells also comments on the extraordinary vitality of the work.

"A multitude of figures pass before us," he says, "recognizably real, never caricatured nor grotesqued, nor in any way unduly accented, but simple and actual in their evil or their good. There is lovely family life, the tenderness of father and daughter, the rapture of young wife and husband, the innocence of girlhood, the beauty of fidelity; there is the unrest and folly of fashion, the misery of wealth, and the wretchedness of wasted and mistaken life, the hollowness of ambition, the cheerful emptiness of some hearts, the dull emptiness of others. It is a world, and you live in it while you read and long afterward, but at no step have you been betrayed, not because your guide has warned or exalted you, but because he has been true, and has shown you all things as they are."

It is hardly worth while to particularize the immortal scenes with which the panoramic canvas is crowded, though the Vicomte de Vogüé characterizes the death-bed scene of Nikolaï Levin as "one of the most finished masterpieces of which literature has reason to be proud," and the description of the races at Tsarskoye-Selo, apart

from its tragic moment, is amazing for its vividness and beauty. Indeed, there are dozens of wonderful pictures of life and death in the story. And no translation, however faithful, can do justice to the quiet humor packed away often in a single word of the staccato muzhik dialect, which no one ever handled more successfully than Count Tolstoï.

The translation has been thoroughly revised and largely rewritten. All passages formerly omitted have been restored, and the occasional temptation to embroider by paraphrase on what the author left purposely simple, plain, and direct, has been resisted.

The Russian words and interjections (which, with the idea of giving local color, were employed in the first edition) have been for the most part eliminated, and the glossary is therefore superfluous. The translator's whole purpose has been to give a faithful presentation of this immortal work.

CHIEF PERSONS OF THE STORY

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch Karenin.

Anna Arkadyevna Karenina (Madame Karenin).

Count Alekseï (Alosha) Kirillovitch Vronsky.

His mother, the Countess Vronsky or Vronskaya.

His brother, Aleksandr Kirillovitch Vronsky.

Prince (*Kniaz*) Stephan (Stiva) Arkadyevitch Oblonsky.

Princess (*Kniaginya*) Darya (Dolly, Dolinka, Dashenka) Aleksandrovna Oblonsky or Oblonskaya.

Konstantin (Kostia) Dmitriyevitch (Dmitritch) Levin, proprietor of Pokrovsky.

His brother, Nikolaï Dmitriyevitch Levin.

His mistress, Marya Nikolayevna.

His half-brother, Sergyeï Ivanovitch (Ivanutch, Ivanitch) Koznuishef.

Prince Aleksandr Shcherbatsky.

Princess Shcherbatsky or Shcherbatskaya.

Their daughter, the Princess (*Kniazhna*) Yekaterina (Kitty, Katyonka, Katerina, Katya) Aleksandrovna Shcherbatsky or Shcherbatskaya (afterwards Levin or Levina).

Their nephew, Prince Nikolaï Shcherbatsky.

ANNA KARENINA

PART FIRST

“Vengeance is mine, I will repay”

CHAPTER I

ALL happy families resemble one another; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

All was confusion in the house of the Oblonskys. The wife had discovered that her husband was having an intrigue with a French governess who had been in their employ, and she declared that she could not live in the same house with him. This condition of things had lasted now three days, and was causing deep discomfort, not only to the husband and wife, but also to all the members of the family and the domestics. All the members of the family and the domestics felt that there was no sense in their living together, and that in any hotel people meeting casually had more mutual interests than they, the members of the family and the domestics of the house of Oblonsky. The wife did not come out of her own rooms; the husband had not been at home for two days. The children were running over the whole house as if they were crazy; the English maid was angry with the housekeeper and wrote to a friend begging her to find her a new place. The head cook had departed the evening before just at dinner-time; the kitchen-maid and the coachman demanded their wages.

On the third day after the quarrel, Prince Stepan Arkadyevitch Oblonsky — Stiva, as he was called in society — awoke at the usual hour, that is to say about

eight o'clock in the morning, not in his wife's chamber, but in his library, on a leather-covered divan. He turned his portly pampered body on the springs of the divan, as if intending to go to sleep again, and as he did so threw his arm round the cushion and pressed his cheek to it. But suddenly he sat up and opened his eyes.

"Well, well! how was it?" he mused, recalling a dream. "Yes, how was it? Yes! Alabin was giving a dinner at Darmstadt; no, not at Darmstadt, but it was something American. Yes, but that Darmstadt was in America. Yes, Alabin was giving a dinner on glass tables, yes, and the tables sang '*Il mio tesoro*'; no, not '*Il mio tesoro*,' but something better; and some little water-bottles, they were women!" said he, continuing his recollections.

Prince Stepan's eyes flashed gayly and he smiled as he said to himself:—

"Yes, it was very good, very good. There was something extremely elegant about it, but you can't tell it in words, and when you are awake you can't express the reality even in thought."

Then, as he noticed a ray of sunlight which came in at the side of one of the heavy window-curtains, he gayly set his feet down from the divan, found his gilt morocco slippers—they had been embroidered for him by his wife the year before as a birthday present—and, according to an old custom which he had kept up for nine years, he, without rising, stretched out his hand to the place where in his chamber hung his dressing-gown. And then he suddenly remembered how and why he had been sleeping, not in his wife's chamber, but in the library; the smile vanished from his face and he frowned.

"Akh! akh! akh! akh!" he groaned, as he recollected everything that had occurred. And before his mind arose once more all the details of the quarrel with his wife, all the hopelessness of his situation, and most lamentable of all, his own fault.

"No! she will not and she cannot forgive me. And what is the worst of it, 't was my own fault—my own fault, and yet I am not to blame. In that lies all the

tragedy of it," he said to himself. "Akh! akh! akh!" he kept murmuring in his despair, as he thought over the exceedingly unpleasant consequences that would result to him from this quarrel.

The most disagreeable moment was at the very first, when, as he came home from the theater, happy and self-satisfied, bringing a monstrous pear for his wife, he did not find her in the sitting-room, nor, to his surprise, was she in the library, and at last he saw her in her chamber holding the fatal, all-revealing letter in her hand.

She — Dolly, that forever busy and fussy and foolish creature as he always considered her — was sitting motionless with the note in her hand, and looked at him with an expression of terror, despair, and wrath.

"What is this? This?" she demanded, pointing to the note.

And as often happens, Stepan's torment at this recollection was caused less by the fact itself than by the answer which he gave to those words of his wife. His experience at that moment was the same as other people have had when unexpectedly detected in some shameful deed. He was unable to prepare his face for the situation caused by his wife's discovery of his sin. Instead of getting offended, denying it, justifying himself, asking forgiveness, or even showing indifference — anything would have been better than what he really did — in spite of himself (by a reflex action of the brain as Stepan Arkadyevitch explained it, for he loved Physiology) absolutely in spite of himself he suddenly smiled with his ordinary good-humored and therefore stupid smile.

He could not forgive himself for that stupid smile. When Dolly saw that smile, she trembled as with physical pain, poured forth a torrent of bitter words, quite in accordance with her natural temper, and fled from the room. Since that time she had not been willing to see her husband.

"That stupid smile caused the whole trouble," thought Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"But what is to be done about it, what is to be done?" he asked himself in despair, and found no answer.

CHAPTER II

STEPAN ARKADYEVITCH was a sincere man as far as he himself was concerned. He could not practise self-deception and persuade himself that he repented of his behavior. He could not, as yet, feel sorry that he, a handsome, susceptible man of four and thirty, was not now in love with his wife, the mother of his five living and two buried children, though she was only a year his junior. He regretted only that he had not succeeded in hiding it better from her. But he felt the whole weight of his situation and pitied his wife, his children, and himself. Possibly he would have had better success in hiding his peccadilloes from his wife had he realized that this knowledge would have had such an effect upon her. He had never before thought clearly of this question, but he had a dim idea that his wife had long been aware that he was not faithful to her, and looked at it through her fingers. As she had lost her freshness, was beginning to look old, was no longer pretty and far from distinguished and entirely commonplace, though she was an excellent mother of a family, he had thought that she would allow her innate sense of justice to plead for him. But it had proved to be quite the contrary.

“Akh, how wretched! aī! aī! aī! how wretched!” said Prince Stepan to himself over and over and could not find any way out of the difficulty. “And how well everything was going until this happened! How delightfully we lived! She was content, happy with the children; I never interfered with her in any way, I allowed her to do as she pleased with the children and the household! To be sure it was bad that *she* had been the governess in our own house; that was bad. There is something trivial and common in playing the gallant to one’s own governess! But what a governess!”

He vividly recalled Mlle. Roland’s black roguish eyes and her smile.

“But then, while she was here in the house with us, I did not permit myself any liberties. And the worst of all is that she is already.... All this must needs happen just to spite me. Aī! aī! aī! But what, what is to be done?”

There was no answer except that common answer which life gives to all the most complicated and unsolvable questions, — this answer: You must live according to circumstances, in other words, forget yourself. But as you cannot forget yourself in sleep — at least till night, as you cannot return to that music which the water-bottle woman sang, therefore you must forget yourself in the dream of life!

“We shall see by and by,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch to himself, and rising he put on his gray dressing-gown with blue silk lining, tied the tassels into a knot, and took a full breath into his ample lungs. Then with his usual firm step, his legs spread somewhat apart and easily bearing the solid weight of his body, he went over to the window, lifted the curtain, and loudly rang the bell. It was instantly answered by his old friend and valet Matve, who came in bringing his clothes, boots, and a telegram. Behind Matve came the barber with the shaving utensils.

“Are there any papers from the court-house?” asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, taking the telegram and taking his seat in front of the mirror.

.... “On the breakfast-table,” replied Matve, looking inquiringly and with sympathy at his master, and after an instant’s pause, added with a sly smile, “They have come from the boss of the livery-stable.”

Stepan Arkadyevitch made no reply and only looked at Matve in the mirror. By the look which they interchanged it could be seen how they understood each other. The look of Stepan Arkadyevitch seemed to ask, “Why did you say that? Don’t you know?”

Matve thrust his hands in his jacket pockets, kicked out his leg, and silently, good-naturedly, almost smiling, looked back to his master: —

“I ordered him to come on Sunday, and till then that

you and I should not be annoyed without reason," said he, with a phrase evidently ready on his tongue.

Stepan Arkadyevitch perceived that Matve wanted to make some jesting reply and attract attention to himself. Tearing open the telegram, he read it, using his wits to make out the words, that were as usual blindly written, and his face brightened.

.... "Matve, sister Anna Arkadyevna will be here to-morrow," said he, staying for a moment the plump gleaming hand of his barber, who was making a pink path through his long, curly whiskers.

"Thank God," cried Matve, showing by this exclamation that he understood as well as his master the significance of this arrival, that it meant that Anna Arkadyevna, Prince Stepan's loving sister, might effect a reconciliation between husband and wife.

"Alone, or with her husband?" asked Matve.

Stepan Arkadyevitch could not speak, as the barber was engaged on his upper lip, but he lifted one finger. Matve nodded his head toward the mirror.

"Alone. Get her room ready?"

"Report to Darya Aleksandrovna, and let her decide."

"To Darya Aleksandrovna?" repeated Matve, rather skeptically.

"Yes! report to her. And here, take the telegram, give it to her, and do as she says."

"You want to try an experiment," was the thought in Matve's mind; but he only said, "I will obey!"

By this time Stepan Arkadyevitch had finished his bath and his toilet, and was just putting on his clothes, when Matve, stepping slowly with squeaking boots, and with the telegram in his hand, returned to the room. The barber was no longer there.

"Darya Aleksandrovna bade me tell you she is going away.... do just as he — as you — please about it," said Matve, with a smile lurking in his eyes. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, and bending his head to one side, he looked at his master. Stepan Arkadyevitch was silent. Then a good-humored and rather pitiful smile lighted up his handsome face.

"Well, Matve?" he said, shaking his head.

"It's nothing, sir; she will come to her senses," answered Matve.

"Will come to her senses?"

"Sure she will!"

"Do you think so?—Who is there?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, hearing the rustle of a woman's dress behind the door.

"It's *me*," said a powerful and pleasant female voice, and in the doorway appeared the severe and pimply face of Matriona Filimonovna, the nurse.

"Well, what is it, Matriosha?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, going to meet her at the door.

Notwithstanding the fact that Stepan Arkadyevitch was entirely in the wrong as regarded his wife, and he himself acknowledged it, still almost every one in the house, even the old nurse, Darya Aleksandrovna's chief friend, was on his side.

"Well, what?" he asked gloomily.

"You go down, sir, ask her forgiveness, just once. Perhaps the Lord will bring it out right. She is tormenting herself grievously, and it is pitiful to see her; and everything in the house is going criss-cross. The children, sir, you must have pity on them. Ask her forgiveness, sir! What is to be done? No gains without pains."

"But you see she won't accept an apology."

"But you do your part. God is merciful, sir; pray to God. God is merciful."

"Very well, then, come on," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, suddenly turning red in the face. — "Very well, let me have my clothes," said he, turning to Matve, and resolutely throwing off his dressing-gown.

Matve had everything all ready for him, and stood blowing off something invisible from the shirt stiff as a horse-collar, and with evident satisfaction he put it over his master's well-groomed body.

CHAPTER III

HAVING dressed, Stepan Arkadyevitch sprinkled himself with perfume, straightened the sleeves of his shirt, according to his usual routine put into his various pockets cigarettes, his letter-case, matches, his watch with its double chain and locket, and, shaking out his handkerchief, feeling clean, well-perfumed, healthy, and physically happy in spite of his unhappiness, went out somewhat unsteadily to the dining-room, where his coffee was already waiting for him, and next the coffee his letters and the papers from the court-house.

He read his letters. One was very disagreeable, — from a merchant who was negotiating for the purchase of a forest on his wife's estate. It was necessary to sell this forest, but now nothing could be done about it until a reconciliation was effected with his wife. Most unpleasant it was to think that his pecuniary interests in this approaching transaction were complicated with his reconciliation to his wife. And the thought that he might be influenced by this interest, that his desire for a reconciliation with his wife was on account of the sale of the forest, this thought mortified him.

Having finished his letters Stepan Arkadyevitch took up the papers from the court-house, rapidly turned over the leaves of two deeds, made several notes with a big pencil, and then pushing them away, took his coffee. While he was drinking it he opened a morning journal still damp, and began to read.

Stepan Arkadyevitch subscribed to a liberal paper, and read it. It was not extreme in its views, but advocated those principles which the majority held. And though he was not really interested in science or art or politics, he strongly adhered to such views on all these subjects as the majority, including his paper, advocated, and he changed them only when the majority changed them; or more correctly, he did not change them, but they themselves imperceptibly changed in him.

Stepan Arkadyevitch never chose principles or opin-

ions, but these principles and opinions came to him, just as he never chose the shape of a hat or coat, but took those that others wore. And, living as he did in fashionable society, through the necessity of some mental activity, developing generally in a man's best years, it was as indispensable for him to have views as to have a hat. If there was any reason why he preferred liberal views rather than the conservative direction which many of his circle followed, it was not because he found a liberal tendency more rational, but because he found it better suited to his mode of life.

The liberal party declared that everything in Russia was wretched; and the fact was that Stepan Arkadyevitch had a good many debts and was decidedly short of money. The liberal party said that marriage was a defunct institution and that it needed to be remodeled, and in fact domestic life afforded Stepan Arkadyevitch very little pleasure, and compelled him to lie, and to pretend what was contrary to his nature. The liberal party said, or rather took it for granted, that religion is only a curb on the barbarous portion of the community, and in fact Stepan Arkadyevitch could not bear the shortest prayer without pain in his knees, and he could not comprehend the necessity of all these awful and high-sounding words about the other world when it is so very pleasant to live in this. Moreover, Stepan Arkadyevitch, who liked a merry jest, was sometimes fond of scandalizing a quiet man by saying that any one who was proud of his origin ought not to stop at Rurik and deny his earliest ancestor — the monkey.

Thus the liberal tendency had become a habit with Stepan Arkadyevitch, and he liked his paper, just as he liked his cigar after dinner, because of the slight haziness which it caused in his brain. He was now reading the leading editorial, which proved that in our day a cry is raised, without reason, over the danger that radicalism may swallow up all the conservative elements, and that government ought to take measures to crush the hydra of revolution, and that, on the contrary, "according to our opinion, the danger lies not in this imaginary hydra

of revolution, but in the inertia of traditions which block progress," and so on. He read through another article on finance which made mention of Bentham and Mill, and dropped some sharp hints for the ministry. With his peculiar quickness of comprehension he appreciated each point, — from whom and against whom and on what occasion it was directed; and this as usual afforded him some amusement. But his satisfaction was poisoned by the remembrance of Matriona's advice and of the unfortunate state of his domestic affairs. He read also that Count von Beust was reported to have gone to Wiesbaden, that there was to be no more gray hair; he read about the sale of a light carriage and a young woman's advertisement for a place. But these items did not afford him quiet, ironical satisfaction as usual.

Having finished his paper, his second cup of coffee, and a buttered roll, he stood up, shook the crumbs of the roll from his waistcoat, and, filling his broad chest, smiled joyfully, not because there was anything extraordinarily pleasant in his mind, but the joyful smile was caused by good digestion.

But this joyful smile immediately brought back the memory of everything, and he sank into thought.

The voices of two children — Stepan Arkadyevitch knew they were Grisha, his youngest boy, and Tania, his eldest daughter — were now heard behind the door. They were dragging something and upset it.

"I told you not to put passengers on top," cried the little girl in English. — "Now pick them up."

"Everything is in confusion," said Stepan Arkadyevitch to himself. "Now here the children are, running wild!" And going to the door, he called to them. They dropped the little box which served them for a railway-train, and ran to their father.

The little girl, her father's favorite, ran in boldly, threw her arms around his neck and laughingly hugged him, enjoying as usual the odor which exhaled from his whiskers. Then kissing his face, reddened by his bending position and beaming with tenderness, the little girl unclasped her hands and wanted to run away again, but her father held her back.

“What is mamma doing?” he asked, caressing his daughter’s smooth, soft neck. “How are you?” he added, smiling at the boy, who stood saluting him. He acknowledged he had less love for the little boy, yet he tried to be impartial. But the boy felt the difference, and did not smile back in reply to his father’s chilling smile.

“Mamma? She’s up,” answered the little girl.

Stepan Arkadyevitch sighed. “Of course she has spent another sleepless night,” he said to himself.

“Well, is she cheerful?”

The little girl knew that there was trouble between her father and her mother, and that her mother could not be cheerful, and that her father ought to know it, and that he was dissembling when he questioned her so lightly. And she blushed for her father. He instantly perceived it and also turned red.

“I don’t know,” she said; “she told me that we were not to have lessons this morning but were to go with Miss Hull over to grandmother’s.”

“Well, then, run along, *Tanchurotchka moja*. — Oh, yes, wait,” said he, still detaining her and smoothing her delicate little hand.

He took down from the mantelpiece a box of candy which he had placed there the day before, and gave her two pieces, selecting her favorite chocolate and vanilla.

“For Grisha?” she asked, pointing to the chocolate.

“Yes, yes;” and still smoothing her soft shoulder he kissed her on the neck and hair, and let her go.

“The carriage is at the door,” said Matve, and he added, “A woman is here — a petitioner.”

“Has she been here long?” demanded Stepan Arkadyevitch.

“Half an hour.”

“How many times have you been told to announce visitors instantly?”

“I had to get your coffee ready,” replied Matve in his kind, rough voice, at which it was impossible to take offense.

“Well, show her in quick!” said Oblonsky, frowning with annoyance.

The petitioner, the wife of Captain Kalanin, asked some impossible and nonsensical favor; but Stepan Arkadyevitch, according to his custom, gave her a comfortable seat, listened to her story without interrupting, and then gave her careful advice to whom and how to make her application, and in lively and eloquent style wrote, in his big, scrawling, but handsome and legible hand, a note to the person who might aid her. Having dismissed the captain's wife, Stepan Arkadyevitch took his hat and stood for a moment trying to remember whether he had forgotten anything. He seemed to have forgotten nothing except what he wanted to forget — his wife.

“Ah, yes!”

He dropped his head, and a gloomy expression came over his handsome face.

“To go or not to go,” he said to himself; and an inner voice told him that it was not advisable to go, that there was no way out of it except through deception, that to straighten, to smooth out, their relations was impossible, because it was impossible to make her attractive and lovable again, or to make him an old man insensible to passion. Nothing but deception and lying could come of it, and deception and lying were opposed to his nature.

“But it must be done sometime; it can't remain so always,” he said, striving to gain courage. He straightened himself, took out a cigarette, lighted it, puffed at it two or three times, threw it into a mother-of-pearl-lined ash-tray, went with quick steps through the sitting-room, and opened the door into his wife's sleeping-room.

CHAPTER IV

DARYA ALEKSANDROVNA, surrounded by all sorts of things thrown in confusion about the room, was standing before an open chiffonnier from which she was removing the contents. She had on a dressing-sack, and the thin braids of her once luxuriant and beautiful hair were pinned back. Her face was thin and sunken, and her big eyes, protruding from her pale, worn face, had an expression of terror. When she heard her husband's steps she stopped in her work and, gazing at the door, vainly tried to give her face a stern and forbidding expression. She was conscious that she feared him and that she dreaded the coming interview. She was in the act of doing what she had attempted to do a dozen times during those three days: gathering up her own effects and those of her children to carry to her mother's house; and again she could not bring herself to do it, yet now, as before, she said to herself that things could not remain as they were, that she must take some measures to punish him, to put him to shame, to have some revenge on him, if only for a small part of the anguish that he had caused her. She still kept saying that she should leave him, but she felt that it was impossible; it was impossible because she could not cease to consider him her husband and to love him. Moreover, she confessed that if here in her own home she had barely succeeded in looking after her five children, it would be far worse where she was going with them. In the course of these three days the youngest child had been made ill by eating some poor soup, and the rest had been obliged to go almost dinnerless the night before. She felt that it was impossible to leave, yet for the sake of deceiving herself she was collecting her things and pretending that she was going.

When she saw her husband, she thrust her hands into a drawer of the chiffonnier, as if trying to find something, and looked at him only when he came close up to her. But her face, to which she had intended to give

a stern and resolute expression, showed her confusion and anguish of mind.

"Dolly," said he, in a gentle, subdued voice. He hung his head and tried to assume a humble and submissive mien, but nevertheless he was radiant with fresh life and health. She gave him a quick glance which took in his whole figure from head to foot, radiant with life and health.

"Yes, he is happy and contented," she said to herself, "but I?.... And this good nature which makes everybody like him so well and praise him is revolting to me! I hate this good nature of his."

Her mouth grew firm, the muscles of her right cheek contracted, she looked pale and nervous.

"What do you want?" she demanded, in a quick, unnatural tone.

"Dolly," he repeated, with a quaver in his voice, "Anna is coming to-day."

"Well, what is that to me? I cannot receive her," she cried.

"Still, it must be done, Dolly."

"Go away! go away! go away!" she cried, without looking at him, and as if her words were torn from her by physical agony.

Stepan Arkadyevitch might be calm enough as his thoughts turned to his wife, he might have some hope that it would all straighten itself out according to Matve's prediction, and he might be able tranquilly to read his morning paper and drink his coffee; but when he saw her tortured, suffering face, when he heard that resigned and hopeless tone of her voice, he breathed hard, something rose in his throat, and his eyes filled with tears.

"My God! What have I done? for God's sake!.... See...."

He could not say another word for the sobs that choked him.

She shut the drawer violently, and looked at him.

"Dolly, what can I say?.... Only one thing: forgive me. Just think! Cannot nine years of my life pay for a single moment, a moment...."

She let her eyes fall, and listened to what he was going to say, as if beseeching him in some way to persuade her of his innocence.

"A single moment of temptation," he ended, and was going to continue; but at that word, Dolly's lips again closed tight as if from physical pain, and again the muscles of her right cheek contracted.

"Go away, go away from here," she cried still more impetuously, "and don't speak to me of your temptations and your wretched conduct."

She attempted to leave the room, but she almost fell, and was obliged to lean upon a chair for support. Oblonsky's face grew melancholy, his lips trembled, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Dolly," said he, almost sobbing, "for God's sake think of the children. They are not to blame; I am the one to blame. Punish me! Tell me how I can atone for my fault. I am ready to do anything. I am guilty! No words can tell how guilty I am. But, Dolly, forgive me!"

She sat down. He heard her quick, hard breathing, and his soul was filled with pity for her. She tried several times to speak, but could not utter a word. He waited.

"You think of the children, because you like to play with them; but I think of them, too, and I know what they have lost," said she, repeating one of the phrases that during the last three days she had many times repeated to herself.

She had used the familiar *tui* (thou), and he looked at her with gratitude, and made a movement as if to take her hand, but she turned from him with abhorrence.

"I have consideration for my children, and therefore I would do all in the world to save them; but I do not myself know how I can best save them: by taking them from their father, or by leaving them with a father who is a libertine, — yes, a libertine! Now tell me after this, — this that has happened, can we live together? Is it possible? Tell me, is it possible?" she demanded,

raising her voice. "When my husband, the father of my children, has a love-affair with their governess"

".... But what is to be done about it? what is to be done?" said he, interrupting with broken voice, not knowing what he said, and letting his head sink lower and lower.

"You are revolting to me, you are insulting," she cried, with increasing anger. "Your tears are water! You never loved me; you have no heart, no honor. You are abominable, revolting, and henceforth you are a stranger to me, — yes, a perfect stranger," and she repeated with spiteful anger this word "stranger" which was so terrible to her own ears.

He looked at her, and the anger expressed in her face alarmed and surprised him. He had no realizing sense that his pity exasperated his wife. She saw that he felt sympathy for her, but not love. "No, she hates me, she will not forgive me," he said to himself.

"This is terrible, terrible!" he cried.

At this moment one of the children in the next room, having apparently had a fall, began to cry. Darya Aleksandrovna listened and her face suddenly softened. She seemed to collect her thoughts for a few seconds, as if she did not know where she was and what was happening to her, then, quickly rising, she hastened to the door.

"At any rate she loves my child," thought Oblonsky, who had noticed the change in her face as she heard the little one's cry. "*My* child; how then can she hate me?"

"Dolly! just one word more," he said, following her.

"If you follow me, I will call the domestics, the children! Let them all know that you are infamous! I leave this very day, and you may live here with your paramour."

And she went out and slammed the door.

Stepan Arkadyevitch sighed, wiped his face, and softly left the room.

"Matve says this can be settled; but how? I don't see the possibility. Akh! akh! how terrible! and

how foolishly she shrieked," said he to himself, as he recalled her cry and the words "infamous" and "paramour"!

"Perhaps the chambermaids heard her! horribly foolish, horribly!"

Stepan Arkadyevitch stood by himself a few seconds, rubbed his eyes, sighed, and then, throwing out his chest, left the room.

It was Friday, and in the dining-room the German clock-maker was winding the clock. Stepan Arkadyevitch remembered a joke that he had made about this punctilious German clock-maker, to the effect that "he must have been wound up himself for a lifetime for the purpose of winding clocks," and he smiled. Stepan Arkadyevitch loved a good joke. "Perhaps it will straighten itself out. That's a good little phrase! straighten itself out," he thought; "I must tell that."

"Matve!" he shouted; and when the old servant appeared, he said, "Have Marya put the best room in order for Anna Arkadyevna."

"Very well."

Stepan Arkadyevitch took his fur coat, and started down the steps.

"Shall you dine at home?" asked Matve, as he escorted him down.

"That depends. Here, take this if you need to spend anything," said he, taking out a bill of ten rubles from his pocket-book. "That will be enough."

"Whether it is enough or not, it will have to do," said Matve, as he shut the carriage-door and went up the steps.

Meantime, Darya Aleksandrovna, having pacified the child, and knowing by the sound of the carriage that he was gone, came back to her room. This was her sole refuge from the domestic troubles that besieged her as soon as she went out. Even during the short time that she had been in the nursery, the English maid and Matriona Filimonovna asked her all sorts of questions demanding immediate attention, questions which she alone could answer, — what clothes should they put on

the children for their walk? should they give them milk? should they send for another cook?

"Akh! leave me alone, leave me alone!" she cried, and, hastening back to the chamber, she sat down in the place where she had been talking with her husband. Then, clasping her thin hands, on whose fingers the rings would scarcely stay, she reviewed the whole conversation.

"He has gone! But has he broken with *her*?" she asked herself. "Does he still continue to see her? Why did n't I ask him? No, no, we cannot live together. Even if we continue to live in the same house, we are only strangers, strangers forever!" she repeated, with a strong emphasis on the word that hurt her so cruelly. "How I loved him! my God, how I loved him!.... How I loved him! and even now do I not love him? Do I not love him even more than before? that is the most terrible thing," she was beginning to say, but she did not finish out her thought, because Matriona Filimonovna put her head in at the door. "Give orders to send for my brother," said she; "he will get dinner. If you don't, it will be like yesterday, when the children did not have anything to eat for six hours."

"Very good, I will come and give the order. Have you sent for some fresh milk?"

And Darya Aleksandrovna entered into her daily tasks, and in them forgot her sorrow for the time being.

CHAPTER V

STEPAN ARKADYEVITCH had done well at school, by reason of his excellent natural gifts, but he was lazy and mischievous, and consequently had been at the foot of his class; but, in spite of his irregular habits, his low rank in the Service, and his youth, he, nevertheless, held an important salaried position as nachalnik, or president of one of the courts in Moscow. This place he had secured through the good offices of his sister Anna's husband, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch Karenin, who occupied one of the most influential positions in the ministry of which he

was a member. But even if Karenin had not been able to get this place for his brother-in-law, a hundred other people—brothers, sisters, cousins, second cousins, uncles, aunts—would have got it for Stiva Oblonsky, or some place as good, together with the six thousand rubles' salary which he needed for his establishment, his affairs being somewhat out of order in spite of his wife's considerable fortune.

Half the people of Moscow and St. Petersburg were relatives or friends of Stepan Arkadyevitch; he was born into the society of the rich and powerful of this world. A third of the older officials attached to the court and in government employ had been friends of his father, and had known him from the time when he wore petticoats; a second third addressed him familiarly in the second person singular; the others were "hail fellows well met." He had, therefore, as his friends, all those whose function it is to dispense earthly blessings in the shape of places, leases, concessions, and the like, and who could not neglect their own. And so Oblonsky had no special difficulty in obtaining an excellent place. All he had to do was not to shirk, not to be jealous, not to be quarrelsome, not to be thin-skinned, and he never gave way to these faults, because of his natural good temper. It would have seemed ridiculous to him if he had been told that he could not have any salaried place that he wanted, because it did not seem to him that he demanded anything extraordinary. He asked only for what his companions were obtaining, and he felt that he was as capable as any of them of performing the duties of such a position.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was liked by every one for his good and amiable character and his unimpeachable honesty. There was moreover something in his brilliant and attractive personality, in his bright, sparkling eyes, his black brows, his hair, his vivid coloring, which exercised a strong physical influence as of friendliness and gayety on those who came in touch with him.

"Aha, Stiva! Oblonsky! Here he is!" people would generally say, with a smile of pleasure. Even if

it happened that the results of meeting him were not particularly gratifying, nevertheless people were just as glad to meet him the second day and the third.

After filling for three years the office of nachalnik of one of the chief judiciary positions in Moscow, Stepan Arkadyevitch had gained, not only the friendship, but also the respect of his colleagues, both those above and those below him in station, as well as of all who had had dealings with him. The principal qualities that had gained him this universal esteem were, first, his extreme indulgence for people, and this was founded on his knowledge of his own weaknesses; secondly, his absolute liberality, which was not the liberalism which he read about in the newspapers, but that which was in his blood, and caused him to be agreeable to every one, in whatever station in life; and thirdly and principally, his perfect indifference to the business which he transacted, so that he never lost his temper, and therefore never made mistakes.

As soon as he reached his tribunal, Stepan Arkadyevitch, escorted by the solemn Swiss who bore his portfolio, went to his little private office, put on his uniform, and proceeded to the court-room. The clerks and other employees all stood up, bowing eagerly and respectfully. Stepan Arkadyevitch, as usual, hastened to his place, shook hands with his colleagues, and took his seat. He got off some pleasantries and made some remark suitable to the occasion, and then opened the session. No one better than he understood how far to go within the limits of freedom, frankness, and that official dignity which is so useful in the expedition of official business. A clerk came with papers, and, with the free and yet respectful air common to all who surrounded Stepan Arkadyevitch, spoke in the familiarly liberal tone which Stepan Arkadyevitch had introduced: —

“We have at last succeeded in obtaining reports from the Government of Penza. Here they are, if you care to”

“So we have them at last,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, touching the document with his finger. “Now, then, gentlemen”

And the proceedings began.

"If they knew," he said to himself, as he bent his head with an air of importance while the report was read, "how much their president, only half an hour since, looked like a naughty school-boy!" and a gleam of amusement came into his eyes as he listened to the report.

The session generally lasted till two o'clock without interruption, and was followed by recess and luncheon. The clock had not yet struck two, when the great glass doors of the court-room were suddenly thrown open, and some one entered. All the members, glad of any diversion, looked round from where they sat under the Emperor's portrait and behind the *zertsálo*, or proclamation-table; but the doorkeeper instantly ejected the intruder, and shut the door on him.

After the business was read through, Stepan Arkadyevitch arose, stretched himself, and in a spirit of sacrifice to the liberalism of the time took out his cigarette, while still in the court-room, and then passed into his private office. Two of his colleagues, the aged veteran Nikitin, and the chamberlain Grinevitch, followed him.

"There'll be time enough to finish after luncheon," said Oblonsky.

"How we are rushing through with it!" replied Nikitin.

"This Famin must be a precious rascal," said Grinevitch, alluding to one of the characters in the affair which they had been investigating.

Stepan Arkadyevitch knitted his brows at Grinevitch's words, as if to signify that it was not the right thing to form snap judgments, and he made no reply.

"Who was it came into the court-room?" he asked of the doorkeeper.

"Some one who entered without permission, your excellency, while my back was turned. He asked to see you: I said, 'When the court adjourns, then....'"

"Where is he?"

"Probably in the vestibule; he was there just now. Ah! there he is," said the doorkeeper, pointing to a solidly built, broad-shouldered man with curly beard, who, without taking off his sheepskin cap, was lightly

and quickly running up the well-worn steps of the stone staircase. A lean chinovnik, on his way down, with a portfolio under his arm, stopped to look, with some indignation, at the newcomer's feet, and turned to Oblonsky with a glance of inquiry. Stepan Arkadyevitch stood at the top of the staircase, and his bright, good-natured face, set off by the embroidered collar of his uniform, was still more radiant when he recognized the visitor.

"Here he is! Levin, at last," he cried, with a friendly, ironical smile, as he looked at his approaching friend. "What! you got tired of waiting for me, and have come to find me in this den?" he went on to say, not satisfied with pressing his hand, but kissing him affectionately. "Have you been in town long?"

"I just got here, and was in a hurry to see you," said Levin, looking about him timidly, and at the same time with a fierce and anxious expression.

"Well, come into my office," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was aware of his visitor's egotistic sensitiveness, and, taking him by the hand, he led him along as if he were conducting him through manifold dangers.

Stepan Arkadyevitch addressed almost all his acquaintances with the familiar "thou," — old men of threescore, young men of twenty, actors and ministers, merchants and generals, so that there were very many of these familiarly addressed acquaintances from both extremes of the social scale, and they would have been astonished to know that through Oblonsky they had something in common. He thus addressed all with whom he had drunk champagne, and he had drunk champagne with every one, and so when in the presence of his subordinates he met any of his *shameful* intimates, as he jestingly called some of his acquaintances, his characteristic tact was sufficient to diminish the disagreeable impressions that they might have.

Levin was not one of his *shameful* intimates, but Oblonsky instinctively felt that Levin might think he would not like to make a display of their intimacy before his subordinates, and so he hastened to take him into his private office.

Levin was about the same age as Oblonsky, and their intimacy was not based on champagne alone. Levin was a friend and companion from early boyhood. In spite of the difference in their characters and their tastes, they were fond of each other as friends are who have grown up together. And yet, as often happens among men who have chosen different spheres of activity, each, while approving the work of the other, really despised it. Each believed his own mode of life to be the only rational way of living, while that led by his friend was only illusion.

At the sight of Levin, Oblonsky could not repress a slight ironical smile. How many times had he seen him in Moscow just in from the country, where he had been doing something, though Oblonsky did not know exactly what and scarcely took any interest in it. Levin always came to Moscow anxious, hurried, a trifle annoyed, and vexed because he was annoyed, and generally bringing with him entirely new and unexpected views of things. Stepan Arkadyevitch laughed at this and yet liked it.

In somewhat the same way Levin despised the city mode of his friend's life, and his official employment, which he considered trifling, and made sport of it. But the difference between them lay in this: that Oblonsky, doing what every one else was doing, laughed self-confidently and good-naturedly, while Levin, because he was not assured in his own mind, sometimes lost his temper.

"We have been expecting you for some time," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, as he entered his office, and let go his friend's hand to show that the danger was past. "I am very, very glad to see you," he continued. "How goes it? how are you? When did you come?"

Levin was silent, and looked at the unknown faces of Oblonsky's two colleagues, and especially at the elegant Grinevitch's hand, with its long, white fingers and their long, yellow, and pointed nails, and his cuffs, with their huge, gleaming cuff-buttons. It was evident that his hands absorbed all of his attention and allowed him to think of nothing else. Oblonsky instantly noticed this, and smiled.

"Ah, yes," said he, "allow me to make you acquainted

with my colleagues, Filipp Ivanuitch Nikitin, Mikhail Stanislavitch Grinevitch ;” then turning to Levin, “A landed proprietor, a rising man, a member of the zemstsvo, and a gymnast who can lift two hundred pounds with one hand, a raiser of cattle, and huntsman, and my friend, Konstantin Dmitrievitch Levin, the brother of Sergyei Ivanuitch Koznuishef.”

“Very happy,” said the little old man. “I have the honor of knowing your brother, Sergyei Ivanuitch,” said Grinevitch, extending his delicate hand with its long nails.

Levin frowned; he coldly shook hands, and turned to Oblonsky. Although he had much respect for his half-brother, a writer universally known in Russia, it was none the less unpleasant for him to be addressed, not as Konstantin Levin, but as the brother of the famous Koznuishef.

“No, I am no longer a worker in the zemstsvo. I have quarreled with everybody, and I don’t go to the assemblies,” said he to Oblonsky.

“This is a sudden change,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a smile. “But how? why?”

“It is a long story, and I will tell it some other time,” replied Levin; but he nevertheless went on to say, “To make a long story short, I was convinced that no action amounts to anything, or can amount to anything, in our provincial assemblies.” He spoke as if some one had insulted him. “On the one hand, they try to play Parliament, and I am not young enough and not old enough to amuse myself with toys; and, on the other hand,” — he hesitated, — “this serves the district ring to make a little money. There used to be guardianships, judgments; but now we have the zemstsvo, not in the way of bribes, but in the way of unearned salaries.”

He spoke hotly, as if some one present had attacked his views.

“Aha! here you are, I see, in a new phase, on the conservative side,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch. “Well, we’ll speak about this by and by.”

“Yes, by and by. But I want to see you particu-

larly," said Levin, looking with disgust at Grinevitch's hand.

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled imperceptibly. "Did n't you say that you would never again put on European clothes?" he asked, examining his friend's new suit, evidently made by a French tailor. "Indeed, I see; 't is a new phase."

Levin suddenly grew red, not as grown men grow red, without perceiving it, but as boys blush, conscious that they are ridiculous by reason of their bashfulness, and therefore ashamed and made to turn still redder till the tears almost come. It gave his intelligent, manly face such a strange appearance that Oblonsky turned away and refrained from looking at him.

"But where can we meet? You see it is very, very necessary for me to have a talk with you," said Levin.

Oblonsky seemed to reflect.

"How is this? We will go and have luncheon at Gurin's, and we can talk there. At three o'clock I shall be free."

"No," answered Levin after a moment's thought; "I've got to take a drive."

"Well, then, let us dine together."

"Dine? But I have nothing very particular to say, only two words, to ask a question; afterward we can gossip."

"In that case, speak your two words now; we will chat while we are at dinner."

"These two words are however, it's nothing very important."

His face suddenly assumed a hard expression, due to his efforts in conquering his timidity. "What are the Shcherbatskys doing? — just as they used to?"

Stepan Arkadyevitch, who had long known that Levin was in love with his sister-in-law Kitty, almost perceptibly smiled, and his eyes flashed gayly. "You said 'two words'; but I cannot answer in two words, because excuse me a moment."

The secretary came in at this juncture with his

familiar but respectful bearing, and with that modest assumption characteristic of all secretaries that he knew more about business than his superior. He brought some papers to Oblonsky; and, under the form of a question, he attempted to explain some difficulty. Without waiting to hear the end of the explanation, Stepan Arkadyevitch laid his hand affectionately on the secretary's arm.

"No, do as I asked you to," said he, tempering his remark with a smile; and, having briefly given his own explanation of the matter, he pushed away the papers, and said, "Do it so, I beg of you, Zakhar Nikititch."

The secretary went off confused. Levin during this scene with the secretary had entirely recovered from his embarrassment, and was standing with both arms resting on a chair; on his face was an ironical expression.

"I don't understand, I don't understand," said he.

"What don't you understand?" asked Oblonsky, smiling, and taking out a cigarette. He was expecting some sort of strange outbreak from Levin.

"I don't understand what you are up to," said Levin, shrugging his shoulders. "How can you do this sort of thing seriously?"

"Why not?"

"Why, because it is doing nothing."

"You think so? We are overwhelmed with work."

"On paper! Well, yes, you have a special gift for such things," added Levin.

"You mean that I ... there is something that I lack?"

"Perhaps so, yes. However, I cannot help admiring your high and mighty ways, and rejoicing that I have for a friend a man of such importance. But, you did not answer my question," he added, making a desperate effort to look Oblonsky full in the face.

"Now that's very good, very good! Go ahead, and you will succeed. 'Tis well that you have eight thousand acres of land in the district of Karazinsk, such muscles, and the complexion of a little girl of twelve; but you will catch up with us all the same. Yes, as to

what you asked me. There is no change, but I am sorry that it has been so long since you were in town."

"Why?" asked Levin in alarm.

"Well, it's nothing," replied Oblonsky; "we will talk things over. What has brought you now especially?"

"Akh! we will speak also of that by and by," said Levin, again reddening to his very ears.

"Very good. I understand you," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "You see, I should have taken you home with me to dinner, but my wife is not well to-day. If you want to see *them*, you will find them at the Zoölogical Gardens from four to five. Kitty is skating. You go there; I will join you later, and we will get dinner together somewhere."

"Excellent. Da svidanya!"

"Look here — you see I know you — you will forget all about it, or will suddenly be starting back to your home in the country," cried Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a laugh.

"No, truly I won't."

Levin left the room, and only when he had passed the door realized that he had forgotten to salute Oblonsky's colleagues.

"That must be a gentleman of great energy," said Grinevitch, after Levin had taken his departure.

"Yes, batyushka," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, throwing his head back. "He is a likely fellow. Eight thousand acres in the Karazinsky district! He has a future before him, and how vigorous he is! He is not like the rest of us."

"What have you to complain about, Stepan Arkadyevitch?"

"Well, things are bad, bad," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, sighing heavily.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN Oblonsky asked Levin for what special reason he had come, Levin grew red in the face, and he was angry with himself because he grew red; but how could he have replied, "I have come to ask the hand of your sister-in-law"? Yet he had come for that single purpose.

The Levin and the Shcherbatsky families, belonging to the old nobility of Moscow, had always been on intimate and friendly terms. During Levin's student life the bond had grown stronger. He and the young Prince Shcherbatsky, the brother of Dolly and Kitty, had taken their preparatory studies, and gone through the university together. At that time Levin was a frequent visitor at the Shcherbatskys, and was in love with the house. Strange as it may seem, he was in love with the house itself, with the family, especially with the feminine portion. Konstantin Levin could not remember his mother, and his only sister was much older than he was, so that for the first time he found in the house of the Shcherbatskys that charming cultivated life so peculiar to the old nobility, and of which the death of his parents had deprived him. All the members of this family, but especially the ladies, seemed to him to be surrounded with a mysterious and poetic halo.

Not only did he fail to discover any faults in them, but underneath this poetic and mysterious halo surrounding them, he saw the loftiest sentiments and the most ideal perfections. Why these three young ladies were obliged to speak French and English every day; why they had to take turns in playing for hours at a time on the piano, the sounds of which floated up to their brother's room, where the young students were at work; why professors of French literature, of music, of drawing, of dancing, came to give them lessons; why the three young ladies, at a certain hour, accompanied by Mlle. Linon, drove out in their carriage to the Tverskoï Boulevard, wearing satin shubkas, Dolly's very long, Natalie's

of half length, and Kitty's very short, showing her shapely ankles and close-fitting red stockings; and why when they went to the Tverskoï Boulevard they had to be accompanied by a lackey with a gilt cockade on his hat, — all these things and many others were absolutely incomprehensible to him. But he felt that all that took place in this mysterious sphere was beautiful, and he was in love especially with this mystery of accomplishment.

While he was a student he almost fell in love with Dolly, the eldest; but she soon married Oblonsky; then he began to be in love with the second. It was as if he felt it to be a necessity to love one of the three, only he could not decide which one he liked the best. But Natalie entered society, and soon married the diplomat, Lvof. Kitty was only a child when Levin left the university. Young Shcherbatsky joined the fleet, and was drowned in the Baltic; and Levin's relations with the family became more distant, in spite of his friendship with Oblonsky. At the beginning of the winter, however, after a year's absence in the country, he had met the Shcherbatskys again, and learned for the first time which of the three he was destined really to love.

It would seem as if there could be nothing simpler for a young man of thirty-two, of good family, possessed of a fair fortune, and likely to be regarded as an eligible suitor, than to ask the young Princess Shcherbatskaya in marriage, and probably Levin would have been accepted as an excellent match. But he was in love, and consequently it seemed to him Kitty was a creature so accomplished, her superiority was so above everything earthly, and he himself was such an earthly insignificant being, that he was unwilling to admit, even in thought, that others or Kitty herself would regard him as worthy of her.

Having spent two months in Moscow, as in a dream, meeting Kitty almost every day in society, which he allowed himself to frequent on account of her, he suddenly concluded that this alliance was impossible, and took his departure for the country. Levin's conclusion that it

was impossible was reached by reasoning that in her parents' eyes he was not a suitor sufficiently advantageous or suitable for the beautiful Kitty, and that Kitty herself could not love him. In her parents' eyes, he was engaged in no definite line of activity, and at his age had no position in the world, while his comrades were colonels or staff-officers, distinguished professors, bank directors, railway officials, presidents of tribunals like Oblonsky; but he — and he knew very well how he was regarded by his friends — was only a pomyeshchik, or country proprietor, busy with breeding of cows, hunting woodcock, and building farmhouses: in other words, he was an incapable youth who had accomplished nothing, and who, in the eyes of society, was doing just what men do who have made a failure.

Surely, the mysterious, charming Kitty could not love a man so ill-favored, dull, and good-for-nothing as he felt that he was. Moreover, his former relations with her, consequent upon his friendship with her brother, were those of a grown man with a child, and seemed to him only an additional obstacle to love.

It was possible, he thought, for a girl to have a friendship for a good, homely man, such as he considered himself to be; but if he is to be loved with a love such as he felt for Kitty, he must be good-looking, and above all, a man of distinction.

He had heard that women often fall in love with ill-favored, stupid men, but he did not believe that such would be his own experience, just as he felt that it would be impossible for him to love a woman who was not beautiful, brilliant, and poetic.

But, having spent two months in the solitude of the country, he became convinced that this was not one of his youthful passions, that the state of his feelings allowed him not a moment of rest, and that he could not live without settling this mighty question — whether she would, or would not, be his wife; that his despair arose wholly from his imagination, and that he had no absolute certainty that she would refuse him.

He had now returned to Moscow with the firm inten-

tion of offering himself and of marrying her if she would accept him. If not.... he could not think what would become of him.

CHAPTER VII

COMING to Moscow by the morning train, Levin had stopped at the house of his half-brother, Koznuishef. After making his toilet, he went to the library with the intention of telling him why he had come, and asking his advice; but his brother was not alone. He was talking with a famous professor of philosophy who had come up from Kharkof expressly to settle a vexed question which had arisen between them on some very important philosophical subject. The professor was waging a bitter war on materialists, and Sergeï Koznuishef followed his argument with interest; and, having read the professor's latest article, he had written him a letter expressing some objections. He blamed the professor for having made too large concessions to the materialists, and the professor had come on purpose to explain what he meant. The conversation turned on the question then fashionable: Is there a dividing line between the psychical and the physiological phenomena of man's action? and where is it to be found?

Sergeï Ivanovitch welcomed his brother with the same coldly benevolent smile which he bestowed on all, and, after introducing him to the professor, continued the discussion.

The professor, a small man with spectacles, and narrow forehead, stopped long enough to return Levin's bow, and then continued without noticing him further. Levin sat down to wait till the professor should go, but soon began to feel interested in the discussion.

He had read in the reviews articles on this subject, but he had read them with only that general interest which a man who has studied the natural sciences at the university is likely to take in their development; but he had never appreciated the connection that exists between these learned questions of the origin of man, of reflex

action, of biology, of sociology, and those touching the significance of life and of death for himself, which had of late been more and more engaging his attention.

As he listened to the discussion between his brother and the professor, he noticed that they agreed to a certain kinship between scientific and psychological questions, that several times they almost took up this subject; but each time that they came near what seemed to him the most important question of all, they instantly took pains to avoid it, and sought refuge in the domain of subtle distinctions, explanations, citations, references to authorities, and he found it hard to understand what they were talking about.

"I cannot accept the theory of Keis," said Sergeï Ivanovitch in his characteristically elegant and correct diction and expression, "and I cannot at all admit that my whole conception of the exterior world is derived from my sensations. The most fundamental concept of being does not arise from the senses, nor is there any special organ by which this conception is produced."

"Yes; but Wurst and Knaust and Pripasof will reply that your consciousness of existence is derived from an accumulation of all sensations, that it is only the result of sensations. Wurst himself says explicitly that where sensation does not exist, there is no consciousness of existence."

"I will say, on the other hand" began Sergeï Ivanovitch.

But here Levin noticed that, just as they were about to touch the root of the whole matter, they again steered clear of it, and he determined to put the following question to the professor.

"Suppose my sensations ceased, if my body were dead, would further existence be possible?"

The professor, with some vexation, and, as it were, intellectual anger at this interruption, looked at the strange questioner as if he took him for a clown rather than a philosopher, and turned his eyes to Sergeï Ivanovitch as if to ask, "What does this man mean?"

But Sergei Ivanovitch, who was not nearly so one-sided and zealous a partisan as the professor, and who had sufficient health of mind both to answer the professor and to see the simple and natural point of view from which the question was asked, smiled and said: —

“We have not yet gained the right to answer that question.”...

“Our capacities are not sufficient,” continued the professor, taking up the thread of his argument. “No, I insist upon this, that if, as Pripasof says plainly, sensations are based upon impressions, we cannot too closely distinguish between the two notions.”

Levin did not listen any longer, and waited until the professor took his departure.

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN the professor was gone, Sergei Ivanovitch turned to his brother.

“I am very glad to see you. Shall you stay long? How are things on the estate?”

Levin knew that his elder brother took little interest in the affairs of the estate, and only asked out of courtesy; and so in reply he merely spoke of the sale of wheat, and the money he had received.

It had been his intention to speak with his brother about his marriage project, and to ask his advice; but, after the conversation with the professor, and in consequence of the involuntarily patronizing tone in which his brother had asked about their affairs, — for their real estate had never been divided and Levin managed it as a whole, — he felt that he could not begin to talk about his project of marriage. He had an instinctive feeling that his brother would not look upon it as he should wish him to.

“How is it with the zemstvo?” asked Sergei Ivanovitch, who took a lively interest in these provincial assemblies, to which he attributed great importance.

“Fact is, I don’t know....”

“What! aren’t you a member of the assembly?”

"No, I am no longer a member: I have not been going and don't intend to go any more," said Levin.

"It's too bad," murmured Sergeï Ivanovitch, frowning.

Levin, in justification, described what had taken place at the meetings of his district assembly.

"But it is forever thus," exclaimed Sergeï Ivanovitch, interrupting. "We Russians are always like this. Possibly it is one of our good traits that we are willing to see our faults, but we exaggerate them; we take delight in irony, which comes natural to our language. If such rights as we have, if our provincial institutions, were given to any other people in Europe, — Germans or English, — I tell you, they would derive liberty from them; but we only turn them into sport."

"But what is to be done?" asked Levin, penitently. "It was my last attempt. I tried with all my heart; I cannot do it. I am helpless."

"Not helpless!" said Sergeï Ivanovitch; "you did not look at the matter in the right light."

"Perhaps not," replied Levin, in a melancholy tone.

"Do you know, brother Nikolaï has been in town again?"

Nikolaï was Konstantin Levin's own brother, and Sergeï Ivanovitch's half-brother, standing between them in age. He was a ruined man, who had wasted the larger part of his fortune, had mingled with the strangest and most disgraceful society, and had quarreled with his brothers.

"What did you say?" cried Levin, startled. "How did you know?"

"Prokofi saw him in the street."

"Here in Moscow? Where is he?" and Levin stood up, as if with the intention of instantly going to find him.

"I am sorry that I told you this," said Sergeï Ivanovitch, shaking his head when he saw his younger brother's emotion. "I sent out to find where he was staying; and I sent him his letter of credit on Trubin, the amount of which I paid. This is what he wrote me

in reply," and Sergeï Ivanovitch handed his brother a note which he took from a letter-press.

Levin read the letter, which was written in the strange hand which he knew so well:—

I humbly beg to be left in peace. It is all that I ask from my dear brothers.

NIKOLAÏ LEVIN.

Konstantin, without lifting his head, stood motionless before his brother with the letter in his hand.

The desire arose in his heart now to forget his unfortunate brother, and the consciousness that it would be wrong.

"He evidently wants to insult me," continued Sergeï Ivanovitch; "but that is impossible. I wish with all my soul that I might help him, and yet I know that I shall not succeed."

"Yes, yes," replied Levin. "I understand, and I appreciate your treatment of him; but I am going to him."

"Go, by all means, if it will give you any pleasure," said Sergeï Ivanovitch; "but I would not advise it. Not on my account, because I fear that he might make a quarrel between us, but, on your own account, I advise you not to go. He can't be helped. However, do as you think best."

"Perhaps he can't be helped, but I feel especially at this moment ... this is quite another reason. ... I feel that I could not be contented ..."

"Well, I don't understand you," said Sergeï Ivanovitch; "but one thing I do understand," he added: "this is a lesson in humility. Since brother Nikolai has become the man he is, I look with greater indulgence on what people call 'abjectness.' ... Do you know what he has done?" ...

"Akh! it is terrible, terrible," replied Levin.

Having obtained from his brother's servant Nikolai's address, Levin set out to find him, but on second thought changed his mind, and postponed his visit till evening. Before all, he must decide the question that had brought

him to Moscow, in order that his mind might be free. He had therefore gone directly to Oblonsky; and, having learned where he could find the Shcherbatskys, he went where he was told that he would meet Kitty.

CHAPTER IX

ABOUT four o'clock Levin dismissed his izvoshchik at the entrance of the Zoölogical Garden, and with beating heart followed the path that led to the ice-mountains and the skating-pond, for he knew that he should find Kitty there, having seen the Shcherbatskys' carriage at the gate.

It was a clear frosty day. At the entrance of the garden were drawn up rows of carriages and sleighs; hired drivers and policemen stood on the watch. Hosts of fashionable people, with their hats gayly glancing in the bright sunlight, were gathered around the doors and on the paths cleared of snow, among the pretty Russian cottages with their carved balconies. The ancient birch trees of the garden, their thick branches all laden with snow, seemed clothed in new and solemn chasubles.

Levin followed the foot-path, saying to himself: —

“Be calm! there is no reason for being agitated! What do you desire? what ails you? Be quiet, you fool!”

Thus Levin addressed his heart. And the more he endeavored to calm his agitation, the more he was overcome by it, till at last he could hardly breathe. An acquaintance spoke to him as he passed, but Levin did not even notice who it was. He drew near the ice-mountains, on which creaked the ropes that let down the sledges and drew them up again. The sleds flew with a rush down the slopes, and there was a tumult of happy voices.

He went a few steps farther, and before him spread the skating-ground; and among the skaters he soon discovered *her*. He knew that he was near her from the joy and terror that seized his heart. She was

standing at the opposite end of the pond engaged in conversation with a lady; and nothing either in her toilet or in her position was remarkable, but for Levin she stood out from the rest like a rose-bush among nettles. Everything was made radiant by her. She was the smile that lightened the whole place.

“Do I dare to go and meet her on the ice?” he asked himself. The place where she was seemed like an unapproachable sanctuary, and for a moment he almost turned to go away again, so full of awe it was. He had to master himself by a supreme effort to think that, as she was surrounded by people of every sort, he had as much right as the rest to go on there and skate. So he went down on the ice, not letting himself look long at her, as if she were the sun; but he saw her, as he saw the sun, even though he did not look at her.

On this day and at this hour, the ice formed a common meeting-ground for people of one clique, all of whom were well acquainted. There were also masters in the art of skating, who came to show off their skill; others were learning to skate by holding on chairs, and making awkward and distressing gestures; there were young lads and old men, who skated as a gymnastic exercise: all seemed to Levin to be the happy children of fortune because they were near Kitty.

And all these skaters, with apparently perfect unconcern, glided around her, came close to her, even spoke to her, and with absolute indifference to her enjoyed themselves, making the most of the good skating and splendid weather.

Nikolai Shcherbatsky, Kitty's cousin, in short jacket and knickerbockers, was seated on a bench with his skates on, and seeing Levin, he cried: —

“Ah! the best skater in Russia! Have you been here long? The ice is first-rate! Put on your skates quick!”

“I have not my skates with me,” replied Levin, surprised at this freedom and audacity in her presence, and

not losing her out of his sight a single instant, although he did not look at her. He felt that the sun was shining nearer to him. She was at one corner and came gliding toward him, putting together her slender feet in high boots, and evidently feeling a little timid. A boy in Russian costume was clumsily trying to get ahead of her, desperately waving his arms and bending far forward. Kitty herself did not skate with much confidence. She had taken her hands out of her little muff, suspended by a ribbon, and held them ready to grasp the first object that came in her way. Looking at Levin, whom she had recognized, she smiled at him and at her own timidity. As soon as this evolution was finished, she struck out with her elastic little foot, and skated up to Shcherbatsky, seized him by the arm, and gave Levin a friendly welcome. She was more charming even than he had imagined her to be.

Whenever he thought of her, he could easily recall her whole appearance, but especially the charm of her small blond head, set so gracefully on her pretty shoulders, and her expression of childlike frankness and goodness. The combination of childlike grace and delicate beauty of form was her special charm, and Levin thoroughly appreciated it. But what struck him like something always new and unexpected was the look in her sweet eyes, her calm and sincere face, and her smile, which transported him to a world of enchantment, where he felt at peace and at rest, as he remembered occasionally feeling in the days of his early childhood.

"Have you been here long?" she asked, giving him her hand.

"Thank you," she added, as he picked up her handkerchief, which had droppèd out of her muff.

"I? No, not long; I came yesterday that is, today," answered Levin, so agitated that at first he did not get the drift of her question. "I wanted to call upon you," said he; and when he remembered what his errand was, he grew red, and was more distressed than ever. "I did not know that you skated, and so well."

She looked at him closely, as if trying to divine the reason of his embarrassment.

"Your praise is precious. A tradition that you are the best of skaters is still floating about," said she, brushing off with her little hand, in its black glove, the pine needles that had fallen on her muff.

"Yes, I used to be passionately fond of skating. I had the ambition to reach perfection."

"It seems to me that you do all things passionately," said she, with a smile. "I should like to see you skate. Put on your skates, and we will skate together."

"Skate together?" he thought, as he looked at her. "Is it possible?"

"I will go and put them right on," he said; and he hastened to find a pair of skates.

"It is a long time, sir, since you have been with us," said the katalshchik, as he lifted his foot to fit the heel to it. "Since your day, we have not had any one who deserved to be called a master in the art. Are they going to suit you?" he asked, as he tightened the strap.

"Excellent, excellent; only please make haste," said Levin, unable to hide the smile of joy which, in spite of him, irradiated his face. "Yes," said he to himself, "this is life, this is happiness. '*We will skate together,*' she said. Shall I speak to her now? But I am afraid to speak, because I am happy, happy only in the hope.... Yet when?.... But it must be, it must, it must. Down with weakness!"

Levin stood up, took off his cloak, and, after making his way across the rough ice around the little house, he skated out on the glare surface without effort, hastening, shortening, and directing his pace as if by the mere effort of his will. He felt timid about coming up to her, but again her smile assured him.

She gave him her hand, and they skated side by side, gradually increasing speed; and the faster they went, the closer she held his hand.

"I should learn very quickly with you," she said. "I somehow feel confidence in you."

"I am confident in myself when you cling to my

hand," he answered, and immediately he was startled at what he had said, and grew red in the face. In fact, he had scarcely uttered the words, when, just as the sun goes under a cloud, her face lost all its kindliness, and Levin became aware of the well-remembered play of her face indicating the force of her thoughts; a slight frown wrinkled her smooth brow!

"Has anything disagreeable happened to you? but I have no right to ask," he added quickly.

"Why so? No, nothing disagreeable has happened to me," she said coolly, and immediately continued, "Have you seen Mlle. Linon yet?"

"Not yet."

"Go to see her; she is so fond of you."

"What does this mean? I have offended her! Lord! have pity upon me!" thought Levin; and skated swiftly toward the old French governess, with little gray curls, who was watching them from a bench. She received him like an old friend, smiling, and showing her false teeth.

"Yes, but how we have grown up," she said, indicating Kitty with her eyes; "and how demure we are! *Tiny bear* has grown large," continued the old governess, still smiling; and she recalled his jest about the three young ladies whom he had named after the three bears in the English story. "Do you remember that you used to call them so?"

He had entirely forgotten it, but she had laughed at this pleasantry for ten years, and still enjoyed it.

"Now go, go and skate. Does n't our Kitty take to it beautifully?"

When Levin rejoined Kitty, her face was no longer severe; her eyes had regained their frank and kindly expression; but it seemed to him that her very kindliness had a peculiar premeditated tone of serenity, and he felt troubled. After speaking of the old governess and her eccentricities, she asked him about his own life. "Is n't it a bore living in the country in the winter?" she asked.

"No, it is not a bore; I am very busy," he replied,

conscious that she was bringing him into the atmosphere of serene friendliness from which he could not escape now, any more than he could at the beginning of the winter.

"Shall you stay long?" asked Kitty.

"I do not know," he answered, without regard to what he was saying. The thought that, if he fell back into that tone of calm friendship, he might return home without reaching any decision, occurred to him, and he resolved to rebel against it.

"Why don't you know?"

"I don't know why. It depends on you," he said, and instantly he was horrified at his own words.

She either did not understand his words, or did not want to understand them, for, seeming to stumble once or twice, catching her foot, she hurriedly skated away from him; and, having spoken to Mlle. Linon, she went to the little house, where her skates were removed by the waiting-women.

"My God! what have I done? O Lord God! have pity upon me, and come to my aid!" was Levin's secret prayer; and, feeling the need of taking some violent exercise, he began to describe outer and inner curves on the ice.

At this instant a young man, the best among the recent skaters, came out of the *café* with his skates on, and a cigarette in his mouth; with one spring he slid down, slipping and leaping from step to step, and, without even changing the easy position of his arms, skated down and out upon the ice.

"Ah, that is a new trick," said Levin to himself, and he climbed up to the top of the bank to try the new trick.

"Don't you kill yourself! it needs practice," shouted Nikolai Shcherbatsky.

Levin went up to the platform, got as good a start as he could, and then flew down the steps preserving his balance with his arms; but at the last step he stumbled, made a violent effort to recover himself, regained his equilibrium, and with a laugh glided out upon the ice.

"Charming, glorious fellow," thought Kitty, at this

moment coming out of the little house with Mlle. Linon, and looking at him with a gentle, affectionate smile, as if he were a beloved brother. "Is it my fault? Have I done anything very bad? People say, 'Coquetry.' I know that I don't love him, but it is pleasant to be with him, and he is such a splendid fellow. But what made him say that?"...

Seeing Kitty departing with her mother, who had come for her, Levin, flushed with his violent exercise, stopped and pondered. Then he took off his skates, and joined the mother and daughter at the gate.

"Very glad to see you," said the princess; "we receive on Thursdays, as usual."

"To-day, then?"

"We shall be very glad to see you," she answered coolly.

This coolness troubled Kitty, and she could not restrain her desire to temper her mother's chilling manner. She turned her head, and said, with a smile, "We shall see you, I hope."¹

At this moment Stepan Arkadyevitch, with hat on one side, with animated face and bright eyes, entered the garden. But as he came up to his wife's mother, he assumed a melancholy and humiliated expression, and replied to the questions which she asked about Dolly's health. When he had finished speaking in a low and broken voice with his mother-in-law, he straightened himself up, and took Levin's arm.

"Now, then, shall we go? I have been thinking of you all the time, and I am very glad that you came," he said, with a significant look into his eyes.

"Come on, come on," replied the happy Levin, who did not cease to hear the sound of a voice saying, "*We shall see you, I hope,*" or to recall the smile that accompanied the words.

"At the Anglia, or at the Hermitage?"

"It's all the same to me."

"At the Anglia, then," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, making this choice because he owed more there than at

¹ Simply *da svidanya*, equivalent to *au revoir*.

the Hermitage, and it seemed unworthy of him, so to speak, to avoid this restaurant. "You have an *izvoshchik*? So much the better, for I sent off my carriage."

While they were on the way, the friends did not exchange a word. Levin was pondering on the meaning of the change in the expression of Kitty's face, and at one moment persuaded himself that there was hope, and at the next plunged into despair, and he saw clearly that his hope was unreasonable. Nevertheless, he felt that he was another man since he had heard those words, "We shall see you, I hope," and seen her smile.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was meantime making out the *menu* for their dinner.

"You like turbot, don't you?" were his first words on entering the restaurant.

"What?" exclaimed Levin. "Turbot? Yes, I am excessively fond of turbot."

CHAPTER X

LEVIN could not help noticing, as they entered the restaurant, how Stepan Arkadyevitch's face and whole person seemed to shine with restrained happiness. Oblonsky took off his overcoat, and, with hat over one ear, marched toward the dining-room, giving, as he went, his orders to the Tatars who in swallow-tails and with napkins came hurrying to meet him. Bowing right and left to his acquaintances, who here as everywhere seemed delighted to see him, he went directly to the bar and took some vodka and a little fish, and said something comical to the barmaid, a pretty, curly-haired French girl, painted, and covered with ribbons and lace, so that she burst into a peal of laughter. But Levin would not drink any vodka simply because the sight of this French creature, all made up, apparently, of false hair, rice-powder, and *vinaigre de toilette* was revolting to him. He turned away from her quickly, with disgust, as from some horrid place. His whole soul was filled with

memories of Kitty, and his eyes shone with triumph and happiness.

"This way, your excellency; come this way, and your excellency will not be disturbed," said a specially obsequious old Tatar, whose monstrous hips made the tails of his coat stick out behind. "Will you come this way, your excellency?" said he to Levin, as a sign of respect for Stepan Arkadyevitch, whose guest he was. In a twinkling he had spread a fresh cloth on the round table, which, already covered, stood under the bronze chandelier; then, bringing two velvet chairs, he stood waiting for Stepan Arkadyevitch's orders, holding in one hand his napkin, and his order-card in the other.

"If your excellency would like to have a private room, one will be at your service in a few moments. Prince Galitsuin and a lady. We have just received fresh oysters."

"Ah, oysters!"

Stepan Arkadyevitch reflected. "Supposing we change our plan, Levin," said he, with his finger on the bill of fare. His face showed serious hesitation.

"But are the oysters good? Pay attention!"

"They are from Flensburg, your excellency; there are none from Ostend."

"Flensburg oysters are well enough, but are they fresh?"

"They came yesterday."

"Very good! What do you say?—to begin with oysters, and then to make a complete change in our *menu*? What say you?"

"It's all the same to me. I'd like best of all some *shchi*¹ and *kasha*,² but you can't get them here."

"*Kasha à la russe*, if you would like to order it," said the Tatar, bending over toward Levin as a nurse bends toward a child.

"No. Jesting aside, whatever you wish is good. I have been skating and should like something to eat. Don't imagine," he added, as he saw an expression of disappointment on Oblonsky's face, "that I do not

¹ Cabbage soup.

² Wheat gruel.

appreciate your selection. I can eat a good dinner with pleasure."

"It should be more than that! You should say that it is one of the pleasures of life," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "In this case, little brother mine, give us two, or.... no, that's not enough, three dozen oysters, vegetable soup...."

"*Printanière*," suggested the Tatar.

But Stepan Arkadyevitch did not allow him the pleasure of enumerating the dishes in French, and continued:—

"Vegetable soup, you understand; then turbot, with thick sauce; then roast beef, but see to it that it's all right. Yes, some capon, and lastly, some preserve."

The Tatar, remembering Stepan Arkadyevitch's caprice of not calling the dishes by their French names, instead of repeating them after him, waited till he had finished; then he gave himself the pleasure of repeating the order according to the bill of fare:—

"*Potage printanière, turbot, sauce Beaumarchais, poularde à l'estragon, macédoine de fruits.*"

Then instantly, as if moved by a spring, he substituted for the bill of fare the wine-list, which he presented to Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"What shall we drink?"

"Whatever you please, only not much.... champagne," suggested Levin.

"What! at the very beginning? But you may be right; why not? Do you like the white seal?"

"*Cachet blanc*," repeated the Tatar.

"Well, then, give us that brand with the oysters. Then we'll see."

"It shall be done, sir. And what table wine shall I bring you?"

"Some *Nuits*; no, hold on—give us some classic *Chablis*."

"It shall be done, sir; and will you order some of *your* cheese?"

"Yes, some *parmesan*. Or do you prefer some other kind?"

"No, it's all the same to me," replied Levin, who could not keep from smiling.

The Tatar disappeared on the trot, with his coat tails flying out behind him. Five minutes later he came with a platter of oysters opened and on the shell, and with a bottle in his hand. Stepan Arkadyevitch crumpled up his well-starched napkin, tucked it into his waistcoat, calmly stretched out his hands, and began to attack the oysters.

"Not bad at all," he said, as he lifted the succulent oysters from their shells with a silver fork, and swallowed them one by one. "Not at all bad," he repeated, looking from Levin to the Tatar, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

Levin also ate his oysters, although he would have preferred white bread and cheese; but he could not help admiring Oblonsky. Even the Tatar, after uncorking the bottle and pouring the sparkling wine into wide, delicate glass cups, looked at Stepan Arkadyevitch with a noticeable smile of satisfaction while he adjusted his white necktie.

"You are not very fond of oysters, are you?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, draining his glass. "Or you are preoccupied? Hey?"

He wanted Levin to be in good spirits, but Levin was anxious, if he was not downcast. His heart being so full, he found himself out of his element in this restaurant, amid the confusion of guests coming and going, surrounded by the private rooms where men and women were dining together; everything was repugnant to his feelings, — the whole outfit of bronzes and mirrors, the gas and the Tatars. He feared that the sentiment that occupied his soul would be defiled.

"I? Yes, I am a little absent-minded; but besides, everything here confuses me. You can't imagine," he said, "how strange all these surroundings seem to a countryman like myself. It's like the finger-nails of that gentleman whom I met at your office." ...

"Yes, I noticed that poor Grinevitch's finger-nails interested you greatly," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, laughing.

"It is of no use," replied Levin. "Suppose you come to me and try the standpoint of a man accustomed to living in the country. We in the country try to have hands suitable to work with; therefore we cut off our finger-nails, and oftentimes we even turn back our sleeves. But here men let their nails grow as long as possible, and so as to be sure of not being able to do any work with their hands, they fasten their sleeves with plates for buttons."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled gayly: —

"That is a sign that he has no need of manual labor; it is brain-work"

"Perhaps so. Yet it seems strange to me, no less than this that we are doing here. In the country we make haste to get through our meals so as to be at work again; but here you and I are doing our best to eat as long as possible without getting satisfied, and so we are eating oysters."

"Well, there's something in that," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch; "but the aim of civilization is to translate everything into enjoyment."

"If that is its aim, I should prefer to be untamed."

"And you are untamed! All you Levins are untamed."

Levin sighed. He thought of his brother Nikolai, and felt mortified and saddened, and his face grew dark; but Oblonsky introduced a topic which had the immediate effect of diverting him.

"Very well, come this evening to our house. I mean to the Shcherbatskys'," said he, pushing away the empty oyster-shells, drawing the cheese toward him, and flashing his eyes significantly.

"Yes, I will surely come," replied Levin; "though it did not seem that the princess was very cordial in her invitation."

"What rubbish! It was only her manner: Come, friend, bring us the soup. It was only her *grande dame* manner," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "I shall come there immediately after a rehearsal at the Countess Bonina's. How can we help calling you untamed?"

How can you explain your flight from Moscow? The Shcherbatskys have kept asking me about you, as if I were likely to know! I only know one thing, that you are always likely to do things that no one else did."

"Yes," replied Levin, slowly, and with emotion; "you are right, I am untamed; yet it was not that I went, but that I have come back proves me so! I have come now...."

"Oh, what a lucky fellow you are!" interrupted Oblonsky, looking into Levin's eyes.

"Why?"

"I know fiery horses by their brand, and I know young people who are in love by their eyes," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, dramatically; "everything is before you!"

"And yourself, — is everything behind you?"

"No, not altogether, but you have the future; and I have the present, and this present is between the devil and the deep sea!"

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing good. But I don't want to talk about myself, especially as I cannot explain the circumstances," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "What did you come to Moscow for?... Here! clear off the things!" he cried to the Tatar.

"Can't you imagine?" answered Levin, not taking his glowing eyes from Oblonsky's face.

"I can imagine, but it is not for me to be the first to speak about it. By this you can tell whether I am right in my conjecture," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, looking at Levin with a sly smile.

"Well, what have you to tell me?" asked Levin, with a trembling voice, and feeling all the muscles of his face quiver. "How do you look at this?"

Stepan Arkadyevitch slowly drank his glass of *Chablis* while he looked steadily at Levin.

"I?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "There is nothing that I should like so much — nothing. It is the best thing that could possibly be!"

"But are n't you mistaken? Do you know what we

are talking about?" murmured Levin, with his eyes fixed on his companion. "Do you believe that this is possible?"

"I think it is possible. Why should n't it be?"

"No, do you really think that it is possible? No! tell me what you really think. If... if she should refuse me.... and I am almost certain that...."

"Why should you be?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling at this emotion.

"It is my intuition. It would be terrible for me and for her."

"Oh! in any case, I can't see that it would be very terrible for her; a young girl is always flattered to be asked in marriage."

"Young girls in general, perhaps, not she."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled; he perfectly understood Levin's feeling, knew that for him all the young girls in the universe were divided into two categories: in the one, all the young girls in existence except her — and these girls had all the faults common to humanity, in other words, ordinary girls; in the other, she alone, without any faults, and placed above the rest of humanity.

"Hold on! take some gravy," said he, stopping Levin's hand, who was pushing away the gravy.

Levin took the gravy in all humility, but he did not give Oblonsky a chance to eat.

"No, just wait, wait," said he; "you understand this is for me a question of life and death. I have never spoken to any one else about it, and I cannot speak to any one else but you. I know we are very different from each other, have different tastes, views, everything; but I know also that you love me, and that you understand me, and that's the reason I am so fond of you. Now, for God's sake, be perfectly sincere with me."

"I will tell you what I think," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling. "But I will tell you more: my wife — a most extraordinary woman" — and Stepan Arkadyevitch sighed, as he remembered his relations with his wife — then after a moment's silence he proceeded

— “she has a gift of second sight, and sees through people, but that is nothing! she knows what is going to happen; especially when there is a question of marriage. Thus, she predicted that Brenteln would marry Shakhovskaya; no one would believe it, and yet it came to pass. Well, my wife is on your side.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that she likes you; she says that Kitty will be your wife.”

As he heard these words, Levin’s face suddenly lighted up with a smile which was near to tears of emotion.

“She said that!” he cried. “I always said that your wife was charming. But enough, enough of this sort of talk,” he added, and rose from the table.

“Good! but sit a little while longer.”

But Levin could not sit down. He strode two or three times up and down the little square room, winking his eyes to hide the tears, and then he sat down again at the table.

“Understand me,” he said; “this is not love. I have been in love, but this is not the same thing. This is more than a sentiment; it is an inward power that controls me. You see, I went away because I had made up my mind that such happiness could not exist, that such good fortune could not be on earth. But after a struggle with myself, I find that I cannot live without this. This question must be decided....”

“But why did you go away?”

“Akh! wait! Akh! so many things to think about! so much to ask! Listen, you cannot imagine what your words have done for me! I am so happy that I have already grown detestable! I am forgetting everything; and yet this very day I heard that my brother Nikolai — you know — he is here, and I had entirely forgotten him. It seems to me that he, too, ought to be happy. But this is like a fit of madness. But one thing seems terrible to me. You are married; you ought to know this feeling. It is terrible that we who are already getting old with a past behind us not of love but of wickedness suddenly

come into close relations with a pure and innocent being. This is disgusting, and so I cannot help feeling that I am unworthy."

"Well! you have not much wickedness to answer for!"

"Akh!" said Levin; "and yet, '*as I look with disgust on my life, I tremble and curse and mourn bitterly,*' yes!"

"But what can you do? the world is thus constituted," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"There is only one consolation, and that is in the prayer that I have always loved: '*Pardon me not according to my deserts, but according to Thy loving-kindness.*' Thus only can she forgive me."

CHAPTER XI

LEVIN drained his glass, and they were silent.

"I ought to tell you one thing, though. Do you know Vronsky?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"No, I don't know him; why do you ask?"

"Bring us another bottle," said Oblonsky to the Tatar, who was refilling their glasses and was hovering about them, especially when he was not needed. "You must know that Vronsky is one of your rivals."

"Who is this Vronsky?" asked Levin, and his face, a moment since beaming with the youthful enthusiasm which Oblonsky so much admired, suddenly took on a disagreeable expression of anger.

"Vronsky — he is one of Count Kirill Ivanovitch Vronsky's sons, and one of the finest examples of the gilded youth of Petersburg. I used to know him at Tver when I was on duty there; he came there for recruiting service. He is immensely rich, handsome, with excellent connections, one of the emperor's aides, and, moreover, a capital good fellow. From what I have seen of him, he is more than a 'good fellow'; he is well educated and bright, he is a rising man."

Levin scowled, and said nothing.

"Well, then! he put in an appearance soon after you left; and, as I understand, he fell over ears in love with Kitty. You understand that her mother...."

"Excuse me, but I don't understand at all," interrupted Levin, scowling still more fiercely. And suddenly he remembered his brother Nikolai, and how ugly it was in him to forget him.

"Just wait, wait," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, laying his hand on Levin's arm with a smile. "I have told you all that I know; but I repeat, that, in my humble opinion, the chances in this delicate affair are on your side."

Levin leaned back in his chair; his face was pale.

"But I advise you to settle the matter as quickly as possible," suggested Oblonsky, filling up his glass.

"No, thank you: I cannot drink any more," said Levin, pushing away the glass. "I shall be tipsy.... Well, how are you feeling?" he added, desiring to change the conversation.

"One word more: in any case I advise you to settle the question quickly. I advise you to speak immediately," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Go to-morrow morning, make your proposal in classic style, and God bless you."....

"Why haven't you ever come to hunt with me as you promised to do? Come this spring," said Levin.

He now repented with all his heart that he had entered upon this conversation with Stepan Arkadyevitch: his deepest feelings were wounded by what he had just learned of the pretensions of his rival, the young officer from Petersburg, as well as by the advice and insinuations of Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled. He perceived what was taking place in Levin's heart.

"I will come some day," he said. "Yes, brother, woman's the spring that moves everything. My own trouble is bad, very bad. And all on account of women. Give me your advice," said he, taking a cigar, and still holding his glass in his hand. "Tell me frankly what you think."

“But what about?”

“Listen: suppose you were married, that you loved your wife, but had been drawn away by another woman....”

“Excuse me. I really can't imagine any such thing. As it looks to me, it would be as if in coming out from dinner, I should steal a loaf of bread from a bakery.”

Stepan Arkadyevitch's eyes sparkled more than usual. “Why not? Bread sometimes smells so good, that one cannot resist the temptation:—

*“Himmlisch ist's, wenn ich bezwungen
Meine irdische Begier:
Aber doch wenns's nicht gelungen,
Hätt' ich auch recht hübsch Plaisir.”¹*

As he repeated these lines, Oblonsky smiled.

Levin could not refrain from smiling also.

“But a truce to pleasantries,” continued Oblonsky. “Imagine a woman, a charming, modest, loving creature, poor, and alone in the world, who had sacrificed everything for you. Now, imagine, after the thing is done, is it necessary to give her up? We'll allow that it is necessary to break with her, so as not to disturb the peace of the family; but ought we not to pity her, to make provision for her, to soften the blow?”

“Pardon me; but you know that for me all women are divided into two classes, ... no, that is, ... there are women, and there are ... But I never yet have seen or expect to see beautiful fallen women, beautiful repentant Magdalens; and such women as that painted French creature at the bar, with her false curls, fill me with disgust, and all fallen women are the same!”

“But the woman in the New Testament?”

“Akh! hold your peace. Never would Christ have said those words if he had known to what bad use they would be put. Out of the whole Gospel, only those

¹ It was heavenly when I gained
What my heart desired on earth:
Yet if not all were attained,
Still I had my share of mirth.

words are taken. However, I don't say what I think, but what I feel. You feel a disgust for spiders and I for these reptiles. You see you did not have to study spiders, and you know nothing about their natures. So it is with me."

"It is well for you to say so; it is a very convenient way to do as the character in Dickens did, and throw all embarrassing questions over his right shoulder with his left hand. But to deny a fact is not to answer it. Now, what is to be done? tell me! what is to be done? Your wife grows old and you are full of life. Before you are aware of it you realize that you do not love your wife, however much you may respect her. And then suddenly you fall in love with some one and you fall, you fall!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a melancholy despair.

Levin laughed.

"Yes, you fall!" repeated Oblonsky. "Then what is to be done?"

"Don't steal fresh bread."

Stepan Arkadyevitch burst out laughing.

"O moralist! but please appreciate the situation. Here are two women: one insists only on her rights, and her rights mean your love which you cannot give; the other has sacrificed everything for you and demands nothing. What can one do? How can one proceed? Here is a terrible tragedy!"

"If you wish my judgment concerning this tragedy, I will tell you that I don't believe in this tragedy, and this is why. In my opinion, Love—the two Loves which Plato describes in his 'Symposium,' you remember, serve as the touchstone for men. Some people understand only one of them; others understand the other. Those who comprehend only the Platonic love have no right to speak of this tragedy now. In this sort of love there can be no tragedy. *I thank you humbly for the pleasure*; and therein consists the whole drama. But for Platonic love there can be no tragedy because it is bright and pure, and because...."

At this moment Levin remembered his own short-

comings and the inward struggles which he had undergone, and he unexpectedly added, "However, you may be right. It is quite possible I know nothing — absolutely nothing — about it."

"Do you see," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, "you are a very perfect man? Your great virtue is your only fault. You are a very perfect character and you desire that all the factors of life should also be perfect; but this cannot be. Here you scorn the service of the state, because, according to your idea, every action should correspond to an exact end; but this cannot be. You require also that the activity of every man should always have an object, that conjugal life and love be one and the same; but this cannot be. All the variety, all the charm, all the beauty, of life consists in lights and shades."

Levin sighed, and did not answer; he was absorbed in his own thoughts and did not even listen.

And suddenly both of them felt that, though they were good friends, though they had been dining together and drinking wine, yet each was thinking only of his own affairs and cared nothing for the affairs of the other. Oblonsky had more than once had this experience after dining with a friend, and he knew what had to be done when, instead of coming into closer sympathy, the distance between seemed widened.

"The account," he cried, and went into the next room, where he met an aide whom he knew, and with whom he began to talk about an actress and her lover. This conversation amused and rested Oblonsky after his conversation with Levin, who always kept his mind on too great an intellectual and moral strain.

When the Tatar brought the account, amounting to twenty-six rubles and odd kopeks, and something more for his fee, Levin, who at any other time, as a countryman, would have been shocked at the size of the bill, paid the fourteen rubles of his share without noticing, and went to his lodgings to dress for the reception at the Shcherbatskys', where his fate would be decided.

CHAPTER XII

THE Princess Kitty Shcherbatskaya was eighteen years old. She was making her first appearance in society this winter, and her triumphs had been more brilliant than her elder sisters, more than even her mother, had expected. Not only were almost all the young men who danced at balls in Moscow in love with Kitty, but, moreover, there were two who, during this first winter, were serious aspirants to her hand, — Levin, and, soon after his departure, Count Vronsky.

Levin's appearance at the beginning of the winter, his frequent calls and his unconcealed love for Kitty, were the first subjects that gave cause for serious conversation between her father and mother in regard to her future and for disputes between the prince and princess. The prince was on Levin's side, and declared that he could not desire a better match for Kitty. But the princess, with the skill which women have for avoiding a question, insisted that Kitty was too young, that Levin did not seem to be serious in his attentions, and that she did not show great partiality for him; but she did not express what was in the bottom of her heart, — that she was ambitious for a more brilliant marriage, that Levin did not appeal to her sympathies, and that she did not understand him. And when Levin took a sudden leave she was glad and said, with an air of triumph, to her husband: —

“You see, I was right.”

When Vronsky appeared on the scene, she was still more glad, being confirmed in her opinion that Kitty ought to make, not merely a good, but a brilliant match.

For the princess there was no comparison between Vronsky and Levin as suitors. The mother disliked Levin and his strange and harsh judgments, his awkwardness in society, which she attributed to his pride and what she called his savage life in the country, occupied with his cattle and peasants. Nor did she like it at all that Levin, though he was in love with her daughter, and

had been a frequent visitor at their house for six weeks, had appeared like a man who was hesitating, watching, and questioning whether, if he should offer himself, the honor which he conferred on them would not be too great, and that he did not seem to understand that when a man comes assiduously to a house where there is a marriageable daughter, it is proper for him to declare his intentions. And then he suddenly departed without any explanation!

"It is fortunate," the mother thought, "that he is so unattractive, and that Kitty has not fallen in love with him."

Vronsky satisfied all her requirements: he was very rich, intelligent, of good birth, with a brilliant career at court or in the army before him, and, moreover, he was charming. Nothing better could be desired. Vronsky was devoted to Kitty at the balls, danced with her, and called upon her parents; there could be no doubt that his intentions were serious. But, notwithstanding this, the mother had passed this whole winter full of doubts and perplexities.

The princess herself had been married thirty years before, through the match-making of an aunt. Her suitor, who was well known by reputation, came, saw the young lady, and was seen by the family; the aunt who served as intermediary gave and received the report of the impression produced on both sides; the impression was favorable. Then on a designated day the expected proposal was made on the parents, and granted. Everything had passed off very easily and simply. At least, so it seemed to the princess. But in the case of her own daughters, she learned by experience how difficult and complicated this apparently simple matter of getting girls married really was. How many fears she had to go through! How many things had to be thought over, how much money had to be lavished, how many collisions with her husband, when the time came for Darya and Natali to be married! And now that the youngest was in the matrimonial market, she was obliged to suffer from the same anxi-

eties, the same doubts, and even more bitter quarrels with her husband.

The old prince, like all fathers, was excessively punctilious about everything concerning the honor and purity of his daughters, he was distressingly jealous regarding them, especially Kitty, who was his favorite, and at every step he accused his wife of compromising his daughter. The princess had become accustomed to these scenes from the days of her elder daughters, but now she felt that her husband's strictness had more justification. She saw that in these later days many of the practices of society had undergone a change, so that the duties of mothers were becoming more and more difficult. She saw how Kitty's young girl friends formed a sort of clique, went to races, freely mingled with men, went out driving alone; that many of them no longer made courtesies; and, what was more serious, all of them were firmly convinced that the choice of husbands was their affair and not their parents'.

"Marriages are n't made as they used to be," thought and said all these young ladies, and even some of the older people.

"But how are marriages made nowadays?" This question the princess could not get any one to answer.

The French custom, where the parents decide the fate of their children, was not accepted, was even bitterly criticized. The English custom, which allows the girls absolute liberty, was also not accepted, and was not possible in Russian society. The Russian custom of employing a match-maker was regarded as bad form; every one ridiculed it, even the princess herself. But no one seemed to know what course to take in regard to courtship. Every one with whom the princess talked said the same thing.

"For goodness' sake, it is time for us to renounce those exploded notions; it is the young folks, and not their parents, who get married, and, therefore, it is for young folks to make their arrangements in accordance with their own ideas."

It was well enough for those without daughters to

say this; but the princess knew well that in this familiar intercourse her daughter might fall in love, and fall in love with some one who would not dream of marrying her, or would not make her a good husband. However earnestly they suggested to the princess that in our time young people ought to settle their own destinies, she found it impossible to agree with them any more than she could believe in the advisability of allowing the four-year-old children of our time to have loaded pistols as their favorite toys. And so the princess felt much more solicitude about Kitty than she had felt about either of her other daughters.

She feared now that Vronsky would content himself with playing the gallant. She saw that Kitty was already in love with him, but she consoled herself with the thought that he was a man of honor and would not do so; but, at the same time, she knew how easy it was, with the new freedom allowed in society, to turn a young girl's head, and how lightly men as a general thing regarded this.

The week before Kitty had told her mother of a conversation which she had held with Vronsky during a mazurka. This conversation had partially relieved the princess's mind, though it did not absolutely satisfy her. Vronsky told Kitty that he and his brother were both so used to letting their mother decide things for them, that they never undertook anything of importance without consulting her.

"And now I am looking for my mother's arrival from Petersburg as a great piece of good fortune," he had said.

Kitty reported these words without attaching any importance to them, but her mother understood them very differently. She knew that the old countess was expected from day to day; she knew that the old countess would be satisfied with her son's choice; and it was strange to her that he had not offered himself, as if he feared to offend his mother. However, she herself was so anxious for this match, and above all for relief from her anxieties, that she gave a favorable interpretation to these words. Bitterly as she felt the unhappiness of her

oldest daughter, Dolly, who was thinking of leaving her husband, agitation regarding the decision of her youngest daughter's fate completely absorbed her thoughts.

Levin's arrival to-day gave her a new anxiety. She feared lest her daughter, who, as she thought, had at one time felt drawn toward Levin, might, out of excessive delicacy, refuse Vronsky, and she feared more than anything else that his arrival would complicate everything and postpone a long-desired consummation.

"Has he been here long?" asked the princess of her daughter, when they reached home after their meeting with Levin.

"Since yesterday, *maman*."

"I have one thing that I want to say to you" the princess began, and, at the sight of her serious and agitated face, Kitty knew what was coming.

"Mamma," said she, blushing, and turning quickly to her, "please, please don't speak about this. I know, I know all!"

She wished the same thing that her mother wished, but the motives of her mother's desires were repugnant to her.

"I only wish to say that as you have given hope to one"

"Mamma, *galubchik*,¹ don't speak. It's so terrible to speak about this."

"I will not," replied her mother, seeing the tears in her daughter's eyes; "only one word, *moya dusha*²: you have promised to have no secrets from me. Have you any?"

"Never, mamma, not one!" replied Kitty, looking her mother full in the face and blushing; "but I have nothing to tell now. I I even if I wanted to, I don't know what to say and how I don't know"

"No, with those eyes she cannot speak a falsehood," said the mother to herself, smiling at her emotion and happiness. The princess smiled to think how momentous appeared to the poor girl what was passing in her heart.

¹ Little dove

² My soul.

CHAPTER XIII

AFTER dinner, and during the first part of the evening, Kitty felt as a young man feels before a battle. Her heart beat violently, and she could not concentrate her thoughts.

She felt that this evening, when they two should meet for the first time, would decide her fate. She kept seeing them in her imagination, sometimes together, sometimes separately. When she thought of the past, pleasure, almost tenderness, filled her heart at the remembrance of her relations with Levin. The recollections of her childhood and of his friendship with her departed brother imparted a certain poetic charm to her relations with him. His love for her, of which she was certain, was flattering and agreeable to her, and she found it easy to think about Levin. In her thoughts about Vronsky there was something that made her uneasy, though he was a man to the highest degree polished and self-possessed; there seemed to be something false, not in him, — for he was very simple and good, — but in herself, while all was clear and simple in her relations with Levin. But while Vronsky seemed to offer her dazzling promises and a brilliant future, the future with Levin seemed enveloped in mist.

When she went up-stairs to dress for the evening and looked into the mirror, she noticed with delight that she was looking her loveliest, and that she was in full possession of all her powers, and what was most important on this occasion, that she felt at ease and entirely self-possessed.

At half-past seven, as she was going into the drawing-room, the lackey announced, "Konstantin Dmitritch Levin." The princess was still in her room; the prince had not yet come down. "It has come at last," thought Kitty, and all the blood rushed to her heart. As she glanced into a mirror, she was startled to see how pale she looked.

She knew now, for a certainty, that he had come early,

so as to find her alone and offer himself. And instantly the situation appeared to her for the first time in a new, strange light. Then only she realized that the question did not concern herself alone, nor who would make her happy, nor whom she loved, but that she should have to wound a man whom she liked, and to wound him cruelly ... why, why was it that such a charming man loved her? Why had he fallen in love with her? But it was too late to mend matters; it was fated to be so.

"Merciful Heaven! is it possible that I myself must tell him," she thought, — "I must tell him that I don't love him? That is not true! But what can I say? That I love another? No, that is impossible. I will run away, I will run away!"

She had already reached the door, when she heard his step. "No, it is not honorable. What have I to fear? I have done nothing wrong. Let come what will, I will tell the truth! I shall not be ill at ease with him. Ah, here he is!" she said to herself, as she saw his strong but timid countenance, with his brilliant eyes fixed upon her. She looked him full in the face, with an air which seemed to implore his protection, and extended her hand.

"I am rather early, too early, I am afraid," said he, casting a glance about the empty room; and when he saw that his hope was fulfilled, and that nothing would prevent him from speaking, his face grew solemn.

"Oh, no!" said Kitty, sitting down near a table.

"But it is exactly what I wanted, so that I might find you alone," he began, without sitting, and without looking at her, lest he should lose his courage.

"Mamma will be here in a moment. She was very tired to-day. To-day ..."

She spoke without knowing what her lips said, and did not take her imploring and gentle gaze from his face.

Levin gazed at her; she blushed, and stopped speaking.

"I told you to-day that I did not know how long I should stay ... that it depended on you ..."

Kitty drooped her head lower and lower, not knowing how she should reply to the words that he was going to speak.

“That it depended upon you,” he repeated. “I meant I meant I came for this, that be my wife,” he murmured, not knowing what he had said; but, feeling that he had got through the worst of the difficulty, he stopped and looked at her.

She felt almost suffocated; she did not raise her head. She felt a sort of ecstasy. Her heart was full of happiness. Never could she have believed that the declaration of his love would make such a deep impression upon her. But this impression lasted only a moment. She remembered Vronsky. She raised her sincere and liquid eyes to Levin, and, seeing his agitated face, said hastily:—

“This cannot be! Forgive me!”

How near to him, a moment since, she had been, and how necessary to his life! and now how far away and strange she suddenly seemed to be!

“It could not have been otherwise,” he said, without looking at her.

He bowed and was about to leave the room.

CHAPTER XIV

At this instant the princess entered. Apprehension was pictured on her face when she saw their agitated faces and that they had been alone. Levin bowed low, and did not speak. Kitty was silent, and did not raise her eyes. “Thank God, she has refused him!” thought the mother; and her face lighted up with the smile with which she always received her Thursday guests. She sat down, and began to ask Levin questions about his life in the country. He also sat down, hoping to escape unobserved when the guests began to arrive.

Five minutes later, one of Kitty’s friends, who had been married the winter before, was announced, — the

Countess Nordstone. She was a dried-up, sallow, nervous, sickly woman, with brilliant black eyes. She was fond of Kitty, and her affection, like that of every married woman for a young girl, was expressed by a keen desire to have her married in accordance with her own ideal of conjugal happiness. She wanted to marry her to Vronsky. Levin, whom she had often met at the Shcherbatskys' the first of the winter, was always distasteful to her, and her favorite occupation, after she had met him in society, was to make sport of him.

"I am enchanted," she said, "when he looks down on me from his loftiness; either he fails to honor me with his learned conversation because I am too silly for him, or else he treats me condescendingly. I like this; condescending to me! I am very glad that he cannot endure me."

She was right, because the fact was that Levin could not endure her, and he despised her for being proud of what she regarded as a merit, — her nervous temperament, her indifference and delicate scorn for all that seemed to her gross and material.

The relationship between Levin and the Countess Nordstone was such as is often met with in society where two persons, friends in outward appearance, despise each other to such a degree that they cannot hold a serious conversation, or even clash with each other.

The Countess Nordstone instantly addressed herself to Levin: —

"Ah, Konstantin Dmitrievitch! are you back again in our abominable Babylon?" said she, giving him her little yellow hand, and recalling his own words at the beginning of the winter when he said Moscow was a Babylon. "Is Babylon converted, or have you been corrupted?" she added, with a mocking smile in Kitty's direction.

"I am greatly flattered, countess, that you remember my words so well," replied Levin, who, having had time to collect his thoughts, instantly entered into the facetiously hostile tone peculiar to his relations with the

Countess Nordstone. "It seems that they have made a very deep impression on you."

"Akh! how so? But I always make notes. Well! how is it, Kitty, have you been skating to-day?" ...

And she began to talk with her young friend.

Awkward as it was in him to take his departure now, Levin preferred to commit this breach of etiquette rather than remain through the evening, and to see Kitty, who occasionally looked at him, though she avoided his eyes. He attempted to get up; but the princess, noticing that he had nothing to say, addressed him directly:—

"Do you intend to remain long in Moscow? You are justice of the peace in your district, are you not? and I suppose that will prevent you from making a long stay."

"No, princess, I have resigned that office," he said. "I have come to stay several days."

"Something has happened to him," thought the Countess Nordstone, as she saw Levin's stern and serious face, "because he does not launch out into his usual tirades; but I'll soon draw him out. Nothing amuses me more than to make him ridiculous before Kitty, and I'll do it."

"Konstantin Dmitritch," she said to him, "explain to me, please, what this means, for you know all about it: at our estate in Kaluga all the muzhiks and their wives have drunk up everything they had, and don't pay what they owe us. You are always praising the muzhiks; what does this mean?"

At this moment another lady came in, and Levin arose.

"Excuse me, countess, I know nothing at all about it, and I cannot answer your question," said he, looking at an officer who entered at the same time with the lady.

"That must be Vronsky," he thought, and to confirm his surmise he glanced at Kitty. She had already had time to perceive Vronsky, and she was looking at Levin. When he saw the young girl's involuntarily brightening eyes, Levin saw that she loved that man, he saw it as

clearly as if she herself had confessed it to him. But what sort of a man was he?

Now — whether it was wise or foolish — Levin could not help remaining; he must find out for himself what sort of a man it was that she loved.

There are men who, on meeting a fortunate rival, are immediately disposed to deny that there is any good in him and see only evil in him; others, on the contrary, endeavor to discover nothing but the merits that have won him his success, and with sore hearts to attribute to him nothing but good. Levin belonged to the latter class. It was not hard for him to discover what amiable and attractive qualities Vronsky possessed. They were apparent at a glance. He was dark, of medium stature, and well proportioned; his face was handsome, calm, and friendly; everything about his person, from his black, short-cut hair, and his freshly shaven chin, to his new, well-fitting uniform, was simple and perfectly elegant. Vronsky allowed the lady to pass before him, then he approached the princess, and finally came to Kitty. As he drew near her, his beautiful eyes shone with deeper tenderness, and with a smile expressive of joy mingled with triumph, — so it seemed to Levin, — he bowed respectfully and with dignity and offered her his small, wide hand. After greeting them all and speaking a few words, he sat down without having seen Levin, who never once took his eyes from him.

“Allow me to make you acquainted,” said the princess, turning to Levin: “Konstantin Dmitrievitch Levin, Count Alekseï Kirillovitch Vronsky.”

Vronsky arose, and, with a friendly look into Levin’s eyes, shook hands with him.

“It seems,” said he, with his frank and pleasant smile, “that I was to have had the honor of dining with you this winter; but you went off unexpectedly to the country.”

“Konstantin Dmitritch despises and shuns the city, and us, its denizens,” said the Countess Nordstone.

“It must be that my words impress you deeply, since you remember them so well,” said Levin; and, perceiv-

ing that he had already made this remark, he grew red in the face.

Vronsky looked at Levin and the countess, and smiled.

“So, then, you always live in the country?” he asked. “I should think it would be tiresome in winter.”

“Not if one has enough to do; besides, one does not get tired of himself,” said Levin, sharply.

“I like the country,” said Vronsky, noticing Levin’s tone and appearing not to notice it.

“But, count, I hope you would not consent to live always in the country,” said the Countess Nordstone.

“I don’t know; I never made a long stay, but I once felt a strange sensation,” he added. “Never have I so eagerly longed for the country, the real Russian country with its bast shoes and its muzhiks, as during the winter that I spent at Nice with my mother. Nice, you know, is melancholy anyway; and Naples, Sorrento, are pleasant only for a short time. There it is that one remembers Russia most tenderly, and especially the country. They are almost as”

He spoke, now addressing Kitty, now Levin, turning his calm and friendly eyes from one to the other, and he evidently said whatever came into his head.

Noticing that the Countess Nordstone wanted to say something, he stopped, without finishing his phrase, and began to listen to her attentively.

The conversation did not languish a single instant, so that the old princess, who always had in reserve two heavy guns, in case there needed to be a change in the conversation,—namely, classic and scientific education, and the general compulsory conscription,—had no need to bring them out, and the Countess Nordstone did not even have a chance to rally Levin.

Levin wanted to join in the general conversation, but was unable. He kept saying to himself, “Now, I’ll go;” and still he waited as if he expected something.

The conversation turned on table-tipping and spirits; and the Countess Nordstone, who was a believer in spiritism, began to relate the marvels that she had seen.

"Akh, countess! in the name of Heaven, take me to see them. I never yet saw anything extraordinary, anxious as I have always been," said Vronsky, smiling.

"Good; next Saturday," replied the countess. "But you, Konstantin Dmitritch, do you believe in it?" she asked of Levin.

"Why do you ask me? You know perfectly well what I shall say."

"Because I wanted to hear your opinion."

"My opinion is simply this," replied Levin: "that table-tipping proves that so-called cultivated society is scarcely more advanced than the muzhiks; they believe in the evil eye, in casting lots, in sorceries, while we"

"That means that you don't believe in it?"

"I cannot believe in it, countess."

"But if I myself have seen these things?"

"The peasant women also say that they have seen the Domovoï.¹

"Then, you think that I do not tell the truth?"

And she broke into an unpleasant laugh.

"But no, Masha. Konstantin Dmitritch simply says that he cannot believe in spiritism," said Kitty, blushing for Levin; and Levin understood her, and, growing still more irritated, was about to reply; but Vronsky instantly came to the rescue, and with a gentle smile brought back the conversation, which threatened to go beyond the bounds of politeness.

"Do not you admit at all the possibility of its being true?" he asked. "Why not? We willingly admit the existence of electricity, which we do not understand. Why should there not exist a new force, as yet unknown, which"

"When electricity was discovered," interrupted Levin, eagerly, "only its phenomena had been seen, and it was not known what produced them, or whence they arose; and centuries passed before people dreamed of making application of it. Spiritualists, on the other hand, have

¹ The Domovoï is the house-spirit, like the latin *lar*, who lives behind the stove, and when propitiated by cream and colored eggs is beneficent, but if offended may play disagreeable tricks.—Tr.

begun by making tables write, and by summoning spirits to them, and it is only afterward they began to say it is an unknown force."

Vronsky listened attentively, as he always listened, and was evidently interested in Levin's words.

"Yes; but the spiritualists say, 'We do not yet know what this force is, but it is a force, and acts under certain conditions.' Let the scientists find out what it is. I don't see why it may not be a new force if it ..."

"Because," interrupted Levin again; "every time you rub resin with wool, you produce a certain and invariable electrical phenomenon; while spiritism brings no such invariable result, and so it cannot be a natural phenomenon."

Vronsky, evidently perceiving that the conversation was growing too serious for a reception, made no reply; and, in order to make a diversion, smiled gayly, and addressing the ladies said:—

"Countess, let us make the experiment now?"

But Levin wanted to finish saying what was in his mind:—

"I think," he continued, "that the attempts made by spiritual mediums to explain their miracles by a new force is most abortive. They claim that it is a supernatural force, and yet they want to submit it to a material test."

All were waiting for him to come to an end, and he felt it.

"And I think that you would be a capital medium," said the Countess Nordstone. "There is something so enthusiastic about you!"

Levin opened his mouth to speak, but he said nothing, and turned red.

"Come, let us give the tables a trial," said Vronsky; "with your permission, princess." And Vronsky rose, and looked for a small table.

Kitty was standing by a table, and her eyes met Levin's. Her whole soul pitied him, because she felt that she was the cause of his pain. Her look said, "Forgive me, if you can, I am so happy."

And his look replied, "I hate the whole world, — you and myself." And he took up his hat.

But it was not his fate to go. The guests were just taking their places around the table, and he was on the point of starting, when the old prince entered, and, after greeting the ladies, went straight to Levin.

"Ah!" he cried joyfully. "What a stranger! I did not know that you were here. Very glad to see you!"

In speaking to Levin the prince sometimes used the familiar *tui*, thou, and sometimes the formal *vui*, you. He took him by the arm, and, while conversing with him, gave no notice to Vronsky, who stood waiting patiently for the prince to speak to him.

Kitty felt that her father's friendliness must be hard for Levin after what had happened. She also noticed how coldly her father at last acknowledged Vronsky's bow, and how Vronsky looked at her father, with good-humored perplexity striving in vain to make out what this icy reception meant, and she blushed.

"Prince, let us have Konstantin Dmitritch," said the Countess Nordstone. "We want to try an experiment."

"What sort of an experiment? table-tipping? Well! excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, but, in my opinion, grace-hoops¹ would be a better game," said the prince, looking at Vronsky, whom he took to be the originator of this sport. "At least there's some sense in grace-hoops."

Vronsky, astonished, turned his steady eyes upon the old prince, and, slightly smiling, began to talk with the Countess Nordstone about the arrangements for a great ball to be given the following week.

"I hope that you will be there," said he, turning to Kitty.

As soon as the old prince turned from him Levin made his escape; and the last impression which he bore away from this reception was Kitty's happy, smiling face, answering Vronsky's question in regard to the ball.

¹ *Kaletchki*.

CHAPTER XV

AFTER the guests had gone, Kitty told her mother of her conversation with Levin; and, in spite of all the pain that she had caused him, the thought that he had asked her to marry him flattered her. She had no doubt that she had acted properly, but it was long before she could go to sleep. One memory constantly arose in her mind: it was Levin's face as, with contracted brow, he stood listening to her father, looking at her and Vronsky with his gloomy, melancholy, kind eyes. She felt so sorry for him that she could not keep back the tears. But, as she thought of him who had replaced Levin in her regards, she saw vividly his handsome, strong, and manly face, his aristocratic self-possession, his universal kindness to every one; she recalled his love for her, and how she loved him, and joy came back to her heart. She laid her head on the pillow, and smiled with happiness.

"It is too bad, too bad; but what can I do? It is not my fault," she said to herself, although an inward voice whispered the contrary. She did not know whether she ought to reproach herself for having been attracted to Levin, or for having refused him; but her happiness was not alloyed with doubts. "Lord, have mercy upon me! Lord, have mercy upon me! Lord, have mercy upon me!" she repeated until she went to sleep.

Meantime, down-stairs, in the prince's little library, there was going on one of those scenes which frequently occurred between the parents in regard to their favorite daughter.

"What? This is what!" cried the prince, waving his arms and immediately wrapping around him his squirrel-skin khalat. "You have neither pride nor dignity; you are ruining your daughter with this low and ridiculous manner of husband-hunting."

"But in the name of Heaven, prince, what have I done?" said the princess, almost ready to cry.

She had come as usual to say good-night to her husband, feeling very happy and satisfied over her conversation with her daughter; and, though she had not ventured to breathe a word of Levin's proposal and Kitty's rejection of him, she allowed herself to hint to her husband that she thought the affair with Vronsky was settled, that it would be decided as soon as the countess should arrive. At these words the prince had fallen into a passion, and had addressed her with unpleasant reproaches:—

“What have you done? This is what: In the first place you have decoyed a husband for her; and all Moscow will say so, and with justice. If you want to give receptions, give them, by all means, but invite every one, and not suitors of your own choice. Invite all these mashers,”—thus the prince called the young men of Moscow,—“have somebody to play and let 'em dance; but not like to-night, inviting only suitors! It seems to me shameful, shameful, the way you've pushed! You have turned the girl's head. Levin is a thousand times the better man. And as to this Petersburg dandy, he's one of those turned out by machinery, they are all on one pattern, and all trash! My daughter has no need of going out of her way, even for a prince of the blood.”

“But what have I done?”

“Why, this” cried the prince, angrily.

“I know well enough that, if I listen to you,” interrupted the princess, “we shall never see our daughter married; and, in that case, we might just as well go into the country.”

“We'd better go!”

“Now wait! Have I made any advances? No, I have not. But a young man, and a very handsome young man, is in love with her; and she, it seems”

“Yes, so it seems to you. But suppose she should be in love with him, and he have as much intention of getting married as I myself? Okh! Haven't I eyes to see? ‘Akh, spiritism! akh, Nice! akh, the ball!’” Here the prince, attempting to imitate his

wife, made a courtesy at every word. "We shall be very proud when we have made our Kationka unhappy, and when she really takes it into her head...."

"But what makes you think so?"

"I don't think so, I know so; and that's why we have eyes, and you mothers have n't. I see a man who has serious intentions, — Levin; and I see a fine bird, like this good-for-nothing, who is merely amusing himself."

"Well! now you have taken it into your head...."

"You will remember what I have said, but too late, as you did with Dashenka."

"Very well, very well, we will not say anything more about it," said the princess, who was cut short by the remembrance of Dolly's unhappiness.

"So much the better, and good-night."

The husband and wife, as they separated, kissed each other good-night, making the sign of the cross, but with the consciousness that each remained unchanged in opinion.

The princess had at first been firmly convinced that Kitty's fate was decided by the events of the evening, and that there could be no doubt of Vronsky's designs; but her husband's words troubled her. On her return to her room, as she thought in terror of the unknown future, she did just as Kitty had done, and prayed from the bottom of her heart, "Lord, have mercy! Lord, have mercy! Lord, have mercy!"

CHAPTER XVI

VRONSKY had never known anything of family life. His mother, in her youth, had been a very brilliant society woman, who, in her husband's lifetime and after his death, had engaged in many love-affairs that had made talk. Vronsky scarcely remembered his father, and he had been educated in the School of Pages.

Graduating very young and with brilliancy as an officer, he immediately began to follow the course of

wealthy military men of Petersburg. Though he occasionally went into general society, all his love-affairs were with a different class.

At Moscow, after the luxurious, dissipated life of Petersburg, he for the first time felt the charm of familiar intercourse with a lovely, innocent society girl, who was evidently in love with him. It never occurred to him that there might be anything wrong in his relations with Kitty. At balls he preferred to dance with her, he called on her, talked with her as people generally talk in society: all sorts of trifles, but trifles to which he involuntarily attributed a different meaning when spoken to her. Although he never said anything to her which he would not have said in the hearing of others, he was conscious that she kept growing more and more dependent on him; and, the more he felt this consciousness, the pleasanter it was to him, and his feeling toward her grew warmer and warmer. He did not know that his behavior toward Kitty had a definite name, that this way of leading on young girls without any intention of marriage is one of the most dishonorable tricks practised among the members of the brilliant circles of society in which he moved. He simply imagined that he had discovered a new pleasure, and he enjoyed his discovery.

Could he have heard the conversation between Kitty's parents that evening, could he have taken the family point of view and realized that Kitty would be made unhappy if he did not propose to her, he would have been amazed and would not have believed it. He would not have believed that what gave him and her such a great delight could be wrong, still less that it brought any obligation to marry.

He had never considered the possibility of his getting married. Not only was family life distasteful to him, but, from his view as a bachelor, the family, and especially the husband, belonged to a strange, hostile, and, worst of all, ridiculous world. But though Vronsky had not the slightest suspicion of the conversation of which he had been the subject, he left the Shcherbatskys' with

the feeling that the mysterious bond that attached him to Kitty was closer than ever, so close, indeed, that he felt that he must do something. But what he ought to do or could do he could not imagine.

“How charming!” he thought, as he went to his rooms, feeling, as he always felt when he left the Shcherbatskys’, a deep impression of purity and freshness, arising partly from the fact that he had not smoked all the evening, and a new sensation of tenderness caused by her love for him. “How charming that, without either of us saying anything, we understand each other so perfectly through this mute language of glances and tones, so that to-day more than ever before she told me that she loves me! And how lovely, natural, and, above all, confidential, she was! I feel that I myself am better, purer. I feel that I have a heart, and that there is something good in me. Those gentle, lovely eyes! When she said.... Well! what did she say?.... Nothing much, but it was pleasant for me, and pleasant for her.”

And he reflected how he could best finish up the evening. He passed in review the places where he might go: “The ‘club,’ a hand of bezique and some champagne with Ignatof? No, not there. The *Château des Fleurs*, to find Oblonsky, songs, and the *cancan*? No, it’s a bore. And this is just why I like the Shcherbatskys, — because I feel better for having been there. I’ll go home!”

He went to his room at Dusseaux’s, ordered supper, and then, having undressed, he had scarcely touched his head to the pillow before he was sound asleep.

CHAPTER XVII

THE next morning, about eleven o’clock, Vronsky went to the station to meet his mother on the Petersburg train; and the first person he saw on the grand staircase was Oblonsky, who was expecting his sister on the same train

"Ah! your excellency," cried Oblonsky, "are you expecting some one?"

"My matushka," replied Vronsky, with the smile with which people always met Oblonsky. And, after shaking hands, they mounted the staircase side by side. "She was to come from Petersburg to-day."

"I waited for you till two o'clock this morning. Where did you go after leaving the Shcherbatskys'?"

"Home," replied Vronsky. "To tell the truth, after such a pleasant evening at the Shcherbatskys', I did not feel like going anywhere."

"I know fiery horses by their brand, and young people who are in love by their eyes," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, in the same dramatic tone in which he had spoken to Levin the afternoon before.

Vronsky smiled, as much as to say that he did not deny it; but he hastened to change the conversation.

"And whom have you to meet?" he asked.

"I? a very pretty woman," said Oblonsky.

"Ah! indeed!"

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense!* My sister Anna!"

"Akh! Madame Karenina!" exclaimed Vronsky.

"Do you know her, then?"

"It seems to me that I do. Or, no the truth is, I don't think I do," replied Vronsky, somewhat confused. The name Karenin dimly brought to his mind a tiresome and conceited person.

"But Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, my celebrated brother-in-law, you must know him! Every one knows him."

"That is, I know him by reputation, and by sight. I know that he is talented, learned, and rather adorable but you know that he is not *not in my line*," said Vronsky in English.

"Yes; he is a very remarkable man, somewhat conservative, but a splendid man," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "A splendid man."

"Well! so much the better for him," said Vronsky, smiling. "Ah! here you are," he cried, seeing his mother's old lackey standing at the door. "Come this way," he added.

Vronsky, besides experiencing the pleasure that everybody felt in seeing Stepan Arkadyevitch, had felt especially drawn to him, because, in a certain way, it brought him closer to Kitty.

"Well, now, what do you say to giving the diva a supper Sunday?" said he, with a smile, taking him by the arm.

"Certainly; I will pay my share. Oh, tell me, did you meet my friend Levin last evening?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Yes, but he went away very early."

"He is a glorious young fellow," said Oblonsky, "is n't he?"

"I don't know why it is," replied Vronsky, "but all the Muscovites, present company excepted," he added jestingly, "have something sharp about them. They all seem to be high-strung, fiery tempered, as if they all wanted to make you understand...."

"That is true enough; there is...." replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling pleasantly.

"Is the train on time?" asked Vronsky of an employee.

"It will be here directly," replied the employee.

The increasing bustle in the station, the coming and going of porters, the appearance of policemen and officials, the arrival of expectant friends, all indicated the approach of the train. Through the frosty steam, workmen could be seen passing in their soft blouses and felt boots amid the network of rails. The whistle of the coming engine was heard, and the approach of something heavy.

"No," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was anxious to inform Vronsky of Levin's intentions in regard to Kitty. "No, you are really unjust to my friend Levin. He is a very nervous man, and sometimes he can be disagreeable; but, on the other hand, he can be very charming. He is such an upright, genuine nature, true gold! Last evening there were special reasons," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a significant smile, and entirely forgetting his genuine sympathy, which the even-

ing before he had felt for his old friend, and now experiencing the same sympathy for Vronsky. "Yes, there was a reason why he should have been either very happy or very unhappy."

Vronsky stopped short, and asked point-blank: —

"What was it? Do you mean that he proposed yesterday evening to your sister-in-law?"

"Possibly," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Something like that seemed probable last evening. Yes, if he went off so early, and was in such bad spirits, then it is so. He has been in love with her for so long, and I am very sorry for him."

"Ah, indeed! I thought that she might, however, have aspirations for a better match," said Vronsky, and, filling out his chest, he began to walk up and down again. Then he added: "However, I don't know him; yes, this promises to be a painful situation. That is why the majority of men prefer to consort with their Claras. There, lack of success shows that you haven't money enough; but here you stand on your own merits. But here is the train."

In fact, the engine was now whistling some distance away. But in a few minutes the platform shook, and the locomotive, puffing out the steam condensed by the cold air, came rolling into the station, with the lever of the central wheel slowly and rhythmically rising and falling, and the engineer well muffled and covered with frost. Next the tender came the baggage-car, still more violently shaking the platform; a dog in its cage was yelping piteously; finally appeared the passenger-cars, which jolted together as the train came to a stop.

The vigorous-looking conductor sprang down from the car and whistled; and behind him came the more impatient of the travelers, — an officer of the Guard, straight and imperious, a nimble little merchant, gayly smiling, with his gripsack, and a muzhik, with his bundle over his shoulder.

Vronsky, standing near Oblonsky, watched the cars and the passengers, and completely forgot his mother. What he had just heard about Kitty caused him emotion

and joy; he involuntarily straightened himself; his eyes glistened; he felt that he had won a victory.

“The Countess Vronskaya is in that compartment,” said the vigorous conductor, approaching him. These words awoke him from his reverie, and brought his thoughts back to his mother and their approaching meeting. In his soul he did not respect his mother, and, without ever having confessed as much to himself, he did not love her. But his education and the usages of the society in which he lived did not allow him to admit that there could be in his relations with her the slightest want of consideration. But the more he exaggerated the bare outside forms, the less he felt in his heart that he respected or loved her.

CHAPTER XVIII

VRONSKY followed the conductor, and, as he was about to enter the railway-carriage, he stood aside to allow a lady to pass him.

With the instant intuition of a man of the world, he saw, by a single glance at this lady's exterior, that she belonged to the very best society. Begging her pardon, he was about to enter the door, but involuntarily he turned to give another look at the lady, not because she was very beautiful, not because of that elegance and that unassuming grace which were expressed in her whole person, but because the expression of her lovely face, as she passed, seemed to him so gentle and sweet.

Just as he looked back at her, she also turned her head. Her brilliant gray eyes, looking almost black under the long lashes, rested on his face with a friendly, attentive look, as if she recognized him; and instantly she turned to seek some one in the throng.

Quick as this glance was, Vronsky had time to perceive the dignified vivacity which played in her face and fluttered between her shining eyes, and the scarcely perceptible smile parting her rosy lips. There seemed to be in her whole person such a superfluity of life

that, in spite of her will, it expressed itself now in the lightning of her eyes, now in her smile. She demurely veiled the light in her eyes, but it shone against her will in her scarcely perceptible smile.

Vronsky went into the carriage. His mother, a dried-up old lady with black eyes and little curls, screwed up her face as she looked at him with a slight smile on her thin lips. Getting up from her chair, and handing her bag to her maid, she extended her little thin hand to her son, and, pushing his head from her, kissed him on the brow.

"You received my telegram? You are well? Thank the Lord!"

"Did you have a comfortable journey?" said the son, sitting down near her, and yet involuntarily listening to a woman's voice just outside the door. He knew that it was the voice of the lady whom he had met.

"However, I don't agree with you," said the lady's voice.

"It is the Petersburg way of looking at it, madam."

"Not at all, but simply a woman's," was her reply.

"Well! allow me to kiss your hand."

"Good-by, Ivan Petrovitch. Now look and see if my brother is here, and send him to me," said the lady, at the very door, and reëntering the compartment.

"Have you found your brother?" asked the Countess Vronskaya, addressing the lady.

Vronsky now knew that it was Karenin's wife.

"Your brother is here," he said, rising. "Excuse me; I did not recognize you; but our acquaintance was so short," he added with a bow, "that you naturally did not remember me either."

"Oh, yes, I did!" she said. "I should have known you because your matushka and I have been talking about you all the way." And at last she permitted the animation which had been striving to break forth to express itself in a smile. "But my brother has not come yet."

"Go and call him, Alyosha," said the old countess.

Vronsky went out on the platform and called:—

"Oblonsky! here!"

But Karenin's wife did not wait for her brother; as soon as she saw him she ran lightly out of the carriage, went straight to him, and, with a gesture which struck Vronsky by its grace and energy, threw her left arm around his neck and kissed him affectionately.

Vronsky could not keep his eyes from her face, and smiled, without knowing why. But, remembering that his mother was waiting for him, he went back into the carriage.

"Very charming, isn't she?" said the countess, referring to Madame Karenina. "Her husband put her in my charge, and I was very glad. She and I talked together all the way. Well! and you? They say you are desperately in love. So much the better, my dear, so much the better."

"I don't know what you allude to, *maman*," replied the son, coldly. "Come, *maman*, let us go."

At this moment Madame Karenina came back to take leave of the countess.

"Well, countess! you have found your son, and I my brother," she said gayly; "and I have exhausted my whole fund of stories. I should n't have had anything more to talk about."

"Ah! not so," said the countess, taking her hand. "I should not object to travel round the world with you. You are one of those agreeable women with whom either speech or silence is pleasant. As to your son, I beg of you, don't think about him: we must have separations in this world."

Madame Karenina stood motionless, holding herself very erect, and her eyes smiled.

"Anna Arkadyevna has a little boy about eight years old," said the countess, in explanation to her son; "she has never been separated from him before, and it troubles her to leave him."

"Yes, we have talked about our children all the time, — the countess of her son, I of mine," said Madame Karenina, turning to Vronsky; and again the smile lighted up her face, the caressing smile which beamed upon him.

“That must have been very tiresome to you,” said he, instantly catching on the rebound the ball of coquetry which she had tossed to him. But she evidently did not care to continue her conversation in the same tone, but turned to the old countess:—

“Thank you very much. I don’t see where the time has gone. Good-by, countess.”

“Farewell, my dear,” replied the countess. “Let me kiss your pretty little face. I tell you frankly, as it is permitted an old lady, that I am in love with you.”

Hackneyed as this expression was, Madame Karenina evidently believed thoroughly in its sincerity, and was pleased with it. She blushed, bowed slightly, and bent her face down to the old countess’s lips. Then, straightening herself up, she gave her hand to Vronsky with the smile that seemed to belong as much to her eyes as to her lips. He pressed her little hand, and, as if it were something unusual, was delighted with the energetic firmness with which she frankly and fearlessly shook his hand.

Madame Karenina went out with light and rapid step, carrying her rather plump person with remarkable elasticity.

“Very charming,” said the old lady again.

Her son was of the same opinion; and again his eyes followed her graceful figure till she was out of sight, and a smile rested on his face. Through the window he saw her join her brother, take his arm, and engage him in lively conversation, evidently about some subject with which Vronsky had no connection, and this seemed to him annoying.

“Well! are you enjoying perfectly good health, *maman*?” he asked, turning to his mother.

“Very well, indeed, splendid. Alexandre has been charming, and Marie has been very good. She is very interesting.”

And again she began to speak of what was especially interesting to her heart,—the baptism of her grandson, for which she had come to Moscow, and the special favor shown her eldest son by the emperor.

"And here is Lavronty," said Vronsky, looking out of the window. "Now let us go, if you are ready."

The old steward who had come with the countess now appeared at the door to report that everything was ready, and she arose to go.

"Come, there are only a few people about now," said Vronsky.

The maid took the bag and the little dog; the steward and a porter carried the other luggage; Vronsky offered his mother his arm, but, just as they stepped down from the carriage, a number of men with frightened faces ran hastily by them. The station-master followed in his curiously colored *furazhka* or uniform-cap. Evidently something unusual had happened. The people who had left the train were coming back again.

"What is it?" "What is it?" "Where?" "He was thrown down!" "He was crushed to death!" were the exclamations heard among those hurrying by.

Stepan Arkadyevitch with his sister on his arm had returned with the others, and were standing with frightened faces near the train to avoid the crush.

The ladies went back into the carriage, and Vronsky with Stepan Arkadyevitch went with the crowd to learn the particulars of the accident.

A train-hand, either from drunkenness, or because he was too closely muffled against the intense cold, had not heard the noise of a train that was backing out, and had been crushed.

The ladies had already learned about the accident from the steward before Vronsky and Oblonsky came back. Both of them had seen the disfigured body. Oblonsky was deeply moved; he frowned, and seemed ready to shed tears.

"Akh, how horrible! Akh, Anna, if you had only seen it! Akh, how horrible!" he repeated.

Vronsky said nothing; his handsome face was serious, but perfectly calm.

"Akh, if you had only seen it, countess!" continued Stepan Arkadyevitch,—"and his wife is there.... It was terrible to see her she threw herself on his body.

They say that he was the only support of a large family. How terrible!"

"Could anything be done for her?" said Madame Karenina, in an agitated whisper.

Vronsky looked at her, and immediately left the carriage.

"I will be right back, *maman*," said he, turning round at the door.

When he came back, at the end of a few minutes, Stepan Arkadyevitch was talking with the countess about a new singer, and she was impatiently watching the door for her son.

"Now let us go," said Vronsky.

They all went out together, Vronsky walking ahead with his mother, Madame Karenina and her brother side by side. At the door the station-master overtook them, and said to Vronsky:—

"You have given my assistant two hundred rubles. Will you kindly indicate the disposition that we shall make of them?"

"For his widow," said Vronsky, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't see why you should have asked me."

"Did you give that?" asked Oblonsky; and, pressing his sister's arm, he said, "Very kind, very kind. Glorious fellow, is n't he? My best wishes, countess."

He and his sister delayed, looking for her maid. When they left the station, the Vronskys' carriage had already gone. People on all sides were talking about what had happened.

"What a horrible way of dying!" said a gentleman, passing near them. "They say he was cut in two."

"It seems to me, on the contrary," replied another, "that it was a very easy way; death was instantaneous."

"Why were n't there any precautions taken?" asked a third.

Madame Karenina sat down in the carriage; and Stepan Arkadyevitch noticed, with astonishment, that her lips trembled, and that she could hardly keep back the tears.

"What is the matter, Anna?" he asked, when they had gone a little distance.

"It is an evil omen," she answered.

"What nonsense!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "You have come that is the main thing. You cannot imagine how much I hope from your visit."

"Have you known Vronsky long?" she asked.

"Yes. You know we hope that he will marry Kitty."

"Really," said Anna, gently. "Well! now let us talk about yourself," she added, shaking her head as if she wanted to drive away something that troubled and pained her physically. "Let us speak about your affairs. I received your letter, and here I am."

"Yes, all my hope is in you," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Well, then! tell me all."

And Stepan Arkadyevitch began his story.

When they reached the house he helped his sister from the carriage, sighed, shook hands with her, and went to the court-house.

CHAPTER XIX

WHEN Anna entered, Dolly was sitting in her little reception-room, with a plump light-haired lad, the image of his father, who was learning a lesson from a French reading-book. The boy was reading aloud, and at the same time twisting and trying to pull from his jacket a button which was hanging loose. His mother had many times reproved him, but the plump little hand kept returning to the button. At last she had to take the button off, and put it in her pocket.

"Keep your hands still, Grisha," said she, and again took up the bed-quilt on which she had been long at work, and which always came handy at trying moments. She worked nervously, jerking her fingers and counting the stitches. Though she had sent word to her husband, the day before, that his sister's arrival made no

difference to her, nevertheless, she was ready to receive her, and was waiting for her impatiently.

Dolly was absorbed by her woes, — absolutely swallowed up by them. But she did not forget that her sister-in-law, Anna, was the wife of one of the important personages of Petersburg, — a Petersburg *grande dame*. And, owing to this fact, she did not carry out what she had said to her husband; in other words, she did not forget that her sister was coming.

“After all, Anna is not to blame,” she said to herself. “I know nothing about her that is not good, and our relations have always been good and friendly.”

To be sure, as far as she could recall the impressions made on her by the Karenins, at Petersburg, their home did not seem to her entirely pleasant; there was something false in the whole manner of their family life.

“But why should I not receive her? Provided, only, that she does not take it into her head to console me,” thought Dolly. “I know what these Christian exhortations, consolations, and justifications mean; I have gone over them all a thousand times, and they amount to nothing.”

Dolly had spent these last days alone with her children. She did not care to speak to any one about her sorrow, and under the load of it she could not talk about indifferent matters. She knew that some way or other she should have to open her heart to Anna, and at one moment the thought that she could open her heart delighted her; and then again she was angry because she must speak of her humiliations before his sister, and listen to her ready-made phrases of exhortation and consolation.

She had been expecting every moment to see her sister-in-law appear, and had been watching the clock; but, as often happens in such cases, she became so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not hear the door-bell. Hearing light steps and the rustling of a gown, she looked up, and involuntarily her jaded face expressed, not pleasure, but surprise. She arose, and threw her arms round her sister-in-law.

"Why! have you come already?" she cried, kissing her.

"Dolly, how glad I am to see you!"

"And I am glad to see you," replied Dolly, with a faint smile, and trying to read, by the expression of Anna's face, how much she knew. "She knows all," was her thought, as she saw the look of compassion on her features. "Well! let us go up-stairs; I will show you to your room," she went on to say, trying to postpone, as long as possible, the time for explanations.

"Is this Grisha? Heavens! how he has grown!" said Anna, kissing him. Then, not taking her eyes from Dolly, she added, with a blush, "No, please let us not go yet."

She took off her handkerchief and her hat, and when it caught in the locks of her dark curly hair she shook her head and released it.

"How brilliantly happy and healthy you look," said Dolly, almost enviously.

"I?" ... exclaimed Anna. "Ah! ... Heavens! Tania! is that you, the playmate of my little Serozha?" said she, speaking to a little girl who came running in. She took her by the hand, and kissed her. "What a charming little girl! Charming! But you must show them all to me."

She recalled not only the name, the year, and the month of each, but their characteristics and their little ailments, and Dolly could not help feeling touched.

"Come! let us go and see them," said she; "but Vasya is having her nap now; it's too bad."

After they had seen the children, they came back to the sitting-room alone for coffee. Anna drew the tray toward her, and then she pushed it away.

"Dolly," said she, "he has told me."

Dolly looked at Anna coldly. She now expected some expression of hypocritical sympathy, but Anna said nothing of the kind.

"Dolly, my dear," she said, "I do not intend to speak to you in defense of him, nor to console you; it is impossible. But, dushenka, dear heart, I am sorry, sorry for you with all my soul!"

Under her long lashes her brilliant eyes suddenly filled with tears. She drew closer, and with her energetic little hand seized the hand of her sister-in-law. Dolly did not repulse her, but her face still preserved its forlorn expression.

"It is impossible to console me. After what has happened, all is over for me, all is lost."

And she had hardly said these words ere her face suddenly softened a little. Anna lifted to her lips the thin, dry hand that she held, and kissed it.

"But, Dolly, what is to be done? what is to be done? What is the best way to act in this frightful condition of things? We must think about it."

"All is over! Nothing can be done!" Dolly replied. "And, what is worse than all, you must understand it, is that I cannot leave him! the children! I am chained to him! and I cannot live with him! It is torture to see him!"

"Dolly, galubchik, he has told me; but I should like to hear your side of the story. Tell me all."

Dolly looked at her with a questioning expression. Sympathy and the sincerest affection were depicted in Anna's face.

"I should like to," she suddenly said. "But I shall tell you everything from the very beginning. You know how I was married. With the education that *maman* gave me, I was not only innocent, I was stupid. I did not know anything. I know they said husbands told their wives all about their past lives; but *Stiva*," — she corrected herself, — "Stepan Arkadyevitch never told me anything. You would not believe it, but, up to the present time, I supposed that I was the only woman with whom he was acquainted. Thus I lived eight years. You see, I not only never suspected him of being unfaithful to me, but I believed such a thing to be impossible. And with such ideas, imagine how I suffered when I suddenly learned all this horror — all this dastardliness. ... Understand me. To believe absolutely in his honor" ... continued Dolly, struggling to keep back her sobs, "and suddenly to find a letter ... a letter from him to

his mistress, to the governess of my children. No; this is too cruel!" She hastily took out her handkerchief, and hid her face in it. "I might have been able to admit a moment of temptation," she continued, after a moment's pause; "but this hypocrisy, this continual attempt to deceive me.... and for whom?... To continue to be my husband, and yet have her.... It is frightful; you cannot comprehend...."

"Oh, yes! I comprehend; I comprehend, my dear Dolly," said Anna, squeezing her hand.

"And do you imagine that he appreciates all the horror of my situation?" continued Dolly. "Certainly not; he is happy and contented."

"Oh, no!" interrupted Anna, warmly. "He is thoroughly repentant; he is overwhelmed with remorse...."

"Is he capable of remorse?" demanded Dolly, scrutinizing her sister-in-law's face.

"Yes; I know him. I could not look at him without feeling sorry for him. We both of us know him. He is kind; but he is proud, and now he is so humiliated! What touched me most" — Anna knew well enough that this would touch Dolly also — "are the two things that pained him: In the first place, he was ashamed for the children; and secondly, because, loving you.... yes, yes, loving you more than any one else in the world," — she added vehemently, to prevent Dolly from interrupting her, — "he has wounded you grievously, has almost killed you. '*No, no, she will never forgive me!*' he keeps saying all the time."

Dolly looked straight beyond her sister as she listened.

"Yes, I understand that his position is terrible. The guilty suffers more than the innocent, — if he knows that he is the cause of all the unhappiness. But how can I forgive him? How can I be his wife again after she has.... For me to live with him henceforth would be torment all the more because I still love what I used to love in him...."

And the sobs prevented her from speaking.

But as if on purpose, each time, after she had become

a little calmer, she began again to speak of what hurt her most cruelly.

“She is young, you see, she is pretty,” she went on to say. “Do you realize, Anna, for whom I have sacrificed my youth, my beauty? For him and his children! I have worn myself out in his service, I have given him the best that I had; and now, of course, some one younger and fresher than I am is more pleasing to him. They have, certainly, discussed me between them,—or, worse, have insulted me with their silence, do you understand?”

And again her jealousy flamed up in her eyes.

“And after this he will tell me.... What! could I believe it? No, never! it is all over, all that gave me recompense for my sufferings, for my sorrows.... Would you believe it? just now I was teaching Grisha. It used to be a pleasure to me; now it is a torment. Why should I take the trouble? Why have I children? It is terrible, because my whole soul is in revolt; instead of love, tenderness, I am filled with nothing but hate, yes, hate! I could kill him and....”

“Dushenka! Dolly! I understand you; but don't torment yourself so! You are too excited, too angry, to see things in their right light.”

Dolly grew calmer, and for a few moments neither spoke.

“What is to be done, Anna? Consider and help me. I have thought of everything, but I cannot see any way out of it.”

Anna herself did not see any, but her heart responded to every word, to every expression in her sister-in-law's face.

“I will tell you one thing,” said she at last. “I am his sister; I know his character, his peculiarity of forgetting everything,”—she touched her forehead,—“this peculiarity of his which is so conducive to sudden temptation, but also to repentance. At the present moment, he does not understand how it was possible for him to have done what he did.”

“Not so! He does understand and he did under-

stand," interrupted Dolly. "But I.... you forget me; ... does that make the pain less for me?"

"Wait! when he made his confession to me, I acknowledge that I did not appreciate the whole horror of your position. I saw only him and the fact that the family was broken up. I was sorry for him; but now that I have been talking with you, I, as a woman, look on it in a different light. I see your suffering, and I cannot tell you how sorry I am. But, Dolly, dushenka, while I fully appreciate your misfortune, there is one thing which I do not know: I do not know.... I do not know to what degree you still love him. You alone can tell whether you love him enough to forgive him. If you do, then forgive him."

"No," began Dolly; but Anna interrupted her, kissing her hand again.

"I know the world better than you do," she said. "I know how such men as Stiva look on these things. You say that *they* have discussed you between them. Don't you believe it. These men can be unfaithful to their marriage vows, but their homes and their wives remain no less sacred in their eyes. Between these women and their families, they draw a line of demarcation which is never crossed. I cannot understand how it can be, but so it is."

"Yes, but he has kissed her...."

"Wait, Dolly, dushenka! I saw Stiva when he was in love with you. I remember the time when he used to come to me and talk about you with tears in his eyes. I know to what a poetic height he raised you, and I know that the longer he lived with you the more he admired you. We always have smiled at his habit of saying at every opportunity, '*Dolly is an extraordinary woman.*' You have been, and you always will be, an object of adoration in his eyes, and this passion is not a defection of his heart...."

"But supposing this defection should be repeated?"

"It is impossible, as I think...."

"Yes, but would you have forgiven him?"

"I don't know; I can't say.... Yes, I could," said

Anna, after a moment's thought, apprehending the gravity of the situation and weighing it in her mental scales. "I could, I could, I could! Yes, I could forgive him, but I should not be the same; but I should forgive him, and I should forgive him in such a way as to show that the past was forgotten, absolutely forgotten."

"Well! of course," interrupted Dolly, impetuously, as if she was saying what she had said many times to herself — "otherwise it would not be forgiveness. If you forgive, it must be absolutely, absolutely. — Well! let me show you to your room," said she, rising, and throwing her arm around her sister-in-law.

"My dear, how glad I am that you came. My heart is already lighter, much lighter."

CHAPTER XX

ANNA spent the whole day at home, that is to say, at the Oblonskys', and refused to see any callers, although some of her friends, having learned of her arrival, came to see her. The whole morning was given to Dolly and the children. She sent a note to her brother that he must dine at home.

"Come, God is merciful," she wrote.

Oblonsky accordingly dined at home. The conversation was general, and his wife, when she spoke to him, called him *tui* (thou), which had not been the case before. The relations between husband and wife remained cool, but nothing more was said about a separation, and Stepan Arkadyevitch saw the possibility of a reconciliation.

Kitty came in soon after dinner. Her acquaintance with Anna Arkadyevna was very slight, and she was not without solicitude as to the welcome which she would receive from this great Petersburg lady, whose praise was in everybody's mouth. But she made a pleasing impression on Anna Arkadyevna; this she immediately realized. Anna evidently admired her

youth and beauty, and Kitty was not slow in realizing a sense of being, not only under her influence, but of being in love with her, and immediately fell in love with her, as young girls often fall in love with married women older than themselves. Anna was not like a society woman, or the mother of an eight-year-old son; but, by her vivacity of movement, by the freshness and animation of her face, expressed in her smile and in her eyes, she would have been taken rather for a young girl of twenty, had it not been for a serious and sometimes almost melancholy look, which struck and attracted Kitty.

Kitty felt that she was perfectly natural and sincere, but that there was something about her that suggested a whole world of complicated and poetic interests far beyond her comprehension.

After dinner, when Dolly had gone to her room, Anna went eagerly to her brother, who was smoking a cigar.

"Stiva," said she, giving him a joyous wink, making the sign of the cross, and glancing toward the door, "go, and God help you."

He understood her, and, throwing away his cigar, disappeared behind the door.

As soon as he had gone, Anna sat down upon a divan, surrounded by the children.

Either because they saw that their mamma loved this aunt, or because they themselves felt a special attraction toward her, the two eldest, and therefore the younger, as often happens with children, had taken possession of her even before dinner, and could not leave her alone. And now they were having something like a game, in which each tried to get next to her, to hold her little hand, to kiss her, to play with her rings, or even to cling to the flounces of her gown.

"There! there! let us sit as we were before," said Anna, sitting down in her place.

And Grisha, proud and delighted, thrust his head under his aunt's arm, and nestled up close to her.

"And when is the ball?" she asked of Kitty.

"Next week! it will be a lovely ball — one of those balls where one always has a good time."

"Then there are places where one always has a good time?" asked Anna, in a tone of gentle irony.

"Strange, but it is so. We always enjoy ourselves at the Bobrishchefs' and at the Nikitins', but at the Mezkhofs' it is always dull. Have n't you ever noticed that?"

"No, *dusha moyá*, no ball could be amusing to me," said Anna; and again Kitty saw in her eyes that unknown world, which had not yet been revealed to her. "For me they are all more or less tiresome."

"How could *you* find a ball tiresome?"

"And why should *I not* find a ball tiresome?"

Kitty perceived that Anna foresaw what her answer would be: —

"Because you are always the loveliest of all!"

Anna blushed easily; she blushed now, and said: —

"In the first place, that is not true; and in the second, if it were, it would not make any difference."

"Won't you go to this ball?" asked Kitty.

"I think that I would rather not go. Here! take it," said she to Tanya, who was drawing off a loose ring from her delicate white finger.

"I should be delighted if you would go; I should so like to see you at a ball."

"Well, if I have to go, I shall console myself with the thought that I am making you happy.... Grisha, don't pull my hair down! it is disorderly enough now," said she, putting back the rebellious lock with which the lad was playing.

"I can imagine you at a ball dressed in violet."

"Why in violet?" asked Anna, smiling. "Now, children, run away, run away. Don't you hear? Miss Hull is calling you to tea," said she, freeing herself from the children, and sending them out to the dining-room.

"I know why you want me to go to the ball. You expect something wonderful to happen at this ball, and you are anxious for us all to be there so as to share in your happiness."

“How did you know? You are right!”

“Oh, what a lovely age is yours!” continued Anna. “I remember well, and know this purple haze like that which you see hanging over the mountains in Switzerland. This haze covers everything in that delicious time when childhood ends, and from out this immense circle, so joyous, so gay, grows a footpath ever narrower and narrower, and leads gayly and painfully into that labyrinth, and yet it seems so bright and so beautiful.... Who has not passed through it?”

Kitty listened and smiled. “How did she pass through it? How I should like to know the whole romance of her life!” thought Kitty, remembering the unpoetic appearance of her husband, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

“I know a thing or two,” continued Anna. “Stiva told me, and I congratulate you; *he* pleased me very much. I met Vronsky at the station.”

“Akh! was he there?” asked Kitty, blushing. “What did Stiva tell you?”

“Stiva told me the whole story; and I should be delighted! I came from Petersburg with Vronsky’s mother,” she continued; “and his mother never ceased to speak of him. He is her favorite. I know how partial mothers are, but....”

“What did his mother tell you?”

“Akh! many things; and I know that he is her favorite. But still it is evident he has a chivalrous nature. — Well, for example, she told me how he wanted to give up his whole fortune to his brother; how he did something still more wonderful when he was a boy — saved a woman from drowning. In a word, he is a hero!” said Anna, smiling, and remembering the two hundred rubles which he had given at the station.

But she did not tell about the two hundred rubles. Somehow it was not pleasant for her to remember that. She felt that there was something in it that concerned herself too closely, and ought not to have been.

“The countess urged me to come to see her,” continued Anna, “and I should be very happy to meet her again, and I will go to-morrow. — Thank the Lord,

Stiva remains a long time with Dolly in the library," she added, changing the subject, and, as Kitty perceived, looking a little annoyed.

"I'll be the first...." "No, I," cried the children, who had just finished their supper, and came running to their Aunt Anna.

"All together," she said, laughing, and running to meet them. She seized them and piled them in a heap, struggling and screaming with delight.

CHAPTER XXI

AT tea-time Dolly came out of her room. Stepan Arkadyevitch was not with her; he had left his wife's chamber by the rear door.

"I am afraid you will be cold up-stairs," remarked Dolly, addressing Anna. "I should like to have you come down and be near me."

"Akh! please don't worry about me," replied Anna, trying to divine by Dolly's face if there had been a reconciliation.

"Perhaps it would be too light for you here," said her sister-in-law.

"I assure you, I sleep anywhere and everywhere as sound as a woodchuck."

"What is it?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, coming in from his library, and addressing his wife.

By the tone of his voice, both Kitty and Anna knew that the reconciliation had taken place.

"I wanted to install Anna down-stairs, but we should have to put up some curtains. No one knows how to do it, and so I must," said Dolly, in reply to her husband's question.

"God knows if they have wholly made it up," thought Anna, as she noticed Dolly's cold and even tone.

"Akh! don't, Dolly, don't make difficulties! Well! if you like, I will fix everything."

"Yes," thought Anna, "they must have had a reconciliation."

“I know how you do everything,” said Dolly; “you give Matve an order which it is impossible to carry out, and then you go away, and he gets everything into a tangle.”

And her customary mocking smile wrinkled the corners of Dolly’s lips as she said that.

“Complete, complete reconciliation, complete,” thought Anna. “Thank God!” and, rejoicing that she had been the cause of it, she went to Dolly and kissed her.

“Not by any means. Why have you such scorn for Matve and me?” said Stepan Arkadyevitch to his wife, with an almost imperceptible smile.

Throughout the evening Dolly, as usual, was lightly ironical toward her husband, and Stepan Arkadyevitch was happy and gay, but within bounds, and as if he wanted to make it evident that though he had obtained pardon he had not forgotten his offense.

About half-past nine a particularly animated and pleasant confidential conversation, which was going on at the tea-table, was interrupted by an incident apparently of the slightest importance, but this simple incident seemed to each member of the family to be very strange.

They were talking about one of their Petersburg acquaintances when Anna suddenly arose:—

“I have her picture in my album,” she said; “and at the same time I will show you my little Serozha,” she added, with a smile of maternal pride.

It was usually about ten o’clock when she bade her son good-night. Often she herself put him to bed before she went out to parties, and now she felt a sensation of sadness to be so far from him. No matter what people were speaking about, her thoughts reverted always to her little curly-haired Serozha, and the desire seized her to go and look at his picture, and to talk about him. Using this first pretext, she, with her light, decided step, started to fetch her album. The stairs to her room started from the landing-place in the large staircase, which led from the heated hall. Just as she was leaving the drawing-room the front door-bell rang.

"Who can that be?" said Dolly.

"It is too early to come after me, and too late for a call," remarked Kitty.

"Doubtless somebody with papers for me," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

As Anna was passing the staircase she saw the servant going up to announce a caller, but the caller stood in the light of the hall lamp, and was waiting. Anna glancing down saw that it was Vronsky, and a strange sensation of joy, mixed with terror, suddenly seized her heart. He was standing with his coat on, and was taking something out of his pocket. At the moment Anna reached the center of the staircase, he lifted his eyes, and saw her, and his face assumed an expression of humility and confusion. She bowed her head slightly in salutation; and as she went on her way she heard Stepan Arkadyevitch's loud voice calling him to come in, and then Vronsky's low, soft, and tranquil voice excusing himself.

When Anna reached the room with the album, he had gone, and Stepan Arkadyevitch was telling how he came to see about a dinner which they were going to give the next day in honor of some celebrity who was in town.

"And nothing would induce him to come in. What a queer fellow!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Kitty blushed. She thought that she alone understood what he had come for, and why he would not come in. "He must have been at our house," she thought, "and, not finding me, have supposed that I was here; but he did not come in because it was late and Anna here."

They all exchanged glances, but nothing was said, and they began to examine Anna's album.

There was nothing extraordinary or strange in a man calling at half-past nine o'clock in the evening to inquire of a friend about the details of a proposed dinner and not coming in; yet to everybody it seemed strange, and it seemed more strange and unpleasant to Anna than to any one else.

CHAPTER XXII

THE ball was just beginning when Kitty and her mother mounted the grand staircase, brilliantly lighted and adorned with flowers and with powdered lackeys in red kaftans. In the ball-rooms there was an incessant bustle of movement, which sounded like the humming of a beehive, and, as they stopped to give the last touches to their hair and gowns, before a mirror hung on the tree-decorated landing, they heard the scraping of violins as the orchestra was tuning up for the first waltz.

A little old man, a civilian, who was smoothing his white locks at another mirror, and who exhaled a penetrating odor of perfumes, brushed against them on the stairway and stood aside, evidently impressed by Kitty's youth and beauty. A beardless young man, such as the old Prince Shcherbatsky would have reckoned among the "mashers," wearing a very low-cut waistcoat and a white necktie which he adjusted as he walked, bowed to them, and after he had passed them turned back to ask Kitty for a quadrille. The first quadrille was already promised to Vronsky, and so she was obliged to content the young man with the second. An officer buttoning his gloves was standing near the door of the ball-room; he cast a glance of admiration at the blooming Kitty, and caressed his mustache.

Although Kitty had taken great pains and spent much labor on her toilet, her gown, and all the preparations for this ball, yet now she entered the ball-room, in her complicated robe of tulle with its rose-colored overdress, as easily and naturally as if all these rosettes and laces, all the requirements of her toilet, had not caused her or her people a moment's attention, as if she had been born in this lace-trimmed ball-dress, and with a rose and two ribbons placed on the top of her graceful head. When the old princess, her mother, just before they entered the ball-room, was about to readjust her broad sash-ribbon, Kitty gently declined. She felt that everything about her must surely be right and

graceful, and that to readjust anything about her was unnecessary.

Kitty was looking her prettiest. Her gown was not too tight anywhere; her lace fichu did not slip down, her rosettes did not crush, and did not pull off; her rose-colored slippers with their high heels did not pinch her, but were agreeable to her feet. The thick braids of her fair hair kept perfectly in place on her graceful little head. All the three buttons on her long gloves, which enveloped, without changing, the pretty shape of her hands, fastened easily, and did not tear. The black velvet ribbon, attached to a medallion, was thrown daintily about her neck. This ribbon was charming; and at home, as she saw it in her mirror, adorning her neck, Kitty felt that this ribbon spoke. Everything else might be dubious, but this ribbon was charming. Kitty smiled, even there at the ball, as she saw it in the mirror. In her bare shoulders and arms Kitty felt a sensation of marble coolness, a sensation which she especially enjoyed. Her eyes shone and her rosy lips could not refrain from smiling with the consciousness of how fascinating she was.

She had scarcely entered the ball-room and joined a group of tulle-, ribbon-, lace-, and flower-decorated ladies, who were waiting for partners, — Kitty never remained long in that category, — when she was invited to waltz with the best dancer, the principal cavalier in the whole hierarchy of the ball-room, the celebrated leader of the mazurka, the master of ceremonies, the handsome, elegant Yegorushka Korsunsky, a married man and a civilian. He had just left the Countess Bonina, with whom he had been taking the first turns of the waltz, and, while looking round over his domain, in other words, over the few couples who were venturing out on the floor, he perceived Kitty, made his way to her in that easy manner peculiar to leaders of the mazurka, bowed, and without even asking her permission put his arm around the young girl's slender waist. She looked for some one to whom to confide her fan; and the mistress of the mansion, smiling on her, took charge of it.

"How good of you to come early," said Korsunsky, as he put his arm around her waist. "I don't like the fashion of being late."

Kitty placed her left hand on her partner's shoulder, and her little feet, shod in rose-colored bashmaks, glided swiftly, lightly, and rhythmically over the polished floor.

"It is restful to dance with you," said he, as he fell into the slow measures of the waltz: "charming! such lightness! such *precision!*"

That was what he said to almost all his dancing acquaintances.

She smiled at his flattery, and continued to study the ball-room across her partner's shoulder. She was not such a novice in society as to find all faces blending in one magic sensation; she had not been so assiduous in her attendance at balls as to know every one present, and be tired of seeing them. But she was in that happy condition between these two extremes, she was exhilarated and at the same time she was sufficiently self-possessed to be able to look around and observe.

She noticed a group that had gathered in the left-hand corner of the ball-room, composed of the very flower of society. Korsunsky's wife, Lidi, a beauty in an extremely low-cut corsage, was there; the mistress of the mansion was there; there shone Krivin's bald head, always to be seen where the flower of society was gathered. Young men were looking at this group, and not venturing to join it. Then her eyes fell on Stiva, who was also there, and then she saw Anna's elegant figure dressed in black velvet. And *he* was there. Kitty had not seen him since the evening when she refused Levin. Kitty's keen eyes instantly recognized him across the room, and saw that he was looking at her.

"Shall we have one more turn? You are not fatigued?" asked Korsunsky, slightly out of breath.

"No, thank you."

"Where shall I leave you?"

"I think Madame Karenina is here; ... take me to her."

“Anywhere that you please.”

And Korsunsky, still waltzing with Kitty but with a slower step, made his way toward the group on the left, saying as he went, “*Pardon, mesdames ; pardon, pardon, mesdames ;*” and steering skilfully through the sea of laces, tulle, and ribbons, without catching a feather, placed her in a chair after a final turn, which gave a glimpse of her slender ankles in dainty blue stockings, while her train spread out like a fan and covered Krivin’s knees.

Korsunsky bowed, then straightened himself up, and offered Kitty his arm to conduct her to Anna Arkadyevna. Kitty, blushing a little, freed Krivin from the folds of her train, and, just a trifle dizzy, looked around in search of Anna. Anna was not dressed in violet, as Kitty had hoped, but in a low-cut black velvet gown, which showed her plump shoulders and bosom smooth as ivory, her beautiful round arms, and her delicate slender wrists. Her robe was adorned with Venetian guipure ; on her head, gracefully set on her dark locks, was a little garland of heartsease¹ ; and a similar bouquet was fastened in her black ribbon-belt in the midst of white lace. Her hair, which was all her own, was dressed very simply ; there was nothing remarkable about it except the abundance of little natural curls, which strayed in fascinating disorder about her neck and temples. She wore a string of pearls about her firm round throat.

Kitty had seen Anna every day, and had fallen in love with her ; but now that she saw her dressed in black, instead of the violet which she had expected, she was conscious that she had never before appreciated her full beauty. She saw her in a new and unexpected light. Now she realized that violet would not have been becoming to her, and that her charm consisted entirely in her independence of toilet ; that her toilet was only an accessory, and her black gown with the magnificent laces was only an accessory, was only a frame for her, and nothing else was to be thought of but herself in all her simplicity, naturalness, elegance, and at the same time her gayety and animation.

¹ *Viola tricolor*, called in Russian *anyútini glázki*, or Anna’s eyes.

When Kitty joined her she was standing in her usual erect attitude, talking with the master of the house, her head slightly bent toward him.

"No, I would not cast the first stone, though I don't understand about it," she was saying to him, slightly shrugging her shoulders; and then, perceiving Kitty, she turned to her with an affectionate and reassuring smile. With a woman's quick intuition she saw all the beauty of the young girl's toilet, and gave her an appreciative nod, which Kitty understood.

"You even dance into the ball-room," she said.

"She is the most faithful of my aids," said Korsunsky, addressing Anna Arkadyevna, whom he had not as yet seen. "The princess helps to make any ball-room gay and delightful. Anna Arkadyevna, will you take a turn?" he asked, with a bow.

"Ah! you are acquainted?" said the host.

"Who is it we don't know? My wife and I are like white wolves, — everybody knows us," replied Korsunsky. "A little waltz, Anna Arkadyevna?"

"I don't dance when I can help it," she replied.

"But you can't help it to-night," said Korsunsky. At this moment Vronsky joined them.

"Well! if I can't help dancing, let us dance," said she, placing her hand on Korsunsky's shoulder, and not replying to Vronsky's salutation.

"Why is she vexed with him?" thought Kitty, noticing that Anna purposely paid no attention to Vronsky's bow. Vronsky joined Kitty, reminded her that she was engaged to him for the first quadrille, and expressed regret that he had not seen her for so long. Kitty, while she was looking with admiration at Anna as she waltzed, listened to Vronsky. She expected that he would invite her; but he did nothing of the sort, and she looked at him with astonishment. A flush came into his face, and he hastily suggested that they should waltz; but he had scarcely put his arm around her slender waist and taken the first step, when suddenly the music stopped. Kitty looked into his face, which was close to her own, and for many a long day, even

after years had passed; the loving look which she gave him and which he did not return tore her heart with cruel shame.

"*Pardon! pardon!* A waltz! a waltz!" cried Korsunsky at the other end of the ball-room, and, seizing the first young lady at hand, he began once more to dance.

CHAPTER XXIII

VRONSKY took a few turns with Kitty, then she joined her mother; but she had time for only a few words with the Countess Nordstone, ere Vronsky came back to get her for the first quadrille. During the quadrille nothing of importance was said: their conversation was first on Korsunsky and his wife, whom Vronsky described very amusingly as amiable children of forty years, then on some private theatricals; and only once did his words give her a keen pang, — when he asked if Levin were there, and added that he liked him very much.

But Kitty counted little on the quadrille: she waited for the mazurka with a violent beating of the heart. She had a feeling that during the mazurka all would surely be settled. The fact that Vronsky did not ask her during the quadrille did not disturb her. She felt sure that she should be selected as his partner for the mazurka as in all preceding balls, and she refused five invitations, saying that she was engaged.

This whole ball, even to the last quadrille, seemed to Kitty like a magical dream, full of flowers, of joyous sounds, of movement; she did not cease to dance until her strength began to fail, and then she begged to rest a moment. But in dancing the last quadrille with one of those tiresome men whom she found it impossible to refuse, she found herself in the same set with Vronsky and Anna. Kitty had not fallen in with Anna since the beginning of the ball, and now again she suddenly saw her in another new and unexpected light. She seemed laboring under an excitement such as Kitty herself had experienced — that of success. She saw that Anna

was excited and intoxicated with the wine of admiration. Kitty knew the sensation, knew the symptoms and recognized them in Anna—she saw the feverish brilliancy of her, and the smile of happiness and excitement involuntarily parting her lips, and the harmony, precision, and grace of her movements.

“Who has caused it?” she asked herself. “All, or one?”

She would not help her tormented partner in the conversation, the thread of which he had dropped and could not pick up again; and though she submitted with apparent good grace to the loud orders of Korsunsky, shouting “Ladies’ chain” and “All hands around,” she watched her closely, and her heart oppressed her more and more.

“No, it is not the approval of the crowd that has so intoxicated her, but the admiration of the *one*. And that one?—Can it be *he*?”

Every time Vronsky spoke to Anna, her eyes sparkled with pleasure, and a smile of happiness parted her rosy lips. She seemed to make an effort not to exhibit any signs of this joy, but nevertheless happiness was painted on her face.

“Can it be *he*?” thought Kitty.

She looked at him, and was horror-struck. The sentiments that were reflected on Anna’s face as in a mirror were also visible on his. Where were his coolness, his calm dignity, the repose which always marked his face? Now, as he addressed his partner, his head bent as if he were ready to worship her, and his look expressed at once humility and passion, as if it said, ‘*I would not offend you. I would save myself, and how can I?*’

Such was the expression of his face, and she had never before seen it in him.

They talked about their mutual acquaintances, their conversation was made up of trifles, and yet Kitty felt that every word they spoke decided her fate. Strange as it might seem, although they really remarked how ridiculous Ivan Ivanuitch was in his efforts to speak

French, and how Miss Fletskaya might have found a better match, nevertheless these words had for them a peculiar meaning, and they understood it just as well as Kitty did.

In Kitty's mind, the whole ball, the whole evening, everything, seemed enveloped in mist. Only the stern school of her education, serving her well, sustained her, and enabled her to do what was required of her, that is to say, to dance, to answer questions, to talk, even to smile.

But even before the mazurka began, while they were arranging the chairs and a few couples were already starting to go from the smaller rooms into the great ball-room, a sudden attack of despair and terror seized her. She had refused five invitations, and now she had no partner; and now there was no hope at all that she would be invited again, for the very reason that her social success would make it unlikely to occur to any one that she would be without a partner. She would have to tell her mother that she was not feeling well, and go home, but even this seemed impossible. She felt overwhelmed.

She went into the farthest end of a small parlor, and threw herself into an arm-chair. The airy skirts of her robe enveloped her delicate figure as in a cloud. One bare arm, as yet a little thin, but pretty, fell without energy, and lay in the folds of her rose-colored skirt; with the other she held her fan, and with quick, sharp motions tried to cool her heated face. But while she looked like a lovely butterfly caught amid grasses, and ready to spread its rainbow-tinted wings, a horrible despair oppressed her heart.

"But perhaps I am mistaken: perhaps it is not so."
And again she recalled what she had seen.

"Kitty, what does this mean?" said the Countess Nordstone, coming to her with noiseless steps.

Kitty's lower lip quivered; she hastily arose.

"Kitty, are n't you dancing the mazurka?"

"No no," she replied, with trembling voice, almost in tears.

"I heard him invite her for the mazurka," said the countess, knowing that Kitty would know whom she meant. "She said, '*What! are n't you going to dance with the Princess Shcherbatskaya?*'"

"Akh! it's all one to me," said Kitty.

No one besides herself realized her position. No one knew that she had refused a man whom perhaps she loved, — refused him because she preferred some one else.

The Countess Nordstone went in search of Korsunsky, who was her partner for the mazurka, and sent him to invite Kitty.

Kitty danced in the first figure, and fortunately was not required to talk, because Korsunsky was obliged to be ubiquitous, making his arrangements in his little kingdom. Vronsky and Anna were sitting nearly opposite to her: she saw them sometimes near, sometimes at a distance, as their turn brought them into the figures; and as she watched them, she felt more and more certain that her unhappiness was complete. She saw that they felt themselves alone even in the midst of the crowded ball-room; and on Vronsky's face, usually so impassive and calm, she remarked that mingled expression of humility and fear, which strikes one in an intelligent dog, conscious of having done wrong.

If Anna smiled, his smile replied; if she became thoughtful, he looked serious. An almost supernatural power seemed to attract Kitty's gaze to Anna's face. She was charming in her simple black velvet; charming were her round arms, clasped by bracelets; charming her firm neck, encircled with pearls; charming her dark, curly locks breaking from restraint; charming the slow and graceful movements of her small feet and hands; charming her lovely face, full of animation; but in all this charm there was something terrible and cruel.

Kitty admired her more than ever, and ever more and more her pain increased. She felt crushed, and her face told the story. When Vronsky passed her, in some figure of the mazurka, he hardly knew her, so much had she changed.

"Lovely ball," he said, so as to say something.

"Yes," was her reply.

Toward the middle of the mazurka, in going through a complicated figure recently invented by Korsunsky, Anna went to the center of the circle, and called out two gentlemen and two ladies; Kitty was one. As she approached Anna, she looked at her in dismay. Anna, half shutting her eyes, looked at her with a smile, and pressed her hand; then noticing that Kitty's face, replying to her smile, wore an expression of despair and amazement, she turned from her and began to talk to the other lady in animated tones.

"Yes, there is some terrible, almost infernal attraction about her," said Kitty to herself.

Anna did not wish to remain to supper, but the host insisted.

"Do stay, Anna Arkadyevna," said Korsunsky, as she stood with her bare arm resting on the sleeve of his coat. "Such a cotillion I have in mind! *Un bijou!*"

And the master of the house, looking on with a smile, encouraged his efforts to detain her.

"No, I cannot stay," said Anna, also smiling; but in spite of her smile the two men understood by the determination in her voice that she would not stay.

"No, for I have danced here in Moscow at this single ball more than all winter in Petersburg," said she, looking at Vronsky, who was standing near her; "one must rest before a journey."

"And so you are really going back to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes; I think so," replied Anna, as if surprised at the boldness of his question. But as she said this to him, the brilliancy of her eyes and of her smile set his heart on fire.

Anna Arkadyevna did not stay for supper, but took her departure.

CHAPTER XXIV

“YES, there must be something repellent, even repulsive, about me,” thought Levin, as he left the Shcherbatskys’, and went on foot in search of his brother. “I am not popular with men. They say it is pride. No, I am not proud; if I had been proud, I should not have put myself in my present situation.”

And he imagined himself Vronsky, happy, popular, calm, witty, who had apparently never put himself in such a terrible position as he was in on that evening.

“Yes, she naturally chose him, and I have no right to complain about any one or any thing. I myself am to blame. What right had I to think that she would ever unite her life with mine? Who am I? and what am I? A man useful to no one — a good-for-nothing.”

Then the memory of his brother Nikolaï came back to him.

“Was he not right in saying that everything in the world was miserable and wretched? Have we been, and are we, just in our judgment of brother Nikolaï? Of course, from the point of view of Prokofi, who saw him drunk and in ragged clothes, he is a miserable creature; but I judge him differently. I know his heart, and I know that we are alike. And I, instead of going to find him, have been out dining, and to this reception!”

Levin went to a street-lamp and read his brother’s address, which was written on a slip of paper, and called an izvoshchik. All the long way he vividly recalled one by one the well-known incidents of his brother Nikolaï’s life. He remembered how at the university, and for a year after his graduation, he had lived like a monk notwithstanding the ridicule of his comrades, strictly devoted to all forms of religion, services, fasts, turning his back on all pleasures, and especially women; and then how he had suddenly turned around, and fallen into the company of people of the lowest lives, and entered upon a course of dissipation and debauchery. He remembered his conduct toward a lad whom he

had taken from the country to bring up, and whom he whipped so severely in a fit of anger that he narrowly escaped being transported for mayhem. He remembered his conduct toward a swindler to whom he owed a gambling debt and in payment of it had given him his note, and whom he had caused to be arrested on the charge of cheating him; this was, in fact, money that Sergeï Ivanuitch had just paid. Then he remembered the night spent by Nikolai at the station-house on account of a spree. He remembered the scandalous lawsuit against his brother Sergeï Ivanuitch, because Sergeï had refused to pay his share of their mother's estate; and finally he recalled his last adventure, when, after he had gone to take a position at the Western frontier, he was dismissed for assaulting a superior.

All this was detestable, but it did not seem nearly so odious to Levin as it would have been to those who did not know Nikolai, did not know his history, did not know his heart.

Levin remembered how at the time when Nikolai was occupied with his devotions, his fastings, his priests, his ecclesiastical observances, when he was seeking to curb his passionate nature by religion, no one had aided him, but, on the contrary, every one, even himself, had made sport of him; they had mocked him, nicknamed him Noah, the monk! Then, when he had fallen, no one had helped him, but all had turned from him with horror and disgust. Levin felt that his brother Nikolai at the bottom of his heart, in spite of all the deformity of his life, was not so very much worse than those who despised him. He was not to blame for having been born with his unrestrainable character and his peculiarities of intellect. He had always had good impulses.

"I will tell him everything, and I will make him tell me everything, and show him that I love him and therefore understand him," said Levin to himself, and about eleven o'clock in the evening he bade the driver take him to the hotel indicated on the address.

"Upstairs, No. 12 and 13," said the Swiss, in reply to Levin's question.

“Is he at home?”

“Probably.”

The door of No. 12 was half open, and from the room came the dense fumes of cheap, poor tobacco, and a voice unknown to Levin was heard speaking; but Levin instantly knew his brother was there; he recognized his cough.

When he reached the door, the unknown voice was saying:—

“All depends on whether the affair is conducted in a proper and rational manner.”

Konstantin Levin glanced through the doorway, and saw that the speaker was a young man, in a peasant's sleeveless coat, and with an enormous mop of hair on his head. On the divan was sitting a young woman, with pock-marked face, and dressed in a woolen gown without collar or cuffs. His brother was not to be seen. A pain shot through Konstantin's heart to think of the strange people with whom his brother associated. No one heard him; and, while he was removing his galoshes, he listened to what the man in the sleeveless coat was saying. He was speaking of some enterprise.

“Well! the Devil take the privileged classes!” said his brother's voice, after a fit of coughing. “Masha, see if you can't get us something to eat, and bring some wine if there's any left; if not, go for some.”

The woman arose, and as she came out from behind the screen she saw Konstantin.

“A gentleman here, Nikolai Dmitritch,” she cried.

“What is wanted?” said the voice of Nikolai Levin, angrily.

“It's I,” replied Konstantin, appearing at the door.

“Who's I?” repeated Nikolai's voice, still more angrily.

Then he was heard quickly rising and stumbling against something, and Konstantin saw before him at the door his brother's well-known figure, still remarkable by reason of his shyness and ill health—infirmary, tall, thin, and bent, with great startled eyes.

He was still thinner than when Konstantin had last

seen him, three years before. He wore a short overcoat. His hands and his bony frame seemed to him more colossal than ever. His hair had grown thinner, but the same stiff mustaches hid his lips, the same eyes glared at his visitor uncannily and naïvely.

"Ah, Kostia!" he suddenly cried, recognizing his brother, and his eyes shone with joy. But the same instant he fixed his eyes on the younger man, and made a quick, convulsive motion of his head and neck, as if his cravat choked him, a gesture well known to Konstantin; and an entirely different expression, wild, and bitter, and expressive of martyrdom, came into his sunken face.

"I wrote both to you and to Sergeï Ivanuitch that I do not know you, nor wish to know you. What do you want; what does either of you want?"

He was not at all as Konstantin had imagined him. The hardest and vilest elements of his character, which had made any relations with him difficult, had faded from Konstantin Levin's memory whenever he thought about him; and now, when he saw his face and the characteristic convulsive motions of his head, he remembered it all.

"But I wanted nothing of you except to see you," he replied timidly. "I only came to see you."

His brother's diffidence apparently disarmed Nikolaï. His lips relaxed.

"Ah! did you?" said he. "Well! come in, sit down. Do you want some supper? Masha, bring enough for three. No, hold on! Do you know who this is?" he asked his brother, pointing to the young man in the peasant's coat. "This gentleman is Mr. Kritsky, a friend of mine from Kief, a very remarkable man. It seems the police are after him, because he is not a coward."

And he looked, as his habit was, at all who were in the room. Then, seeing that the woman, who stood at the door, was about to leave, he shouted:—

"Wait, I tell you."

Then, in his extravagant, incoherent manner of

speech, which Konstantin knew so well, he began to tell his brother the whole story of Kritsky's life; how he had been driven from the university, because he had tried to found an aid society and Sunday-schools among the students; how afterwards he had been appointed teacher in one of the public schools, only to be dismissed; and how finally he had been tried for something or other.

"Were you at the University of Kief?" asked Konstantin of Kritsky, in order to break the awkward silence that followed.

"Yes, I was at Kief," replied Kritsky, curtly, with a frown.

"And this woman," cried Nikolai Levin, pointing to the girl, "is the companion of my life, Marya Nikolayevna. I took her from a house," — he said, stretching out his neck, — "but I love her, and I esteem her; and all who want to know me," he added, raising his voice and scowling, "must love her and esteem her. She is just the same as my wife, just the same. So now you know with whom you have to do. And if you think that you lower yourself, there's the door!"¹ And again his eyes looked at them all questioningly.

"I do not understand how I should lower myself."

"All right, Masha, bring us up enough for three, — some vodka and wine. No, wait; no matter, though; go!"

CHAPTER XXV

"As you see," continued Nikolai Levin, frowning, and speaking with effort. It was evidently hard for him to make up his mind what to do or say. "But do you see?" and he pointed to the corner of the room, where lay some iron bars attached to straps. "Do you see that? That is the beginning of a new work which

¹ He quotes the riming phrase: *Tak vot Bog a vot porog* (or, *vot tebye Bog, a vot tebye porog*) which expanded may mean, "Stay if you like and God be with you, but yonder is the threshold!"

we are undertaking. This work belongs to a productive labor association."

Konstantin scarcely listened: he was looking at his brother's sick, consumptive face, and he grew more and more sorry for him, and he could not compel himself to listen to what his brother was saying about the labor association. He saw that the labor association was only an anchor of safety to keep him from absolute self-abasement. Nikolaï went on to say:—

"You know that capital is crushing the laborer: with us the laboring classes, the muzhiks, bear the whole weight of toil; and no matter how they exert themselves, they can never get above their cattle-like condition. All the profits created by their productive labor, by which they could better their lot and procure for themselves leisure, and therefore instruction, all their superfluous profits are swallowed up by the capitalists. And society is so constituted that, the harder they work, the more the proprietors and the merchants fatten at their expense, while they remain beasts of burden still. And this order of things must be changed," said he, in conclusion, and looked questioningly at his brother.

"Yes, of course," replied Konstantin, looking at the pink spots which burned in his brother's hollow cheeks.

"And now we are organizing an *artel* of locksmiths where all will be in common, — work, profits, and even the tools."

"Where will this *artel* be situated?" asked Konstantin.

"In the village of Vozdremo, government of Kazan."

"Yes; but why in a village? In the villages, it seems to me, there is plenty of work: why associated locksmiths in a village?"

"Because the muzhiks are serfs, just as much as they ever were, and you and Sergeï Ivanitch don't like it because we want to free them from this slavery," replied Nikolaï, vexed by his brother's question.

While he spoke, Konstantin was looking about the melancholy, dirty room; he sighed, and his sigh seemed to make Nikolaï still more angry.

"I know the aristocratic prejudices of such men as you and Sergeï Ivanitch. I know that he is spending all the strength of his mind in defense of the evils that crush us."

"No! but why do you speak of Sergeï Ivanitch?" asked Levin, smiling.

"Sergeï Ivanitch? This is why!" cried Nikolai, at the mention of Sergeï Ivanitch — "this is why!... yet what is the good? tell me this — what did you come here for? You despise all this; very good! Go away, for God's sake," he cried, rising from his chair, — "go away! go away!"

"I don't despise anything," said Konstantin, gently; "I only refrain from discussing."

At this moment Marya Nikolayevna came in. Nikolai looked at her angrily, but she quickly stepped up to him and whispered a few words in his ear.

"I am not well, I easily become irritable," he explained, growing calmer, and breathing with difficulty, "and you just spoke to me about Sergeï Ivanitch and his article. It is so rubbishy, so idle, so full of error. How can a man, who knows nothing about justice, write about it? Have you read his article?" said he, turning to Kritsky, and then, going to the table, he brushed off the half-rolled cigarettes so as to clear away a little space.

"I have not read it," replied Kritsky, gloomily, evidently not wishing to take part in the conversation.

"Why?" cried Nikolai, irritably, still addressing Kritsky.

"Because I don't consider it necessary to waste my time on it."

"That is, excuse me — how do you know that it would be a waste of time? For many people this article is inaccessible, because it is above them. But I find it different; I see the thoughts through and through, and know wherein it is weak."

No one replied. Kritsky slowly arose, and took his hat.

"Won't you take some lunch? Well, good-by! Come to-morrow with the locksmith."

Kritsky had hardly left the room, when Nikolaï smiled and winked.

"He is to be pitied; but I see"

Just at that instant Kritsky, calling at the door, interrupted him.

"What do you want?" he asked, joining him in the corridor.

Left alone with Marya Nikolayevna, Levin said to her:—

"Have you been long with my brother?"

"This is the second year. His health has become very feeble; he drinks a great deal," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"He drinks vodka, and it is bad for him."

"Does he drink too much?"

"Yes," said she, looking timidly toward the door where Nikolaï Levin was just entering.

"What were you talking about?" he demanded; with a scowl, and looking from one to the other with angry eyes. "Tell me."

"Oh! nothing," replied Konstantin, in confusion.

"You don't want to answer? all right! don't. But you have no business to be talking with her; she is a girl, you a gentleman," he shouted, craning out his neck. "I see that you have understood everything, and judged everything, and that you look with grief on the errors of my ways."

He went on speaking, raising his voice.

"Nikolaï Dmitritch! Nikolaï Dmitritch!" whispered Marya Nikolayevna, coming close to him.

"Well! very good, very good. Supper, then? ah! here it is," he said, seeing a servant entering with a platter.

"Here! put it here!" he said crossly; then, taking the vodka, he poured out a glass, and drank it eagerly.

"Will you have a drink?" he asked his brother, immediately growing lively.

"Well! no more about Sergeï Ivanuitch! I am very glad to see you. No matter what people say, we are no longer strangers. Come now! drink! Tell me what

you are doing," he said, greedily munching a piece of bread, and pouring out a second glass. "How are you living?"

"I live alone in the country, as I always have, and busy myself with farming," replied Konstantin, looking with terror at the eagerness with which his brother ate and drank, and trying to hide his impressions.

"Why don't you get married?"

"I have not come to that yet," replied Konstantin, turning red.

"Why so? For me — it's all over! I have wasted my life! This I have said, and always shall say, that, if they had given me my share of the estate when I needed it, my whole life would have been different."

Konstantin hastened to change the conversation.

"Did you know that your *Vanyushka*¹ is with me at Pokrovskoyè as book-keeper?" he said.

Nikolaï craned out his neck and wondered.

"Yes, tell me what is doing at Pokrovskoye. Is the house just the same? and the birch trees and our study-room? Is Filipp, the gardener, still alive? How I remember the summer-house and the divan!... Just look here! don't let anything in the house be changed, but hurry up and get married and begin to live as you used to. Then I will come to visit you if your wife will be kind."

"Then come back with me now," said Konstantin.

"How well we should get on together!"

"I would come if I knew I should not meet Sergei Ivanitch."

"You would not meet him; I live absolutely independent of him."

"Yes; but, whatever you say, you must choose between him and me," said Nikolaï, looking timorously in his brother's eyes.

This timidity touched Konstantin.

"If you want to hear my whole confession as to this matter, I will tell you that I take sides neither with you nor with him in your quarrel. You are both in the

¹ Vanyushka is the diminutive of Ivan, as Jack is of John.

wrong ; but in your case the wrong is external, while in his the wrong is inward."

"Ha, ha! Do you understand it? do you understand it?" cried Nikolai, with an expression of joy.

"But if you would like to know, personally I value your friendship higher because...."

"Why? why?"

Konstantin could not say that it was because Nikolai was wretched, and needed his friendship; but Nikolai understood that that was the very thing he meant, and, frowning darkly, he betook himself to the vodka.

"Enough, Nikolai Dmitritch!" cried Marya Nikolayevna, laying her great pudgy hand on the decanter.

"Let me alone! don't bother me, or I'll strike you," he cried.

Marya Nikolayevna smiled with her gentle and good-natured smile, which pacified Nikolai, and she took the vodka.

"There! Do you think that she does not understand things?" said Nikolai. "She understands this thing better than all of you. Is n't there something about her good and gentle?"

"Haven't you ever been in Moscow before?" said Konstantin, in order to say something to her.

"There now, don't say *vui* [you] to her. It frightens her. No one said *vui* to her except the justice of the peace, when they had her up because she wanted to escape from the house of ill-fame where she was. My God! how senseless everything is in this world!" he suddenly exclaimed. "These new institutions, these justices of the peace, the zemstro, what abominations!"

And he began to relate his experiences with the new institutions.

Konstantin listened to him; and the criticisms on the absurdity of the new institutions, which he had himself often expressed, now that he heard them from his brother's lips, seemed disagreeable to him.

"We shall understand it all in the next world," he said jestingly.

"In the next world? Och! I don't like your next

world; I don't like it," he repeated, fixing his timid, haggard eyes on his brother's face. "And yet it would seem good to go from these abominations, these entanglements, from this unnatural state of things, from myself; but I am afraid of death, horribly afraid of death!" He shuddered. "There! drink something! Would you like some champagne? or would you rather go out somewhere? Let's go and see the gipsies. You know I am very fond of gipsies and Russian songs."

His speech had begun to grow thick, and he hurried from one subject to another. Konstantin, with Masha's aid, persuaded him to stay at home; and they put him on his bed completely drunk.

Masha promised to write Konstantin in case of need, and to persuade Nikolai Levin to come and live with his brother.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE next forenoon Levin left Moscow, and toward evening was at home. On the journey he talked with those near him in the train about politics, about the new railroads; and, just as in Moscow, he was overcome by the chaos of conflicting opinions, self-dissatisfaction, and a sense of shame. But when he got out at his station, and perceived his one-eyed coachman, Ignat, with his kaftan collar turned up; when he saw, in the dim light that fell through the station windows, his covered sledge and his horses with their tied-up tails, and their harness with its rings and fringes; when Ignat, as he was tucking in the robes, told him all the news of the village, about the coming of the contractor, and how Pava the cow had calved, — then it seemed to him that the chaos resolved itself a little, and his shame and dissatisfaction passed away. This he felt at the very sight of Ignat and his horses; but, as soon as he had put on his sheepskin tulup, which he found in the sleigh, and took his seat in the sleigh comfortably wrapped up, and drove off thinking what arrangement he should have to make

in the village, and at the same time examining the off horse, Donskaya, which used to be his saddle-horse, a jaded but mettlesome steed, he began to view his experiences in an absolutely different light.

He felt himself again, and no longer wished to be a different person. He only wished to be better than he had ever been before. In the first place, he resolved from that day forth that he would never expect extraordinary joys, such as marriage had promised to bring to him, and therefore he would never again despise the present; and, in the second place, he would never allow himself to be led away by low passion, the remembrances of which so tortured him while he was deciding to make his proposal. And lastly, as he thought of his brother Nikolai, he resolved that he would never again forget him, but that he would keep track of him and not let him out of sight, so that he might be in readiness to aid him whenever the evil moment arrived, and that seemed likely to be very soon.

Then the conversation about communism, which he had so lightly treated with his brother, came back to him, and made him reflect. A reform of economic conditions seemed to him nonsense, but he always felt the unfair difference between his own superfluity and the poverty of the people, and in order that he might feel perfectly right, he now vowed that though hitherto he had worked hard, and lived economically, he would in the future work still harder, and permit himself even less luxury than ever. And all this seemed to him so easy to accomplish that, throughout the drive from the station, he was the subject of the pleasantest illusions. With a hearty feeling of hope for a new and better life, he reached home just as the clock was striking ten.

From the windows of the room occupied by his old nurse, Agafya Mikharlovna, who fulfilled the functions of housekeeper, the light fell on the snow-covered walk before his house. She was not yet asleep. Kuzma, wakened by her, hurried down, barefooted and sleepy, to open the door. Laska, the setter, almost knocking Kuzma down in her desire to get ahead of him, ran to

meet her master, and jumped upon him, trying to place her fore paws on his breast.

"You are back very soon, batyushka," said Agafya Mikhaïlovna.

"I was bored, Agafya Mikhaïlovna; 't is good to go visiting, but it's better at home," said he. And he went into his library.

The library slowly grew light as the candle that was brought burnt up. The familiar details little by little came into sight—the great antlers, the shelves lined with books, the mirror, the stove with a hole which ought long ago to have been repaired, the ancestral divan, the great table, and on the table an open book, a broken ash-tray, a note-book filled with his writing.

As he saw all these things, for a moment the doubt arose in his mind if it would be possible to bring about this new life which he had dreamed of during his journey. All these signs of his past seemed to say to him, 'No, thou shalt not leave us! thou shalt not become another; but thou shalt still be as thou hast always been,—with thy doubts, thy everlasting self-dissatisfaction, thy idle efforts at reform, thy failures, and thy perpetual striving for a happiness which will never be thine.'

But while these external objects spoke to him thus, a different voice whispered to his soul, bidding him cease to be a slave to his past, and declaring that a man has every possibility within him. And, listening to this voice, he went to one side of the room, where he found two forty-pound dumb-bells. And he began to practise his gymnastic exercises with them, endeavoring to bring himself into a condition of vigor. At the door there was a noise of steps. He hastily put down the dumb-bells.

The intendant¹ came in and said that, thanks to God, everything was all right, but he confessed that the buckwheat in the new drying-room had got burnt. This provoked Levin. This new drying-room he had himself built, and partially invented. But the intendant had been entirely opposed to it, and now he announced with ill-concealed triumph that the buckwheat

¹ *Prikashchik.*

was burnt. Levin was sure that it was because he had neglected the precautions a hundred times suggested. He grew angry, and reprimanded the intendant.

But there was one fortunate and important event: Pava, his best, his most beautiful cow, which he had bought at the cattle-show, had calved.

"Kuzma, give me my tulup. And you," said he to the intendant, "get a lantern. I will go and see her."

The stable for the cattle was immediately behind the house. Crossing the courtyard, where the snow was heaped under the lilac bushes, he stepped up to the stable. As he opened the frosty door, he was met by the warm fumes of manure, and the cows, astonished at the unwonted light of the lantern, stirred on their fresh straw. The light fell on the broad black back of his piebald Holland cow. Berkut, the bull, with a ring in his nose, tried to get to his feet, but changed his mind, and only snorted as they passed by.

The beautiful Pava, huge as a hippopotamus, was lying near her calf, snuffing at it, and protecting it against those who would come too close.

Levin entered the stall, examined Pava, and lifted the calf, spotted with red and white, on its long, awkward legs. Pava began to low with anxiety, but was reassured when the calf was restored to her, and began to lick it with her rough tongue. The calf hid its nose under its mother's side, and frisked its tail.

"Bring the light this way, Feodor, this way," said Levin, examining the calf. "Like its mother, but its color is like the sire's, very pretty! long hair and prettily spotted. Vasili Feodorovitch, is n't it a beauty?" he said, turning to his intendant, forgetting, in his joy over the new-born calf, the grief caused by the burning of his wheat.

"Why should it be homely? But Semyon the contractor was here the day after you left. It will be necessary to come to terms with him, Konstantin Dmitritch," replied the intendant. "I have already spoken to you about the machine."

This single phrase brought Levin back to all the de-

tails of his enterprise, which was great and complicated; and from the stable he went directly to the office, and after a long conversation with the intendant and Semyon the contractor, he went back to the house, and marched straight up into the drawing-room.

CHAPTER XXVII

LEVIN's house was old and large, but, though he lived there alone, he occupied and warmed the whole of it. He knew that this was ridiculous; he knew that it was bad, and contrary to his new plans; but this house was a world in itself to him. It was a world where his father and mother had lived and died. They had lived a life which, for Levin, seemed the ideal of all perfection, and which he dreamed of renewing with his own wife, with his own family.

Levin scarcely remembered his mother. But this remembrance was sacred; and his future wife, as he imagined her, was to be the counterpart of the ideally charming and adorable woman, his mother. For him, love for a woman could not exist outside of marriage; but he imagined the family relationship first, and only afterwards the woman who would be the center of the family. His ideas about marriage were therefore essentially different from those held by the majority of his friends, for whom it was only one of innumerable social affairs; for Levin it was the most important act of his life, whereon all his happiness depended, and now he must renounce it!

When he entered the little parlor where he always took tea, and threw himself into his arm-chair with a book, while Agafya Mikhaïlovna brought him his cup, and sat down near the window, saying as usual, "Well, I'll sit down, batyushka,"—then he felt, strangely enough, that he had not renounced his day-dreams, and that he could not live without them. Were it Kitty or another, still it would be. He read his book, had his mind on what he was reading, pausing occasionally to

listen to Agafya Mikharlovna's unceasing prattle, but his imagination was all the time filled with those varied pictures of family happiness which hovered before him. He felt that in the depths of his soul some change, some modification, some crystallization, was taking place.

He listened while Agafya Mikharlovna told how Prokhor had forgotten God, and, instead of buying a horse with the money which Levin had given him, had taken it and gone on a spree, and beaten his wife almost to death; and while he listened he read his book, and again caught the thread of his thoughts, awakened by his reading. It was a book by Tyndall, on heat. He remembered his criticisms on Tyndall's self-satisfaction in the cleverness of his management of his experiments and on his lack of philosophical views, and suddenly a happy thought crossed his mind:—

"In two years I shall have two Holland cows; perhaps Pava herself will still be alive, and possibly a dozen of Berkut's daughters will have been added to the herd, just from these three! Splendid!"

And again he picked up his book.

"Well! very good: electricity and heat are one and the same thing; but could one quantity take the place of the other in the equations used to settle this problem? No. What then? The bond between all the forces of nature is felt, like instinct. When *Pava's* daughter grows into a cow with red and white spots, what a herd I shall have with those three! Admirable! And my wife and I will go out with our guests to see the herd come in; and my wife will say, 'Kostia and I have brought this calf up just like a child.' — 'How can this interest you so?' the guests will say. 'All that interests him interests me also.' But who will *she* be?" and he began to think of what had happened in Moscow.— "Well! What is to be done about it? I am not to blame. But now everything will be different. It is foolishness to let one's past life dominate the present. One must struggle to live better — much better."

He raised his head, and sank into thought. Old Laska, who had not yet got over her delight at her

master's return, had been barking up and down the courtyard. She came into the room, wagging her tail, and bringing the freshness of the open air, and thrust her head under his hand, and begged for a caress, whining plaintively.

"She almost talks," said Agafya Mikhaïlovna; "she is only a dog, but she knows just as well that her master has come home, and is sad."

"Why sad?"

"Da! don't I see it, batyushka? It's time I knew how to read my masters. Grew up with my masters since they were children! No matter, batyushka; your health is good and your conscience pure."

Levin looked at her earnestly, in astonishment that she so divined his thoughts.

"And shall I give you some more tea?" said she; and taking the cup, she went out.

Laska continued to nestle her head in her master's hand. He caressed her, and then she curled herself up around his feet, like a ring, laying her head on one of her hind paws; and, as a proof that all was arranged to suit her, she opened her mouth a little, let her tongue slip out between her aged teeth, and, with a gentle puffing of her lips, gave herself up to beatific repose. Levin followed all of her movements.

"So will I!" he said to himself; "so will I! no matter! all will be well!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

EARLY on the morning after the ball, Anna Arkadyevna sent her husband a telegram, announcing that she was going to leave Moscow that day.

"No, I must, I must go," she said to her sister-in-law, in explanation of her change of plan, and her tone signified that she had just remembered something that demanded her instant attention. "No, it would be much better if I could go this morning."

Stepan Arkadyevitch did not dine at home, but he

agreed to be back at seven o'clock to escort his sister to the train.

Kitty did not put in an appearance, but sent word that she had a headache. Dolly and Anna dined alone with the children and the English governess. Either the children were fickle or they were very sensitive and felt that Anna was not at all as she had been on the day when they had taken so kindly to her, that she no longer cared for them, for they suddenly ceased playing with their aunt, seemed to lose their affection for her, and cared very little that she was going away.

Anna spent the whole morning in making the preparations for her departure. She wrote a few notes to her Moscow acquaintances, settled her accounts, and packed. To Dolly especially it seemed that she was not in a happy frame of mind, but in that state of mental agitation which Dolly knew from experience arose, not without excellent reason, from dissatisfaction with herself.

After dinner Anna went to her room to dress, and Dolly followed her.

"How strange you are to-day!" said Dolly.

"I? Do you think so? I am not strange, but I am cross. This is common with me. I should like to have a good cry. It is very silly, but it will pass away," said Anna, speaking quickly, and hiding her blushing face in a little bag where she was packing her toilet articles and her handkerchiefs. Her eyes shone with tears which she could hardly keep back. "I was so loath to come away from Petersburg, and now I don't want to go back!"

"You came here and you did a lovely thing," said Dolly, attentively observing her.

Anna looked at her with eyes wet with tears.

"Don't say that, Dolly. I have done nothing, and could do nothing. I often ask myself why people say things to spoil me. What have I done? What could I do? You found that your heart had enough love left to forgive."

"Without you, God knows what would have been! How fortunate you are, Anna!" said Dolly. "All is serene and pure in your soul."

“Every one has a *skeleton* in his closet, as the English say.”

“What *skeleton* have you, pray? In you everything is so serene.”

“I have mine!” cried Anna, suddenly; and an unexpected, crafty, mocking smile hovered over her lips in spite of her tears.

“Well! in your case the *skeleton* must be a droll one, and not grievous,” replied Dolly, with a smile.

“No; it is grievous! Do you know why I go to-day, and not to-morrow? This is a confession which weighs me down, but I wish to make it,” said Anna, decidedly, sitting down in an arm-chair, and looking Dolly straight in the eyes.

And to her astonishment she saw that Anna was blushing, even to her ears, even to the dark curls that played about the back of her neck.

“Yes!” Anna proceeded. “Do you know why Kitty did not come to dinner? She is jealous of me. I spoiled it was through me that the ball last night was a torment and not a joy to her. But truly, truly, I was not to blame, — or not much to blame,” said she, with a special accent on the word *nemnozsko* — not much.

“Oh, how exactly you said that like Stiva!” remarked Dolly, laughing.

Anna was vexed.

“Oh, no! Oh, no! I am not like Stiva,” said she, frowning. “I have told you this simply because I do not allow myself, for an instant, to doubt myself.”

But the very moment that she said these words, she perceived how untrue they were; she not only doubted herself, but she felt such emotion at the thought of Vronsky that she took her departure sooner than she otherwise would, so that she might not meet him again.

“Yes, Stiva told me that you danced the mazurka with him, and that he....”

“You cannot imagine how ridiculously it turned out. I thought only to help along the match, and suddenly it went exactly opposite. Perhaps against my will, I....”

She blushed, and did not finish her sentence.

"Oh! these things are felt instantly," said Dolly.

"I should be in despair if I felt that there was anything serious on his part," interrupted Anna; "but I am convinced that all this will be quickly forgotten, and that Kitty will not long be angry with me."

"In the first place, Anna, to tell the truth, I should not be very sorry if this marriage fell through. It would be vastly better for it to stop right here if Vronsky can fall in love with you in a single day."

"Oh heavens! that would be so idiotic!" said Anna, and again an intense blush of satisfaction overspread her face at hearing the thought that occupied her expressed in words. "And that is why I go away, after making an enemy of Kitty, whom I loved so dearly. Akh! how sweet she is! But you will arrange that, Dolly? Won't you?"

Dolly could hardly refrain from smiling. She loved Anna, but it was pleasant to her to discover that she also had her weaknesses.

"An enemy? That cannot be!"

"And I should have been so glad to have you all love me as I love you; but now I love you all more than ever," said Anna, with tears in her eyes. "Akh! how absurd I am to-day!"

She passed her handkerchief over her eyes, and began to get ready.

At the very moment of her departure came Stepan Arkadyevitch with rosy, happy face, and an odor of wine and cigars.

Anna's tender-heartedness had communicated itself to Dolly, and, when she kissed her for the last time, she whispered:—

"Think, Anna! what you have done for me! I shall never forget. And remember that I love you, and always shall love you as my best friend!"

"I don't understand why," replied Anna, kissing her, and struggling with her tears.

"You have understood me, and you do understand me. Farewell, my dearest!"¹

¹ *Proshchâi, moyâ prelest!*

CHAPTER XXIX

“WELL! all is over, and thank the Lord!” was Anna’s first thought after she had said good-by to her brother, who had blocked up the entrance to the railway-carriage, even after the third bell had rung. She sat down on the divanchik next Annushka, her maid, and began to examine the feebly lighted compartment. “Thank the Lord! to-morrow I shall see Serozha and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, and my good and commonplace life will begin again as of old.”

With the same mental preoccupation that had possessed her all that day, Anna found a satisfaction in attending minutely to the arrangements for the journey. With her skilful little hands she opened her red bag, and took out a cushion, placed it on her knees, wrapped her feet warmly, and composed herself comfortably.

A lady, who seemed to be an invalid, had already gone to sleep. Two other ladies entered into conversation with Anna; and a fat, elderly dame, well wrapped up, expressed her opinion on the temperature. Anna exchanged a few words with the ladies, but, not taking any interest in their conversation, asked Annushka for her traveling-lamp, placed it on the back of her seat, and took from her bag a paper-cutter and an English novel. At first she could not read; the going and coming and the general bustle disturbed her; when once the train had started, she could not help listening to the noises: the snow striking against the window, and sticking to the glass; the conductor, as he passed with the snowflakes melting on his coat; the remarks about the terrible storm, — all distracted her attention.

Afterwards it became more monotonous: always the same jolting and jarring, the same snow on the window, the same sudden changes from warmth to cold, and back to warmth again, the same faces in the dim light, and the same voices. And Anna began to read, and to follow what she was reading.

Annushka was already asleep, holding the little red

bag on her knees with great, clumsy hands, clad in gloves, one of which was torn.

Anna read, and understood what she read; but it was not pleasant to her to read, in other words to enter into the lives of other people. She had too keen a desire to live herself. If she read how the heroine of her story took care of the sick, she would have liked to go with noiseless steps into the sick-room. If she read how a member of Parliament made a speech, she would have liked to make that speech. If she read how Lady Mary rode after the hounds, and made sport of her sister-in-law, and astonished every one by her audacity, she would have liked to do the same. But she could do nothing; and with her little hands she clutched the paper-cutter, and forced herself to read calmly.

The hero of her novel had reached the summit of his English ambition,—a baronetcy and an estate; and Anna felt a desire to go with him to this estate, when suddenly it seemed to her that he ought to feel a sense of shame, and that she ought to share it. But why should he feel ashamed? “Why should I feel ashamed?” she asked herself with astonishment and discontent. She closed the book, and, leaning back against the chair, held the paper-cutter tightly in both hands.

There was nothing to be ashamed of: she reviewed all her memories of her visit to Moscow; they were all pleasant and good. She remembered the ball, she remembered Vronsky and his humble and passionate face, she recalled all her relations with him; there was nothing to be ashamed of. But at the same time in these reminiscences the sense of shame kept growing stronger and stronger; and it seemed to her that inward voice, whenever she thought of Vronsky, seemed to say, “Warmly, very warmly, passionately.”...

“Well! what is this?” she asked herself resolutely, as she changed her position in the seat. “What does this mean? Am I afraid to face these memories? Well! what is it? Is there, can there be, any relationship between that boy-officer and me beyond what exists between all acquaintances?”

She smiled disdainfully, and again took up her book; but now she really could not any longer comprehend what she was reading. She rubbed her paper-cutter over the pane, and then pressed its cool, smooth surface to her cheek, and then she almost laughed out loud with the joy that unreasonably took possession of her. She felt her nerves grow more and more tense like the strings on some musical instrument screwed up to the last degree; she felt her eyes open wider and wider, her fingers and her toes twitched nervously, something seemed to choke her, and all objects and sounds in the wavering semi-darkness surprised her by their exaggerated proportions. She kept having moments of doubt as to whether they were going backwards or forwards, or if the train had come to a stop. Was it Annushka there, sitting next her, or was it a stranger?

“What is that on the hook?—my fur shuba or an animal? And what am I doing here? Am I myself, or some one else?”

It was terrible to her to yield to these hallucinations; but something kept attracting her to them and she could by her own will either yield to them or withdraw from them. In order to regain possession of herself, Anna arose, took off her plaid and laid aside her pelerine of thick cloth. For a moment she thought that she had conquered herself, for when a tall, thin muzhik, dressed in a long nankeen overcoat, which lacked a button, came in, she recognized in him the stove-tender. She saw him look at the thermometer, and noticed how the wind and the snow came blowing in as he opened the door; and then everything became confused again.

The tall peasant began to draw fantastic figures on the wall; the old lady seemed to stretch out her legs, and fill the whole carriage as with a black cloud; then she thought she heard a terrible thumping and rapping, a noise like something tearing; then a red and blinding fire flashed in her eyes, and then all vanished in darkness. Anna felt as if she was falling. But this was not at all alarming, but rather pleasant.

The voice of a man all wrapped up, and covered with

snow, shouted something in her ear. She started up, recovered her wits, and perceived that they were approaching a station, and the man was the conductor. She bade Annushka give her the pelerine which she had laid aside and her handkerchief, and, having put them on, she went to the door.

“Do you wish to go out?” asked Annushka.

“Yes; I want to get a breath of fresh air. It is very hot here.”

And she opened the door. The snow-storm and the wind rushed in to meet her and disputed the door with her. And this seemed to her very jolly. The storm seemed to be waiting for her, it gayly whistled and was eager to carry her away; but she clung to the cold railing with one hand, and, holding her dress, she stepped out on the platform, and left the car. The wind was fierce on the steps, but on the platform, under the shelter of the station, it was calmer, and she found a genuine pleasure in filling her lungs with the frosty air. Standing near the car she watched the platform and the station gleaming with lights.

CHAPTER XXX

A FURIOUS snow-storm was raging, and whistling among the wheels of the carriages, around the columns, and into the corners of the station. The carriages, the pillars, the people, everything visible, were covered on one side with snow, and it was increasing momentarily. Once in a while there would be a lull, but then again it blew with such gusts that it seemed impossible to make way against it. Meantime a few people were running hither and thither, talking gayly, opening and shutting the great doors of the station, and making the platform planks creak under their feet. The flitting shadow of a man passed rapidly by her feet, and she heard the blows of a hammer falling on the iron.

“Send off the telegram,” cried an angry voice on the

other side of the track in the midst of the drifting storm.

"This way, please, No. 28," cried other voices, and several people covered with snow hurried by. Two gentlemen, with lighted cigarettes in their mouths, passed near Anna. She was just about to reënter the carriage, after getting one more breath of fresh air, and had already taken her hand from her muff, to lay hold of the railing, when the flickering light from the reflector was cut off by a man in a military coat, who came close to her. She looked up, and that instant recognized Vronsky's face.

Raising his hand to his vizor he bowed low, and asked if she needed anything, if he might not be of service to her.

She looked at him for a considerable time without replying, and although he was in the shadow, she saw, or thought she saw, the expression of his face and even of his eyes. It was a repetition of that respectful admiration which had so impressed her on the evening of the ball. More than once that day she had said to herself that Vronsky, for her, was only one of the hundred young men whom one meets in society, that she would never permit herself to give him a second thought! but now, on the first instant of seeing him again, a sensation of pride and joy seized her. She had no need to ask why he was there. She knew, as truly as if he had told her, that he was there so as to be where she was.

"I did not know that you were going to Petersburg. Why are you going?" said she, letting her hand fall from the railing. A joy which she could not restrain shone in her face.

"Why am I going?" he repeated, looking straight into her eyes. "You know that I came simply for this, —to be where you are," he said. "I could not do otherwise."

And at this instant the wind, as if it had conquered every obstacle, blew the snow from the roofs of the carriages, and whirled away a piece of sheet-iron

which it had torn off, and at the same time the deep whistle of the locomotive gave a melancholy, mournful cry. Never had the horror of a tempest appeared to her more beautiful than now. He had said what her heart longed to hear but what her better judgment condemned. She made no reply, but he perceived by her face how she fought against herself.

"Forgive me if what I said displeases you," he murmured humbly.

He spoke respectfully, courteously, but in such a resolute, decided tone, that for some time she was unable to reply.

"What you said was wrong; and I beg of you, if you are a gentleman, to forget it, as I shall forget it," said she at last.

"I shall never forget, and I shall never be able to forget any of your words, any of your gestures...."

"Enough, enough!" she cried, vainly endeavoring to give an expression of severity to her face, at which Vronsky was passionately gazing. And grasping the cold railing she mounted the steps, and quickly entered the vestibule of the carriage. But she stopped in the little vestibule, and tried to recall to her imagination what had taken place. But though she found it impossible to remember either her own words, or his, she instinctively felt that this brief conversation had brought them frightfully close together, and she was at once alarmed and delighted. After she had stood there a few seconds, she went back into the carriage and sat down in her place.

The nervous strain which had been tormenting her not only returned, but became more intense, until she began to fear every moment that something would snap her brain. She did not sleep all night; but in this nervous tension, and in the fantasies which filled her imagination, there was nothing disagreeable or painful; on the contrary, it was joyous, burning excitement.

Toward morning, Anna dozed as she sat in her arm-chair; and when she awoke it was broad daylight, and the train was approaching Petersburg. Instantly the

thought of her home, her husband, her son, and all the labors of the day and the coming days, filled her mind.

The train had hardly reached the station at Petersburg, when Anna stepped out on the platform; and the first person that she saw was her husband waiting for her.

"Oh, good heavens! Why do his ears stand out so!" she thought, as she looked at his reserved and portly figure and especially at his stiff cartilaginous ears, which, as they propped up the rim of his round hat, struck her for the first time. When he saw her, he came to meet her at the carriage, compressing his lips into his habitual smile of irony, looking straight at her with his great, weary eyes. A disagreeable thought made her heart sink when she saw his stubborn, weary look; she felt that she had expected to find him different. Especially was she astounded by the feeling of self-dissatisfaction which she experienced on meeting him. This feeling was associated with her home, akin to the state of hypocrisy which she recognized in her relations with her husband. This feeling was not novel; she had felt it before without heeding it, but now she realized it clearly and painfully.

"There! you see, I'm a tender husband, tender as the first year of our marriage; I was burning with desire to see you," said he, in his slow, deliberate voice, and with the light tone of raillery that he generally used in speaking to her, a tone of ridicule of any one who should really say such things.

"Is Serozha well?" she asked.

"And is this all the reward," he said, "for my ardor? He is well, very well."

CHAPTER XXXI

VRONSKY also had not even attempted to sleep all that night. He sat in his arm-chair, now gazing straight forward, now looking at those who came in and went out, and if before he had impressed strangers and irritated

them by his imperturbable dignity, now he would have seemed to them far more haughty and self-contained. He looked at men as if they were things. A nervous young man, employed in the district court, was sitting opposite him in the carriage, and came to hate him on account of this aspect. The young man asked for a light, and spoke to him, and even touched him, in order to make him perceive that he was not a thing but a man; yet Vronsky looked at him exactly as he looked at the carriage-lamp. And the young man made a grimace, feeling that he should lose command of himself to be so scorned by a man.

Vronsky saw nothing, saw no one. He felt as if he were a tsar, not because he believed that he had made an impression upon Anna, — he did not fully realize that, as yet, — but because the impression which she had made on him filled him with happiness and pride.

What would be the outcome of all this he did not know, and did not even consider; but he felt that all his hitherto dissipated and scattered powers were now concentrating and converging with frightful rapidity toward one beatific focus. And he was happy in this thought. He knew only that he had told her the truth when he said he was going where she was, that all the happiness of life, the sole significance of life, he found now in seeing and hearing her. And when he left his compartment at Bologovo to get a glass of seltzer, and he saw Anna, involuntarily his first word told her what he thought. And he was glad that he had spoken as he did; glad that she knew all now, and was thinking about it. He did not sleep all night. Returning to his carriage he did not cease recalling all his memories of her, the words that she had spoken, and in his imagination glowed the pictures of a possible future which overwhelmed his heart.

When, on reaching Petersburg, he left the carriage, after his sleepless night he felt as fresh and vigorous as if he had just had a cold bath. He stood near his carriage, waiting to see her pass. "Once more I shall see her," he said to himself, with a smile. "I shall see her

graceful bearing, her face; she will speak a word to me, will turn her head, will look at me, perhaps she will smile on me."

But it was her husband whom first he saw, politely escorted through the crowd by the station-master.

"Oh, yes! the husband!"

And then Vronsky for the first time clearly realized that the husband was an important factor in Anna's life. He knew that she had a husband, but he had not realized his existence, and he now fully realized it only as he saw his head and shoulders, and his legs clothed in black trowsers, and especially when he saw this husband unconcernedly take her hand with an air of proprietorship.

When he saw Aleksei Aleksandrovitch with his Petersburgish-fresh face, and his solid, self-confident figure, his round hat, and his slightly stooping shoulders, he began to believe in his existence, and he experienced an unpleasant sensation such as a man tormented by thirst might experience, who should discover a fountain, but find that a dog, a sheep, or a pig has been drinking and fouling the water.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's stiff and heavy gait was exceedingly distasteful to Vronsky. He would not acknowledge that any one besides himself had the right to love Anna. But she was still the same and the sight of her had still the same effect on him, physically kindling him, stirring him, and filling his heart with joy. He ordered his German body-servant, who came hurrying up to him from the second-class carriage, to see to the baggage and to go home; and he himself went to her. Thus he witnessed the first meeting between husband and wife, and with a lover's intuition, perceived the shade of constraint with which Anna spoke to her husband.

"No, she does not love him, and she cannot love him," was his mental judgment.

Even as he came up to Anna Arkadyevna from behind, he noticed with joy that she felt him near her and looked round, and having recognized him, she went on talking with her husband.

"Did you pass a good night?" he inquired, bowing to her and her husband and allowing Aleksei Aleksandrovitch the opportunity to accept the honor of the salutation and recognize him or not recognize him as it might seem good to him.

"Thank you, very good," she replied.

Her face expressed weariness, lacked that spark of animation which was generally hovering now in her eyes, now in her smile; but, for a single instant, at the sight of Vronsky, something flashed into her eyes, and, notwithstanding the fact that the fire instantly died away, he was overjoyed even at this. She raised her eyes to her husband, to see whether he knew Vronsky. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch looked at him with displeasure, vaguely remembering who he was. Vronsky's calm self-assurance struck upon Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's cool superciliousness as a scythe strikes a rock.

"Count Vronsky," said Anna.

"Ah! We have met before, it seems to me," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch with indifference, extending his hand. "Went with the mother, and came home with the son," said he, speaking with precision, as if his words were worth a ruble apiece. "I presume you are returning from a furlough?" And without waiting for an answer, he turned to his wife, in his ironical tone, "Did they shed many tears in Moscow on your leaving them?"

By thus addressing his wife he intended to give Vronsky to understand that he desired to be left alone, and again bowing to him he touched his hat; but Vronsky had one more word to say to Anna.

"I hope to have the honor of calling on you," said he.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, with weary eyes, looked at Vronsky.

"Very happy," he said coldly; "we receive on Mondays."

Then, leaving Vronsky entirely, he said to his wife, still in a jesting tone:—

"And how fortunate that I happened to have a spare

half-hour to come to meet you, and show you my affection."

"You emphasize your affection too much for me to appreciate it," she replied, in the same spirit of raillery, involuntarily listening to Vronsky's steps behind them. "But what is that to me?" she asked herself in thought. Then she began to ask her husband how Serozha had got along during her absence.

"Oh! excellently. Mariette says that he has been very good, and I am sorry to mortify you he did not seem to miss you — not so much as your husband did. But again, *merci*, my dear, that you came a day earlier. Our dear *Samovar* will be delighted."

He called the celebrated Countess Lidya Ivanovna by the nickname of the *Samovar*, because, like a teapurn, she was always and everywhere bubbling and boiling. "She has kept asking after you; and do you know, if I make bold to advise you, you would do well to go to see her to-day. You see, her heart is always sore about something. At present, besides her usual cares, she is greatly concerned about the reconciliation of the Oblonskys."

The Countess Lidya Ivanovna was a friend of Anna's husband, and the center of a certain clique in Petersburg society, to which Anna on her husband's account, rather than for any other reason, belonged.

"Yes! But did n't I write her?"

"She must have all the details. Go to her, my love, if you are not too tired. Well! Kondratu will call your carriage, and I am going to a committee-meeting. I shall not have to dine alone to-day," continued Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, not in jest this time. "You cannot imagine how used I am to"

And with a peculiar smile, giving her a long pressure of the hand, he conducted her to the carriage.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE first person to meet Anna when she reached home was her son. He darted down-stairs, in spite of his governess's reproof, and with wild delight cried, "Mamma! mamma!" Rushing up to her he threw his arms round her neck.

"I told you it was mamma!" he shouted to the governess. "I knew it was!"

But the son, no less than the husband, awakened in Anna a feeling like disillusion. She imagined him better than he was in reality. She was obliged to descend to the reality in order to look on him as he was. But in fact, he was lovely, with his fair curls, his blue eyes, and his pretty plump legs in their neatly fitting stockings. She felt an almost physical satisfaction in feeling him near her, and in his caresses, and a moral calm in looking into his tender, confiding, loving eyes, and in hearing his innocent questions. She unpacked the gifts sent him by Dolly's children, and told him how there was a little girl in Moscow, named Tanya, and how this Tanya knew how to read, and was teaching the other children to read.

"Am I not as good as she?" asked Serozha.

"For me, you are worth all the rest of the world."

"I know it," said Serozha, smiling.

Anna had not finished drinking her coffee, when the Countess Lidya Ivanovna was announced. The Countess Lidya Ivanovna was a tall, stout woman, with an unhealthy, sallow complexion, and handsome, dreamy black eyes. Anna liked her, but to-day, as if for the first time, she saw her with all her faults.

"Well! my dear, did you carry the olive-branch?" demanded the Countess Lidya Ivanovna, as she entered the room.

"Yes, it is all made up," replied Anna; "but it was not so bad as we thought. As a general thing, my sister-in-law is too peremptory."

But the Countess Lidya, who was interested in every-

thing that did not specially concern herself, had the habit of sometimes not heeding what did interest her. She interrupted Anna:—

“Well! This world is full of woes and tribulations, and I am all worn out to-day.”

“What is it?” asked Anna, striving to repress a smile.

“I am beginning to weary of the ineffectual attempts to get at the truth, and sometimes I am utterly discouraged. The work of the Little Sisters” — this was a philanthropic and religiously patriotic institution — “used to get along splendidly, but there is nothing to be done with these men,” added the Countess Lidya Ivanovna, with an air of ironical resignation to fate. “They got hold of the idea, they mutilated it, and then they judge it so meanly, so wretchedly. Two or three men, your husband among them, understand all the significance of this work; but the others only discredit it. Yesterday I had a letter from Pravdin”

Pravdin was a famous Panslavist, who lived abroad, and the Countess Lidya Ivanovna related what he had said in his letter.

Then she went on to describe the troubles and snares that blocked the work of uniting the churches, and finally departed in haste, because it was the day for her to be present at the meeting of some society or other, and at the sitting of the Slavonic Committee.

“All this is just as it has been, but why did I never notice it before?” said Anna to herself. “Was she very irritable to-day? But at any rate, it is ridiculous: her aims are charitable, she is a Christian, and yet she is angry with every one, and every one is her enemy; and yet all her enemies are working for Christianity and charity.”

After the departure of the Countess Lidya Ivanovna, came a friend, the wife of a director, who told her all the news of the city. At three o'clock she went out, promising to be back in time for dinner. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was at the meeting of the ministry. The hour before dinner, which Anna spent alone, she em-

ployed sitting with her son, — who had his dinner by himself, — in arranging her things, and in reading and answering the letters and notes heaped up on her writing-table.

The sensation of causeless shame, and the agitation from which she had suffered so strangely during her journey, now completely disappeared. Under the conditions of her ordinary every-day life, she felt calm, and free from reproach, and she was filled with wonder as she recalled her condition of the night before.

“What was it? Nothing. Vronsky said a foolish thing; it is easy to put an end to such nonsense, and I answered him exactly right. To speak of it to my husband is unnecessary and impossible. To speak about it would seem to attach importance to what has none.”

And she recalled how, when a young subordinate of her husband's in Petersburg had almost made her a declaration and she had told him about it, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch answered that as she went into society, she, like all society women, might expect such experiences, but that he had perfect confidence in her tact, and never would permit himself to humiliate her or him by jealousy. “Why tell, then? Besides, thank God, there is nothing to tell.”

CHAPTER XXXIII

ALEKSEĪ ALEKSANDROVITCH returned from the ministry about four o'clock; but, as often happened, he found no time to speak to Anna. He went directly to his private room to give audience to some petitioners who were waiting for him, and to sign some papers brought him by his chief secretary.

The Karenins always had at least three visitors to dine with them; and that day there came an old lady, a cousin of Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's, a department director with his wife, and a young man recommended to Aleksei Aleksandrovitch for employment. Anna came to the drawing-room to receive them at five o'clock pre-

cisely. The great bronze clock, of the time of Peter the Great, had not yet finished its fifth stroke, when Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, in white cravat, and with two decorations on his dress-coat, left his dressing-room; he had an engagement immediately after dinner. Every moment of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's life was counted and occupied; and in order to accomplish what he had to do every day, he was forced to use the strictest punctuality. "Without haste, and without rest," was his motto. He entered the dining-room, bowed to his guests, and, giving his wife a smile, hastily sat down.

"Yes, my solitude is over! You can't believe how irksome," — he laid a special stress on the word *nelovko*, irksome, — "it is to dine alone!"

During the dinner he talked with his wife about matters in Moscow, and, with his mocking smile, inquired especially about Stepan Arkadyevitch; but the conversation dwelt for the most part on common subjects, about official and social matters in Petersburg. After dinner he spent a half-hour with his guests, and then, giving his wife another smile, and pressing her hand, he left the room and went to the council.

Anna did not go out that evening either to the Princess Betsy Tverskaya's, who, having heard of her arrival, had sent her an invitation; or to the theater, where she just now had a box. She did not go out principally because the gown on which she had counted was not finished. After the departure of her guests, Anna took a general survey of her wardrobe, and was very angry. She was extremely clever in dressing at small expense, and just before she went to Moscow she had given three gowns to her dressmaker to make over. These gowns required to be made over in such a way that no one would recognize them, and they should have been ready three days before. Two of the gowns proved to be absolutely unfinished, and one was not made over in a way which Anna liked. The dressmaker sought to explain what she had done, declaring that her way was best; and Anna reprimanded her so severely that afterwards she felt ashamed of herself. To calm her

agitation, she went to the nursery, and spent the whole evening with her son, put him to bed herself, made the sign of the cross over him, and tucked the quilt about him. She was glad that she had not gone out, and that she had spent such a happy evening. It was so quiet and restful, and now she saw clearly that all that had seemed so important during her railway journey was only one of the ordinary insignificant events of social life, — that she had nothing of which to be ashamed, either in her own eyes, or in the eyes of others. She sat down in front of the fireplace with her English novel, and waited for her husband. At half-past ten exactly his ring was heard at the door, and he came into the room.

“Here you are, at last,” she said, giving him her hand. He kissed her hand, and sat down near her.

“Your journey, I see, was on the whole very successful,” said he.

“Yes, very,” she replied; and she began to relate all the details from the beginning — her journey with the Countess Vronskaya, her arrival, the accident at the station, the pity which she had felt, first for her brother, and afterwards for Dolly.

“I do not see how it is possible to pardon such a man, even though he is your brother,” said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, severely.

Anna smiled. She appreciated that he said this to show that not even kinship could bend him from the strictness of his honest judgment. She knew this trait in her husband’s character, and liked it.

“I am glad that all ended so satisfactorily, and that you have come home again,” he continued. “Well! what do they say there about the new measures that I introduced in the council?”

Anna had heard nothing said about this new measure, and she was confused because she had so easily forgotten something which to him was so important.

“Here, on the contrary, it has made a great sensation,” said he, with a self-satisfied smile.

She saw that Aleksei Aleksandrovitch wanted to tell

her something very flattering to himself about this affair, and, by means of questions, she led him up to the story. And he, with the same self-satisfied smile, began to tell her of the congratulations which he had received on account of this measure, which had been passed.

"I was very, very glad. This proves that at last reasonable and serious views about this question are beginning to be formed among us."

After he had taken his second glass of tea, with cream and bread, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch arose to go to his library.

"But you did not go out; was it very tiresome for you?" he said.

"Oh, no!" she replied, rising with her husband, and going with him through the hall to the library.

"What are you reading now?" she asked.

"Just now I am reading the Duc de Lille — *Poésie des enfers*," he replied, "a very remarkable book."

Anna smiled, as one smiles at the weaknesses of those we love, and, passing her arm through her husband's, accompanied him to the library door. She knew that his habit of reading in the evening had become inexorable, and that, notwithstanding his absorbing duties, which took so much of his time at the council, he felt it his duty to follow all that seemed remarkable in the sphere of literature. She also knew that while he felt a special interest in works on political economy, philosophy, and religion, art was quite foreign to his nature; and notwithstanding this, or better, for that very reason, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch allowed nothing that was attracting attention in that field to escape his notice, but considered it his duty to read everything. She knew that in the province of political economy, philosophy, religion, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had doubts, and tried to solve them; but in questions of art or poetry, particularly in music, the comprehension of which was utterly beyond him, he had the most precise and definite opinions. He loved to talk of Shakespeare, Raphael, and Beethoven; of the importance of the new school

of music and poetry, — all of whom were classed by him according to the most rigorous logic.

“Well! God be with you,” she said, as they reached the door of the library. Near her husband’s arm-chair were standing, as usual, the shade-lamp already lighted, and a carafe with water. “And I am going to write to Moscow.”

Again he pressed her hand, and kissed it.

“Taken all in all, he is a good man; upright, excellent, remarkable in his sphere,” said Anna to herself, on her way to her room, as if she was defending him from some one who accused him of not being lovable.

“But why do his ears stick out so? Or does he cut his hair too short?”

It was just midnight, and Anna was still sitting at her writing-table finishing a letter to Dolly, when measured steps in slippers were heard; and Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, who had washed his face and brushed his hair, came in with his book under his arm.

“Late, late,” said he, with his usual smile, and passed on to his sleeping-room.

“And what right had he to look at him so?” thought Anna, recalling Vronsky’s expression when he saw Aleksei Aleksandrovitch. Having undressed, she went to her room; but in her face there was none of that animation that shone in her eyes and in her smile at Moscow. On the contrary, the fire had either died away, or was somewhere far away and out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXIV

ON leaving Petersburg, Vronsky had installed his beloved friend and comrade, Petritsky, in his ample quarters on the Morskaya.

Petritsky was a young lieutenant, not particularly distinguished, and not only not rich, but over ears in debt. Every evening he came home tipsy, and he spent much of his time at the police courts, in search of strange

or amusing or scandalous stories; but in spite of all he was a favorite with his comrades and his chiefs.

About eleven o'clock in the morning, when Vronsky reached his rooms after his journey, he saw at the entrance an izvoshchik's carriage, which he knew very well. From the door, when he rang, he heard men's laughter and the lisping of a woman's voice, and Petritsky shouting:—

“If it's any of those villains, don't let 'em in.”

Vronsky, not allowing his denschchik to announce his presence, quietly entered the anteroom. The Baroness Shilton, a friend of Petritsky's, shining in a lilac satin robe, and with her little pink face, was making coffee before a round table, and, like a canary-bird, was filling the room with her Parisian slang. Petritsky in his overcoat, and Captain Kamerovsky in full uniform, apparently just from duty, were sitting near her.

“Bravo, Vronsky!” cried Petritsky, leaping up and overturning the chair. “The master himself. Baroness, coffee for him from the new coffee-pot! We did not expect you. I hope that you are pleased with the new ornament in your library,” he said, pointing to the baroness. “You are acquainted, are n't you?”

“I should think so!” said Vronsky, smiling gayly, and squeezing the baroness's dainty little hand. “We're old friends.”

“Are you back from a journey?” asked the baroness. “Then I'm off. Akh! I am going this minute if I am in the way.”

“You are at home wherever you are, baroness,” said Vronsky. “How are you, Kamerovsky?” coolly shaking hands with the captain.

“There now! you would never think of saying such lovely things as that,” said the baroness to Petritsky.

“No? Why not? After dinner I could say better things!”

“Yes, after dinner there's no more merit in them. Well! I will make your coffee while you go and wash your hands and brush off the dust,” said the baroness, again sitting down, and industriously turning the screw

of the new coffee-pot. "Pierre, bring some more coffee," said she to Petritsky, whom she called Pierre, after his family name, making no concealment of her intimacy with him. "I will add it."

"You will spoil it."

"No! I won't spoil it. Well! and your wife?" said the baroness, suddenly interrupting Vronsky's remarks to his companions. "We have been marrying you off. Did you bring your wife?"

"No, baroness. I was born a Bohemian, and I shall die a Bohemian."

"So much the better, so much the better; give us your hand!"

And the baroness, without letting him go, began to talk with him, developing her various plans of life, and asking his advice with many jests.

"He will never be willing to let me have a divorce. Well! what am I to do? [*He* was her husband.] I now mean to institute a lawsuit. What should you think of it?... Kamerovsky, just watch the coffee! It's boiling over.... You see how well I understand business! I mean to begin a lawsuit to get control of my fortune. Do you understand this nonsense? Under the pretext that I have been unfaithful," said she, in a scornful tone, "he means to get possession of my estate."

Vronsky listened with amusement to this gay prattle of the pretty woman, approved of what she said, gave her half-jesting advice, and assumed the tone he usually affected with women of her character. In his Petersburg world, humanity was divided into two absolutely distinct categories,—the one of a low order, trivial, stupid, and above all ridiculous people, who declared that one husband ought to live with one wedded wife, that girls should be virtuous, women chaste, men brave, temperate, and upright, occupied in bringing up their children decently, in earning their bread, and paying their debts, and other such absurdities. People of this kind were old-fashioned and ridiculous.

But there was another and vastly superior class, to which he and his friends belonged, and in this the chief

requirement was that its members should be elegant, generous, bold, gay, unblushingly given over to every passion, and scornful of all the rest.

Only for the first moment was Vronsky bewildered under the impressions which he had brought back from Moscow, of an entirely different world. But soon, and as naturally as one puts on old slippers, he got into the spirit of his former gay and jovial life.

The coffee was never served; it boiled over, splattered them all, and wet a costly table-cloth and the baroness's dress; but it served the end that was desired, for it gave rise to many jests and merry peals of laughter.

"Well, now, good-by, for you will never get dressed, and I shall have on my conscience the worst crime that a decent man can commit, — that of not taking a bath. ... So you advise me to put the knife to his throat?"

"By all means, and in such a way that your little hand will come near his lips. He will kiss your little hand, and all will end to everybody's satisfaction," said Vronsky.

"This evening at the *Théâtre Français*," and she took her departure with her rustling train.

Kamerovsky likewise arose, but Vronsky, without waiting for him to go, shook hands with him, and went to his dressing-room. While he was taking his bath, Petritsky sketched for him in a few lines his situation, and how it had changed during Vronsky's absence, — no money at all; his father declaring that he would not give him any more, or pay a single debt. One tailor determined to have him arrested, and a second no less determined. His colonel insisted that, if these scandals continued, he should leave the regiment. The baroness was as annoying to him as a bitter radish, principally because she was always wanting to squander money; "but she is a daisy, a charmer," he assured Vronsky, "in the strict Oriental style, — *your servant Rebecca* kind, you know." He had been having a quarrel with Berkoshef, and he wanted to send him his seconds, but he imagined nothing would come of it. As for the rest, everything was getting along particularly jolly.

And then, without leaving Vronsky time to realize the minutiae of his situation, Petritsky began to retail the news of the day. As he listened to Petritsky's well-known gossip, in the familiar environment of his quarters where he had lived for three years, Vronsky experienced the pleasant sensation of his return to his gay and idle Petersburg life.

"It cannot be!" he cried, as he turned the faucet of his wash-stand and let the water stream over his red, healthy neck; "it cannot be!" he cried, referring to the report that Laura had taken up with Mileef and thrown Fertinghof over. "And is he as stupid and as conceited as ever?... Well, and how about Buzulukof?"

"Akh! Buzulukof! here's a good story, fascinating!" said Petritsky. "You know his passion, — balls; and he never misses one at court. At the last one he went in a new helmet. Have you seen the new helmets? Very handsome, ... light. Well, he was standing ... No; but listen."

"Yes, I am listening," replied Vronsky, rubbing his face with a towel.

"The grand duchess was just going by on the arm of some foreign ambassador or other, and unfortunately for him their conversation turned on the new helmets. The grand duchess wanted to point out one of the new helmets, and, seeing our galubchik standing there," — here Petritsky showed how he stood in his helmet, — "she begged him to show her his helmet. He did not budge. What does it mean? The fellows wink at him, make signs, scowl at him. 'Give it to her.' ... He does not stir. He is like a dead man. You can imagine the scene! ... Now ... as he ... then they attempt to take it off. ... He won't let it go! ... At last he himself takes it off, and hands it to the grand duchess.

"'Here, this is the new kind,' said the grand duchess. But, as she turned it over, — you can imagine it — out came, bukh! pears, *bonbons*, ... two pounds of *bonbons*! ... He had been to market, galubchik!"

Vronsky burst out laughing; and long afterwards,

even when speaking of other things, the memory of the unfortunate helmet caused him to break out into a good-natured laugh which showed his handsome, regular teeth.

Having learned all the news, Vronsky donned his uniform with the aid of his valet, and went out to report himself. After he had reported, he determined to go to his brother's, to Betsy's, and to make a few calls, so as to secure an entry into the society where he should be likely to see Madame Karenina; and in accordance with the usual custom at Petersburg, he left his rooms, expecting to return only when it was very late at night.

PART SECOND

CHAPTER I

TOWARD the end of the winter the Shcherbatskys held a consultation of physicians in order to find out what was the state of Kitty's health, and what measures were to be taken to restore her strength; she was ill, and the approach of spring only increased her ailment. The family doctor had ordered cod-liver oil, then iron, and last of all, nitrate of silver; but as none of these remedies did any good, and as he advised them to take her abroad, it was then resolved to consult a celebrated specialist.

This celebrated doctor, still a young man, and very neat in his appearance, insisted on a careful investigation of the trouble. He with especial satisfaction, as it seemed, insisted that maidenly modesty is only a relic of barbarism, and that nothing is more natural than that a young man should make examination of a girl in undress. He found this natural because he did it every day, and he was conscious of no impropriety in it, as far as he could see; and, therefore, any sense of shame on the part of the girl he considered not only a relic of barbarism, but also an insult to himself.

It was necessary to submit, since, notwithstanding the fact that all the other doctors were taught in the same school and studied the same books, and notwithstanding the fact that certain persons declared that this celebrated doctor was a bad doctor, yet in the princess's house and in her circle of friends it was admitted somehow that this celebrated doctor was the only one known who had the special knowledge, and was the only one who could save Kitty's life. After a careful examination and a prolonged thumping on the lungs of the poor sick girl,

trembling with mortification, the celebrated physician carefully washed his hands, and returned to the drawing-room, and gave his report to the prince.

The prince, with a little cough, listened to what he had to say, and frowned. He was a man of experience and brains, was in good health, and he had no faith in medicine. He was all the more angry at this comedy, because possibly he alone understood what ailed his daughter.

"A regular humbug,"¹ thought the old prince, as he listened to the doctor's loquacity concerning the symptoms of his daughter's illness, mentally applying to the celebrated doctor a term from the vocabulary of hunting.

The doctor, on his part, with difficulty disguised his disdain, with difficulty stooped to the low level of his intelligence, for this old gentleman. It seemed to him scarcely necessary to speak to the old man, since, in his eyes, the head of the house was the princess. He was ready to pour out before her all the floods of his eloquence. At this moment she came in with the family doctor. The prince left the room, so as not to show too clearly how ridiculous this whole comedy seemed to him. The princess was troubled, and did not know what course to take. She felt a little guilty in regard to Kitty.

"Well! Doctor, decide on our fate," said the princess; "tell me all."

She wanted to say, "Is there any hope?" but her lips trembled, and she could not put this question to him. "Well, doctor?"

"In a moment, princess, I shall be at your service, after I have conferred with my colleague. I shall then have the honor of giving you my opinion."

"Do you wish to be alone?"

"Just as you please."

The princess sighed, and left the room.

When the doctors were left alone, the family physician began timidly to express his opinion about her

¹ *Pustobrekh*, empty barker, signifying one who has had no luck, but comes home with large stories. — TR.

condition, and gave his reasons for thinking that it was the beginning of tubercular disease, but ...

The celebrated physician listened, and in the midst of his diagnosis took out his great gold watch.

"Yes," said he, "but"

The family physician stopped respectfully.

"You know that we can hardly decide when tubercular disease first begins. In the present case, apparently there is as yet no decided lesion. We can only surmise. And the symptoms are: indigestion, nervousness, and others. The question, therefore, stands thus: What is to be done, granting that a tubercular development is to be feared, in order to superinduce improved alimentation?"

"But you know well, in such cases there are always some moral or spiritual causes," said the family doctor, with a cunning smile.

"Of course," replied the celebrated doctor, looking at his watch again. "Excuse me, but do you know whether the bridge over the Yausa is finished yet, or whether one has to go around? Oh, it is finished, is it? Well! Then I have twenty minutes left. — We were just saying that the question remains thus: to improve the digestion, and strengthen the nerves; the one is connected with the other, and it is necessary to act on both halves of the circle."

"But the journey abroad?"

"I am opposed to these journeys abroad. I beg you to follow my reasoning. If tubercular development has already set in, which we are not yet in a condition to prove, then a journey abroad would do no good. The main thing is to discover a means of promoting good digestion."

And the celebrated doctor began to develop his plan for a cure by means of Soden water, the principal merits of which were, in his eyes, their absolutely inoffensive character.

The family doctor listened with attention and respect.

"But I should urge in favor of a journey abroad the

change of her habits and dissociation from the conditions that serve to recall unhappy thoughts. And finally, her mother wants her to go."

"Ah, well, in that case let them go, provided always that those German charlatans do not aggravate her disease.... They must follow.... Yes! let them travel."

And again he looked at his watch.

"It is time for me to go;" and he started for the door.

The celebrated doctor explained to the princess that he wished to see the invalid once more—a sense of propriety dictated this.

"What! have another examination?" cried the princess, with horror.

"Oh, no! only a few minor points, princess."

"Then come in, I beg of you."

And the mother ushered the doctor into the drawing-room where Kitty was. Emaciated and flushed, with a peculiar gleam in her eyes, the result of the mortification she had borne, Kitty was standing in the middle of the room. When the doctor came in her eyes filled with tears, and she turned crimson. Her whole illness and the medical treatment seemed to her such stupid, even ridiculous nonsense. The medical treatment of her case seemed to her as absurd as to gather up the fragments of a broken vase. Her heart was broken, and could it be healed by pills and powders? But it was impossible to wound her mother's feelings, the more because her mother felt that she had been to blame.

"Will you sit down, princess?" said the celebrated doctor.

With a smile he sat down in front of her, felt her pulse, and with a smile began a series of wearisome questions. At first she replied to them, then suddenly arose impatiently.

"Excuse me, doctor; but, indeed, this all leads to nothing. This is the third time that you have asked me the same question."

The celebrated doctor took no offense.

"It is her nervous irritability," he remarked to the

princess when Kitty had gone from the room. "However, I had finished."

And the celebrated doctor explained the young princess's condition to her mother, treating her as a woman of remarkable intelligence, and concluded with directions how to drink those waters which were valueless.

On the question, "Is it best to take her abroad?" the doctor pondered deeply, as if he were deciding a difficult problem. The decision was at last expressed: 'Go, but put no faith in charlatans, and consult him in everything.'

After the doctor's departure, everybody felt as if something jolly had happened. The mother, in much better spirits, rejoined her daughter, and Kitty declared that she was better already. Often, almost all the time, of late, she felt obliged to pretend.

"Truly, I am well, *maman*, but if you desire it, let us go," said she; and in her endeavor to show that she was interested in the journey, she began to speak of their preparations.

CHAPTER II

SHORTLY after the doctor went, Dolly came. She knew that the consultation was to take place that day; and though she was as yet scarcely able to go out, having had a little daughter toward the end of the winter, and although she had many trials and cares of her own, she left her nursing baby and one of the little girls who was ailing, and came to learn what Kitty's fate should be.

"Well! how is it?" she said, as she came into the drawing-room with her hat on. "You are all happy! Then all is well?"

They endeavored to tell her what the doctor had said; but it seemed that, although the doctor had spoken very fluently and lengthily, no one was able to tell what he had said. The only interesting point was the decision in regard to the journey abroad.

Dolly sighed involuntarily. Her sister, her best

friend, was going away ; and life for her was not joyous. Her relations with Stepan Arkadyevitch since the reconciliation had become humiliating ; the union brought about by Anna had not been of long duration, and the family concord had broken down in the same place. There was nothing definite, but Stepan Arkadyevitch was scarcely ever at home, there was scarcely ever any money in the house, and suspicions of his unfaithfulness constantly tormented Dolly, but she kept driving them away in terror of the unhappiness which jealousy caused her. The first explosion of jealousy, having been lived down, could not indeed be experienced again ; and even the discovery of his unfaithfulness could not have such an effect on her as it had the first time. Such a discovery now would only break up the family, and she preferred to shut her eyes to his deception, despising him, and above all herself, because of this weakness. Moreover, the cares of a numerous family constantly annoyed her ; first the nursing of her baby was unsatisfactory, then the nurse went off, and now one of the children was ill.

“And how are the children ?” asked the princess.

“Akh, *maman* ! we have so many tribulations. Lili is ill in bed, and I am afraid it is the scarlatina. I came out now to see how you were, for there'll be no getting out for me after this, if it is scarlatina— which God forbid !”

The old prince also, after the doctor's departure, came out from his library, presented his cheek to Dolly, exchanged a few words with her, and then turned to his wife : —

“What decision have you come to ? Shall you go ? Well ! and what are you going to do with me ?”

“I think, Aleksandr, that you had better stay at home.”

“Just as you please.”

“*Maman*, why does n't papa come with us ?” said Kitty. “It would be gayer for him and for us.”

The old prince got up and smoothed Kitty's hair with his hand ; she raised her head, and with an effort smiled

as she looked at him ; it always seemed to her that he understood her better than any one else in the family, though he did not say much. She was the youngest, and therefore her father's favorite daughter, and it seemed to her that his love made him clairvoyant. When she saw his kind blue eyes steadily fixed on her, it seemed to her that he read her very soul, and saw all the evil that was working there. She blushed, and bent toward him, expecting a kiss ; but he only pulled her hair, saying :—

“These stupid *chignons* ! one never gets down to the real daughter, but you caress the hair of departed females. Well ! Dolinka,” turning to his eldest daughter, “what is that trump of yours doing ?”

“Nothing, papa,” said Dolly, perceiving that her father referred to her husband ; “he is always away from home, and I scarcely ever see him,” she could not refrain from adding, with an ironical smile.

“Has he not gone yet to the country to sell his wood ?”

“No ; he is always putting it off.”

“Truly,” said the old prince, “is he taking after me ? — I hear you,” he said in reply to his wife, and sitting down. “And as for you, Katya,” he said, addressing his youngest daughter, “do you know what you ought to do ? Sometime, some fine morning, wake up and say, ‘There ! I am perfectly well and happy, papa, and we must go for our early morning walk in the cold,’ ha ?”

What her father said seemed very simple, but at his words Kitty felt confused and disconcerted like a convicted criminal. “Yes, he knows all, he understands all, and these words mean that I ought to overcome my humiliation, however great it has been.”

She could not summon up the courage to reply. She began to say something, but suddenly burst into tears, and ran from the room.

“Just like your tricks !” said the princess to her husband, angrily. “You always” and she began one of her tirades.

The prince listened for some time to her reproaches,

and made no reply, but his face kept growing darker and darker.

"She is so sensitive, poor little thing, so sensitive! and you don't understand how she suffers at the slightest allusion to the cause of her suffering. Akh! how mistaken we are in people!" said the princess.

And by the change in the inflection of her voice, Dolly and the prince perceived that she had reference to Vronsky.

"I don't understand why there are not any laws to punish such vile, such ignoble men."

"Akh! do hear her," said the prince with a frown, getting up from his chair and evidently anxious to make his escape, but halting on the threshold:—

"There are laws, matushka; and if you force me to this, I will tell you who is to blame in all this trouble. You, you alone! There are laws against such young fops, and there always will be; and if things had not been as they ought never to have been, old man that I am, I should have put that dandy on the fence. Yes, and now to cure her, you bring in these quacks."

The prince would have had still more to say, but as soon as the princess heard his tone she immediately became humble and repentant, as always happened when important questions came up.

"Alexandre! Alexandre!" she murmured, going up to him, and weeping.

The prince held his peace when he saw her tears. He went to meet her:—

"Well, let it go, let it go. I know that it is hard for you also. What is to be done? There is no great harm. God is merciful.... Thank you!" said he, not knowing what he said, and replying to the princess's damp kiss which he felt on his hand. Then the prince left the room.

As soon as Kitty, weeping, had left the room, Dolly, with her maternal domestic instinct, perceived that this was an affair which required a woman's management, and she was preparing to follow her. She took her hat and morally tucking up her sleeves, prepared to act.

But when her mother began to attack her father, she tried to restrain her, as far as her filial respect allowed. When the prince's outburst occurred, she said nothing; she was ashamed for her mother and she felt a deep affection because of the instant return of his good-nature; but when he went out, she determined to do the chief thing that was necessary—to go to Kitty and calm her.

"I have long wanted to tell you, *maman*; did you know that when Levin was here the last time, he intended to offer himself to Kitty? He told Stiva."

"What is that? I do not understand...."

"Then perhaps Kitty refused him? Did n't she tell you?"

"No, she did not say anything to me about either of them; she is too proud. But I know that all this comes from...."

"Yes; but think, if she refused Levin. I know that she would not have done so if it had not been for the other one.... and then he deceived her so abominably."

It was terrible to the princess to think how blameworthy she had been toward her daughter, and she grew angry.

"Akh! I don't know anything about it. Nowadays every girl wants to live as she pleases, and not to say anything to her mother, and so it comes that...."

"*Maman*, I am going to see her."

"Go! I will not prevent you," said her mother.

CHAPTER III

As she entered Kitty's pretty little rosy *boudoir*, with figurines in *vieux saxe*, a room as youthful, as rosy, as gay as Kitty herself had been two months before, Dolly remembered with what pleasure and interest the two had decorated it the year before; how happy and gay they were then! She felt a chill at her heart as she saw her sister sitting on a low chair near the door,

her motionless eyes fixed on a corner of the carpet. Kitty glanced up at her sister, but the cold and rather stern expression of her face underwent no change.

"I am going now, and I may be confined at home, and it will be impossible for you to see me," said Darya Aleksandrovna, sitting down near her sister; "I wanted to have a little talk with you."

"What about?" asked Kitty, quickly raising her head in alarm.

"What else than about your sorrow?"

"I have no sorrow."

"That'll do, Kitty. "Do you really imagine that I don't know? I know everything; and believe me, this is such a trifle.... All of us have been through this."

Kitty said nothing, and her face resumed its severe expression.

"He is not worth the trouble that you have given yourself because of him," continued Darya Aleksandrovna, coming right to the point:

"Yes! because he jilted me!" murmured Kitty, with trembling voice. "Don't speak of it, please don't speak of it!"

"But who said that to you? No one said such a thing! I am sure that he was in love with you, — that he is still in love with you; but...."

"Ah! nothing exasperates me so as compassion," cried Kitty, in a sudden rage. She turned around in her chair, flushed scarlet, and moved her belt-buckle back and forth from one hand to the other, clutching it in her fingers.

Dolly well knew this habit of her sister when she was provoked. She knew that she was capable of forgetting herself, and saying harsh and cruel things in moments of petulance, and she tried to calm her; but it was too late.

"What, what do you wish me to understand? what is it?" cried Kitty, talking fast: — "that I was in love with a man who did not care for me, and that I am dying of love for him? And it is my sister who says this to me! — my sister who thinks that that that she

is showing me her sympathy!.... I hate such sympathy and such hypocrisy!"

"Kitty, you are unjust."

"Why do you torment me?"

"Why, on the contrary I saw that you were sad"

Kitty in her anger did not heed her.

"I have nothing to break my heart over, and need no consolation. I am too proud ever to love a man who does not love me."

"Well! I do not say I say only one thing Tell me the truth," added Darya Aleksandrovna, taking her hand. "Tell me, did Levin speak to you?"....

At the name of Levin, Kitty lost all control of herself; she sprang up from her chair, threw the buckle on the floor, and with quick, indignant gestures cried:—

"Why do you speak to me of Levin? I don't see why you need to torment me. I have already said, and I repeat it, that I am proud, and never, *never* would I do what you have done, — go back to a man who had been false to me, who had made love to another woman. I do not understand this; you can, but I cannot!"

As she said these words, she looked at her sister, and seeing that Dolly bent her head sadly without answering, she sat down near the door again, and hid her face in her handkerchief instead of leaving the room as she had intended to do.

The silence lasted several minutes. Dolly was thinking of herself. Her humiliation, of which she was always conscious, appeared to her more cruel than ever, thus recalled by her sister. She did not expect such bitterness from her sister, and it made her angry. But suddenly she heard the rustling of a dress, a broken sob, and some one's arms were thrown around her neck. Kitty was on her knees before her.

"Dolinka, I am so unhappy!" she murmured in exculpation; and her pretty face, wet with tears, was hid in Dolly's skirt.

Those tears were evidently the indispensable lubricant without which the machinery of mutual communion between the two sisters could not work. At all events,

after a good cry, they spoke no more on the subject which interested them both, but even while they were talking about irrelevant topics they understood each other. Kitty knew that the cruel words that she had uttered in her anger, about the husband's unfaithfulness — the unfaithfulness of Dolly's husband — and her humiliation, struck deep into her poor sister's heart, but that she forgave her. Dolly, on her side, knew all that she wanted to know, she was convinced that her suspicions were correct, that the pain Kitty felt, the irremediable pain, lay in the fact that Levin had offered himself to her, and that she had refused him, and that Vronsky had played her false, and that she was ready to love Levin and to hate Vronsky. Kitty said not a word about this; she spoke only of the general state of her soul.

"I have no sorrow," she said, regaining her calmness a little; "but you cannot imagine how wretched, disgusting, and vulgar everything seems to me — above all myself. You cannot imagine what evil thoughts come into my mind."

"Yes, but what evil thoughts can you have?" asked Dolly, with a smile.

"The most abominable, the most repulsive. I cannot describe them to you. It is not melancholy, and it is not *ennui*. It is much worse. It is as if all the good that was in me had disappeared, and only the evil was left. Now how can that be, I tell you?" she asked, looking in perplexity into her sister's eyes. "Papa began to say something to me a few minutes ago. It seems to me he thinks that all I need is a husband. Mamma takes me to the ball. It seems to me that she takes me there for the sole purpose of getting rid of me, of getting me married as soon as possible. I know that it is not true, and yet I cannot drive away these ideas. So-called marriageable young men are unendurable to me. It always seems to me that they are taking my measure. A short time ago, to go anywhere in a ball gown was a simple delight to me; I admired myself, I enjoyed it; now it is a bore to me, and I feel ill at ease. Now, what do you think? The doctor well"

Kitty stopped; she wanted to say further that, since she had felt this great change in herself, Stepan Arkadyevitch had become unendurably distasteful to her, that she could not see him without the most repulsive and unbecoming conjectures arising in her mind.

"Indeed, everything takes the most repulsive, disgusting aspect in my sight," she continued. "It is a disease, — perhaps it will pass away."

"But don't for a moment think...."

"I cannot help it. I do not feel at ease except with you and the children."

"What a pity that you can't come home with me now!"

"Well, I will go. I have had scarlatina. I will persuade *maman*."

Kitty insisted so eagerly, that she was allowed to go to her sister's, and throughout the course of the disease, — which proved to be the scarlatina, — she looked after the children. The two sisters successfully nursed all the six children; but Kitty's health did not improve, and at Lent the Shcherbatskys went abroad.

CHAPTER IV

THE highest Petersburg society is remarkably united. Every one knows every one else, and every one exchanges visits. But in this great circle there are subdivisions. Anna Arkadyevna Karenina had friends and close relations with three different circles. One was the official circle, to which her husband belonged, composed of his colleagues and subordinates, bound together, or even further subdivided, by the most varied, and often the most capricious, social relations. It was now difficult for Anna to call back the sentiment of almost religious respect which at first she felt for all these personages. Now she knew them all, as one knows people in a provincial city. She knew what habits and weaknesses were characteristic of each, and what feet the shoe pinched. She knew what were their relations among

themselves, and to the official center. She knew how this one agreed with that and on what grounds, and how another disagreed with still another, and wherefore. But this administrative clique, to which her husband belonged, could never interest her, in spite of the Countess Lidya Ivanovna's suggestions, and she avoided it.

The second circle in which Anna moved was that which had helped Aleksei Aleksandrovitch in his career. The center of this circle was the Countess Lidya Ivanovna; it was composed of aged, ugly, charitable, and devout women, and intelligent, learned, and ambitious men. One of the clever men who belonged to this circle had called it the "conscience of Petersburg society." Karenin was very much devoted to this circle; and Anna, who had the faculty of getting along with all people, had, during the early days of her life in Petersburg, made friends in its number. After her return from Moscow, this set of people seemed to her insupportable; it seemed as if she herself, as well as all the rest of them, were hypocritical, and she felt depressed and ill at ease in this society. She saw the Countess Lidya as infrequently as she possibly could.

Finally, the third circle in which Anna had connections was Society, properly speaking, the fashionable society of balls, dinner-parties, brilliant toilets—the society which with one hand lays fast hold of the court lest it descend to the level of the *demi-monde*, which the members of this circle affect to despise, and yet whose tastes are not only similar, but the same. The bond that united her to this society was the Princess Betsy Tverskaya, the wife of one of her cousins, who enjoyed an income of a hundred and twenty thousand rubles, and who had taken a great fancy to Anna as soon as she came to Petersburg, flattered her, introduced her among her friends, and made ridicule of the Countess Lidya's friends.

"When I am old and ugly, I will do the same," said Betsy; "but a young and pretty woman like yourself has as yet no place in such an asylum."

Anna at first had avoided as far as possible the society

to which the Princess Betsy Tverskaya belonged, as it called for expenses beyond her means, and in her heart she preferred the first-mentioned coterie; but after her visit to Moscow all this was changed. She neglected her worthy old friends, and cared to go only into grand society. There she met Vronsky, and experienced tumultuous pleasure in these meetings. They met with especial frequency at the house of Betsy, who was a Vronskaya before her marriage, and was an own cousin of the count. Vronsky went everywhere that he was likely to meet Anna, and, if possible, spoke to her of his love. She gave him no encouragement; but every time she met him, there flamed up in her soul the same sense of animation which had seized her the moment that they met, for the first time, on the train at Moscow; she herself was conscious that at the sight of him this joy shone in her eyes, in her smile, but she had not the power to hide it.

Anna at first sincerely believed that she was angry because he persisted in following her; but one evening, not long after her return from Moscow, when she was present at a house where she expected to meet him, and he failed to come, she perceived clearly, by the pang that went through her heart, that she was deceiving herself, that this insistence of his not only was not disagreeable to her but that it formed the ruling passion of her life.

A famous *diva* was singing for the second time, and all the high society of Petersburg was at the theater. Vronsky, from his seat in the first row saw his cousin there, and without waiting for the *entr'acte*, left to visit her box.

"Why did n't you come to dinner?" she asked; and then with a smile she added, so as to be heard only by him, "I admire this clairvoyance of lovers; *she was not there*. But come to my house after the opera."

Vronsky looked at her questioningly. She nodded. He thanked her with a smile and sat down by her side.

"But how I miss your pleasantries; what have be-

come of them?" continued the Princess Betsy, who followed with keen pleasure the progress of this passion. "You are in the toils, my dear!"

"That is all that I ask for," he replied, with his calm, good-natured smile, "to be in the toils. If I complain, it is not because I am too little in the toils if the truth must be told. I am beginning to lose hope."

"What hope could you have?" asked Betsy, taking the part of her friend. "Let us have a clear understanding." But the fire in her eyes told with sufficient clearness that she understood as well as he did what his hope meant.

"None," replied Vronsky, laughing, and showing his regular white teeth. "Excuse me," he added, taking the opera-glasses from his cousin's hand, in order to direct it across her bare shoulder at one of the opposite boxes. "I fear I am becoming ridiculous."

He knew very well that in Betsy's eyes, and in those of her world, he ran no risk of being ridiculous; he knew very well that in the eyes of such people the *rôle* of an unsuccessful lover of a young girl or an unmarried woman might be ridiculous; but not so the *rôle* of a man who pursues a married woman and at any price makes it his aim to lead her into committing adultery. This *rôle* is something beautiful and majestic and can never be ridiculous, and therefore Vronsky, as he handed back the opera-glasses, looked at his cousin with a smile of pride and joy lurking under his mustache.

"And why did n't you come to dinner?" she asked again, unable to refrain from admiration of him.

"I must tell you; I was busy and what about? I will give you one guess out of a hundred — out of a thousand you would never hit it. I have been reconciling a husband with his wife's persecutor. Yes, fact!"

"What! and you reconciled them?"

"Pretty nearly."

"You must tell me all about it," said Betsy, rising. "Come during the next *entr'acte*."

"Impossible; I am going to the French Theater."

"From Nilsson?" said Betsy, with horror, though

she could not have distinguished Nilsson from the poorest chorus-singer.

"But what can I do? I have made an appointment in order to finish my act of peacemaking."

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be saved," said Betsy, remembering that she had heard somewhere some such quotation. "Well, then, sit down and tell me all about it."

And she resumed her seat.

CHAPTER V

"It's a little improper, but so amusing, that I wanted awfully to tell you about it," said Vronsky, looking at her with sparkling eyes. "However, I will not mention any names."

"But I can guess? so much the better!"

"Listen, then. Two gay young men were dining...."

"Officers of your regiment, of course...."

"I did not say that they were officers, but simply young men, who had dined well...."

"Translated, tipsy!"

"Possibly. They went to dine with a comrade, in most excellent spirits. They saw a pretty young woman passing them in a hired carriage; she turns around, and, as it seems to them, nods to them and laughs. Of course they follow her. They gallop like mad. To their amazement their beauty stops at the entrance of the very house where they are going; she mounts to the upper floor, and they see nothing but a pair of rosy lips under a short veil, and a pair of pretty little feet."

"You describe the scene with so much feeling that you make me believe that you were in the party."

"Why do you accuse me so soon? Well! the two young men climb up to their comrade's room, where there is to be a farewell dinner, and there they drink, perhaps, more than is good for them, as is usually the case at farewell dinners. And at dinner they ask who lives on the top story of that house. No one knows any-

thing about it; only their friend's valet, to their questions, 'Do any *mamselles* live on the top floor?' replies that there are a good many. After dinner the two young men go into their friend's library and write a letter to the unknown. They write a passionate letter, a declaration; they themselves carry up the letter, in order to explain whatever in the letter might not be perfectly understood."

"But why do you tell me such horrible things? Well?"

"They ring. A girl comes to the door; they give her the letter, telling her they are so desperately in love that they are ready to die, there at the door. The girl is in doubt and parleys with them. Suddenly a gentleman appears, red as a lobster and with side-whiskers like sausages, declares that there is no one there except his wife, and unceremoniously puts them out of the door."

"How did you know that his side-whiskers were like sausages?"

"But now listen. I have just made peace between them."

"Well! what came of it?"

"This is the most interesting part of the affair. The happy couple prove to be a titular counselor and his wife. The titular counselor brings a complaint, and I am obliged to serve as peacemaker. What a peacemaker!.... I assure you Talleyrand compared to me was nobody."

"What were your difficulties?"

"Here now! Listen!.... We make excuses as in duty bound, as: 'We are desperately sorry,' we said; 'we beg you to pardon us for this unfortunate misunderstanding.' The titular counselor with the sausage-whiskers seemed to be thawing; but he felt it necessary to express his feelings, and as soon as he began to express his feelings he began to get wrathful, and to say harsh things, and again I was obliged to bring all my diplomatic talents into requisition: 'I agree that their conduct was reprehensible, but please take into consideration that there was a misunderstanding; they were young, and had just

come from a good dinner. You understand! Now they are sorry from the bottom of their hearts, and beg you to forgive them their fault.' The titular counselor softened still more: 'I agree with you, count, and I am ready to pardon them; but you perceive that my wife, my wife, a virtuous woman, has been exposed to insult, to persecution, to the impudence of good-for-nothing young scound....' And the impudent, good-for-nothing young fellows being present, I had to exert myself to calm them down; again I put my diplomacy to work, and every time I seem on the point of success my titular counselor gets wrathful again, and his face gets red, and his sausages begin to wag up and down, and I find myself drowned in the waves of diplomatic subtleties."

"Akh! we must tell you all about this," said Betsy to a lady who at this moment came into her box. "It has amused me much!"

"Well, good luck go with you," she added, giving Vronsky one of her fingers, as she held her fan; and then, shrugging her shoulders so as to keep the waist of her gown from coming up, so that she might be as naked as possible when she should go to the front of the box, and sit down in the full blaze of gas and in the eyes of all.

Vronsky went to the French Theater, where he really had to meet his regimental commander, who never failed to be present at a single representation. He wished to speak with him in regard to his business as peacemaker which had occupied and amused him for three days. Petritsky, whom he liked, was involved in this affair, and the other one was a charming, a glorious fellow, young Prince Kerdrof, who had lately joined their regiment. But the principal point was that the affair concerned the interests of his regiment.

Both the young men belonged to Vronsky's company. Venden, the titular counselor, had come to the regimental commander with a complaint that the officers had insulted his wife. His young wife — Venden said he had been married only half a year — had been to church with her mother, and, feeling indisposed, owing to her

delicate condition, so that she could not stand any longer, had engaged the first decent izvoshchik at hand: The officers had chased her; she was frightened and, feeling still more ill, had run up the stairs. Venden himself, who had just returned from his office, heard the sound of a bell and voices. He came out, and, seeing drunken officers with a letter, he had put them out. He demanded that they should be severely punished.

"No, it's all very well to talk," said the regimental commander to Vronsky, whom he had asked to join him, "but Petritsky is becoming unbearable. Not a week passes by without some scandal. This chinovnik will not stop here, he will go farther."

Vronsky saw all the unpleasantness of this affair, and he felt that a duel should be avoided, and that everything should be done to make the titular counselor relent and smooth over the scandal. The regimental commander had summoned him because he knew he was a shrewd and gentlemanly man, and zealous for the interests of the regiment. They had talked the matter over and decided that Vronsky, accompanied by Petritsky and Kerdrof, should go to make their excuses to the titular counselor. The regimental commander and Vronsky both realized that Vronsky's name and his flügel-adjutant's monogram ought to have a great effect in soothing the titular counselor. In reality these two influences proved partially efficacious, but the results of the reconciliation remained in doubt, as Vronsky said.

When he reached the French Theater, Vronsky took the regimental commander into the lobby, and told him of his success, or rather lack of success. After reflection the regimental commander decided to leave the matter in abeyance; but afterward he began to question Vronsky regarding the details of the interview, and he could not help laughing as he heard Vronsky tell how the titular counselor kept suddenly flaming out in wrath as he recalled the particulars of the affair, and how Vronsky, veering round at the last mention of reconciliation, had withdrawn, pushing Petritsky before him, and

his repeated attempts to bring him into a suitable frame of mind.

"It is a wretched piece of business, but comical enough. Kerdrof cannot fight with this gentleman. Was he so horribly angry?" he asked, laughing. "And how do you like Claire this evening? — charming!" said he, referring to a new French actress. "One can't see her too often; she is always new. Only the French can do that!"

CHAPTER VI

THE Princess Betsy left the theater without waiting for the end of the last act. She had scarcely had more than time enough, after reaching home, to go into her dressing-room, and scatter a little rice-powder over her long, pale face, rearrange her toilet, and order tea to be served in the large drawing-room, when the carriages began one after another to arrive at her enormous house on the Bolshaya Morskaya. The guests came up to the wide entrance, and a portly Swiss who during the morning read the newspaper for the edification of passers-by, as he sat behind the glass door, now kept noiselessly opening this great door and admitting the visitors. They came in by one door almost at the same instant that by another came the mistress of the mansion, with renewed color, and hair rearranged. The walls of the great drawing-room were hung with somber draperies, and on the floor were thick rugs. On the table, which was covered with a cloth of dazzling whiteness, shining in the light of numberless candles, stood a silver samovar and a tea-service of transparent porcelain.

The princess took her place behind the samovar and drew off her gloves. With the help of attentive servants, the guests brought up chairs and took their places, dividing into two camps, the one around the princess, the other at the opposite end of the drawing-room around the wife of a foreign ambassador, a handsome lady, dressed in black velvet, and with black, well-

defined eyebrows. The conversation, as usual at the beginning of a reception, was desultory, being interrupted by the arrival of newcomers, offers of tea, and the exchange of salutations, and seemed to be endeavoring to find a common subject of interest.

"She is remarkably handsome for an actress; you can see that she has studied Kaulbach," said a diplomatist in the group around the ambassador's wife. "Did you notice how she fell?"

"Akh! please let us not speak of Nilsson. Nothing new can be said about her," said a great fat lady, with light complexion, without either eyebrows or *chignon*, and dressed in an old silk gown. This was the Princess Miagkaya, famous for her simplicity and frightful manners, and surnamed the *Enfant terrible*. Princess Miagkaya was seated between the two groups, listening to what was said on both sides of her, and taking impartial interest in both. "This very day, three people have made that same remark about Kaulbach. It must be fashionable. I don't see why that phrase should be so successful."

The conversation was cut short by this remark, and a new theme had to be started.

"Tell us something amusing, but don't let it be naughty," said the ambassador's wife, who was a mistress of the art of conversation called, by the English, *small talk*. She was addressing the diplomatist, who was at a loss what topic to start.

"They say this is very hard, that only naughty things are amusing," replied the diplomatist, with a smile. "However, I will do my best. Give me a theme. Everything depends upon the theme. When you get that for a background, you can easily fill it in with embroidery. I often think that the celebrated talkers of the past would be exceedingly embarrassed if they were alive now; everything intellectual is considered so dull."

"That was said long ago," remarked the ambassador's wife, interrupting him with a smile.

The conversation began amiably, and for the very

reason that it was too amiable, it languished again. It was necessary to have recourse to an unfailling, never changing subject — gossip.

“Don't you think that there is something *Louis XV.* about Tushkievitch?” asked he, indicating a handsome, light-haired young man, who was standing near the table.

“Oh, yes! he's quite in the style of the drawing-room, and that is why he is here so often.”

This subject sustained the conversation, since it consisted wholly of hints regarding something which could not be treated openly in that drawing-room, in other words, Tushkievitch's relations with the Princess Betsy.

Around the samovar, the conversation hesitated for some time upon three inevitable subjects, — the news of the day, the theater, and a lawsuit which was to be tried the next day. At last the same subject arose that was occupying the other group — gossip.

“Have you heard that Maltishcheva — that is, the mother, not the daughter — has had a costume in *diabte rose?*”

“Is it possible? No! That is delicious.”

“I am astonished that with her sense, — for she is certainly not stupid, — she does not perceive how ridiculous she is.”

Every one found something in which to criticize and tear to pieces the unfortunate Madame Maltishcheva; and the conversation grew lively, brilliant, and gay, like a flaming pyre.

The Princess Betsy's husband, a tall, good-natured man, a passionate collector of engravings, hearing that his wife had guests, came into the drawing-room before going to his club, and desired to show himself in her circle. Noiselessly, on the thick carpet, he approached the Princess Miagkaya.

“How did you like Nilsson?” he asked.

“Akh! Do you steal in upon a body that way? How you startled me!” she cried. “Don't speak to me about the opera, I beg of you; you don't know any-

thing about music. I prefer to descend to your level and talk with you about your engravings and majolicas. Well! What treasures have you discovered lately?"

"If you would like, I will show them to you; but you are no judge of them."

"Show them to me all the same. I am getting my education among these — bankers, as you call them. They have lovely engravings. They like to show them."

"Have you been at the Schützburgs'?" asked the mistress of the house, from her place by the samovar.

"Certainly, *ma chère*. They invited my husband and me to dinner, and they told me that the sauce at this dinner cost a thousand rubles," replied the Princess Miagkaya, in a loud voice, conscious that all were listening to her; "and it was a very poor sauce, too, — something green. I had to return the compliment, and I got them up a sauce that cost eighty-five kopeks,¹ and all were satisfied. I can't make thousand-ruble sauces!"

"She is unique," said the hostess.

"Astonishing," said another.

The Princess Miagkaya never failed of making her speeches effective, and the secret of their effectiveness lay in the fact that, although she did not always select suitable occasions, as was the case at the present time, yet she spoke simply and sensibly. In the society where she moved, what she said gave the effect of the most subtle wit. She could not comprehend why it had such an effect, but she recognized the fact, and took advantage of it.

While the Princess Miagkaya was speaking, all listened to her, and the conversation around the ambassador's wife stopped; so the hostess, wishing to make the conversation more united, turned to the ambassador's wife and said: —

"Are you sure that you will not have some tea? Then please join us."

"No; we are very well where we are, in this corner,

¹ One ruble, or one hundred kopeks, is worth eighty cents.

replied the ambassador's wife, with a smile, resuming the thread of a conversation which interested her very deeply.

They were criticizing Karenin and his wife.

"Anna is very much changed since her return from Moscow. There is something strange about her," said one of her friends.

"The change is due to the fact that she brought back in her train the shadow of Aleksei Vronsky," said the ambassador's wife.

"What is that? There's a story in Grimm — a man without a shadow — a man deprived of his shadow. It was a punishment for something or other. I cannot see where the punishment lies, but it must be disagreeable for a woman to be without her shadow."

"Yes, but the women who have shadows generally come to some bad end," said Anna's friend.

"Hold your tongues!"¹ cried the Princess Miagkaya, as she heard these words. "Madame Karenina is a charming woman; I don't like her husband, but I like her."

"Why don't you like her husband?" asked the ambassador's wife. "He is such a remarkable man. My husband says there are few statesmen in Europe equal to him."

"My husband says the same thing, but I don't believe it," replied the Princess Miagkaya. "If our husbands had not had this idea, we should have seen Aleksei Aleksandrovitch as he really is; and, in my opinion, he is a blockhead. I only say this in a whisper. Is it not true how everything comes out clearly? Formerly when I was told that he was clever I used to try to discover it, and I came to the conclusion that I was stupid because I could not see wherein he was clever; but as soon as I said to myself, — under my breath, — he is *stupid*, all was explained. Isn't that so?"

"How severe you are to-night!"

"Not at all, I have no other alternative. One of us two is stupid. Now you know that one can never say such a thing of oneself."

¹ *Tipun vam na yazuik!* A slang expression, meaning literally, "May your tongue have the pip!"

"No one is satisfied with his circumstances, and every one is satisfied with his brain," said a diplomat, quoting a French couplet.

"There, that is the very thing," exclaimed the Princess Miagkaya turning to him, "but I make an exception of Anna. She is so lovely and good. Is it her fault if all men fall in love with her and follow her like shadows?"

"Well! I do not allow myself to judge her," said Anna's friend, justifying herself.

"Because no one follows us like a shadow, it does not prove that we have the right to judge."

Having thus appropriately disposed of Anna's friend, the Princess Miagkaya arose, and with the ambassador's wife drew up to the table, and joined in the general conversation about some trifle.¹

"Whom have you been gossiping about?" asked Betsy.

"About the Karenins. The princess has been picturing Aleksei Aleksandrovitch," replied the ambassador's wife, sitting down near the table, with a smile.

"Shame that we could not have heard it," said Betsy, looking toward the door. "Ah! here you are at last," said she, turning to Vronsky, who at that moment came in.

Vronsky knew, and met every day, all the people whom he found collected in his cousin's drawing-room; therefore he came in with the calmness of a man who rejoins friends from whom he has only just parted.

"Where have I come from?" said he, in reply to a question from the ambassador's wife. "What can I do? I must confess, — from *Les Bouffes*. 'T is for the hundredth time, and always with a new pleasure. It is charming. It is humiliating, I know, but I get sleepy at the opera; but at *Les Bouffes* I sit it out up to the very last minute and enjoy it. To-night"

He mentioned a French actress, and was going to tell some story about her, but the ambassador's wife stopped him with an expression of mock terror.

¹ Literally, "about the king of Prussia."

"Please don't speak to us of that fright!"
"Well! I will not, and the more willingly because you all know these frights."

"And you would all go there if it were as fashionable as the opera," added the Princess Miagkaya.

CHAPTER VII

STEPS were heard near the door, and the Princess Betsy, knowing that it was Madame Karenina, looked at Vronsky. He was looking toward the door, and his face had a strange, new expression. Joyfully, expectantly, and almost timidly he gazed at Anna as she entered, and he rose slowly. Anna came into the drawing-room, as always holding herself very erect and looking neither to right nor to left. She crossed the short distance between her and the hostess, with that rapid, light, but decided step which distinguished her from all the other women of this circle. She went directly up to Betsy, and shook hands with a smile, and with the same smile she looked at Vronsky. He bowed low and offered her a chair.

She responded only by bending her head a little, and blushed, and frowned. But instantly she was nodding to her acquaintances and shaking hands; then she turned to Betsy:—

"I have been at the Countess Lidya's; I wanted to get away earlier, but I was detained. Sir John was there. He is very interesting."

"Oh, that missionary?"

"Yes; he related many very curious things about life in India."

The conversation, which Anna's entrance had interrupted, again wavered, like the flame of a lamp in a draught.

"Sir John! yes, Sir John! I have seen him. He speaks well. The Vlasieva is actually in love with him!"

"Is it true that the youngest Vlasieva is going to marry Topof?"

"Yes; people say that it is fully decided."

"I am astonished at her parents. They say that it is a love-match."

"A love-match? What antediluvian ideas you have! Who speaks of love in our days?" said the ambassador's wife.

"What is to be done about it? That foolish old custom has not entirely gone out of date," said Vronsky.

"So much the worse for those who adhere to it; the only happy marriages that I know about are those of reason."

"Yes; but how often it happens that these marriages of reason break like ropes of sand, precisely because of this love which you affect to scorn!" said Vronsky.

"But what we call a marriage of reason is where both parties take an equal risk. It is like scarlatina, through which we all must pass."

"In that case it would be wise to find an artificial means of inoculation for love, as for small-pox."

"When I was young I fell in love with a sacristan; I should like to know what good that did me!" said the Princess Miagkaya.

"No; but, jesting aside, I believe that to know what love really is, one must have been deceived once, and then been set right," said the Princess Betsy.

"Even after marriage?" asked the ambassador's wife, laughing.

"It is never too late to mend," said the diplomatist, quoting the English proverb.

"But really," interrupted Betsy, "you must be deceived, so as afterwards to get into the right path. What do you think about this?" said she, addressing Anna, who was listening silently to the conversation with a scarcely perceptible smile on her firm lips.

"I think," said Anna, playing with her glove, which she had removed, "I think....if there are as many opinions as there are heads, then there are as many ways of loving as there are hearts."

Vronsky looked at her, and with a violent beating of the heart waited for her answer; after she had spoken those words he drew a deep breath, as if he had escaped some danger.

She turned suddenly to Vronsky.

"I have just had a letter from Moscow. They write me that Kitty Shcherbatskaya is very ill."

"Really," said Vronsky, with a frown.

Anna looked at him with a severe expression.

"Does n't that interest you?"

"It certainly does. I am very sorry. Exactly what did they write you, if I may be permitted to inquire?"

Anna arose and went to Betsy.

"Will you give me a cup of tea?" she said, standing behind her chair. While Betsy was pouring the tea, Vronsky went to Anna.

"What did they write you?"

"I often think that men do not know what nobility means, though they are all the time talking about it," said Anna, not answering his question.

"I have been wanting to tell you for a long time," she added, and taking a few steps she sat down at a corner table laden with albums.

"I don't quite know what your words mean," he said, offering her a cup of tea.

She glanced at the divan near her, and he instantly sat down on it.

"Yes, I have been wanting to tell you," she continued, without looking at him. "You have acted badly, — very badly."

"Don't I know that I have? But whose fault was it?"

"Why do you say that to me?" said she, with a severe look.

"You know why," he replied boldly and joyously, meeting her gaze, and without dropping his eyes.

She, not he, felt confused.

"This simply proves that you have no heart," said she. But her eyes told the story, that she knew that he had a heart, and that therefore she feared him.

"What you were talking about just now was error, not love."

"Remember that I have forbidden you to speak that word, that hateful word," said Anna, trembling; and instantly she felt that by the use of that one word "forbidden," she recognized a certain jurisdiction over him, and thus encouraged him to speak of love. "For a long time I have been wanting to say this to you," she continued, looking steadily into his eyes, and all aflame with the color that burned in her face. "I have come to-night on purpose, knowing that I should find you here; I have come to tell you this must come to an end. I have never had to blush before any one before, and you somehow cause me to feel guilty in my own eyes."

He looked at her, and was struck with the new spiritual beauty of her face.

"What do you want me to do?" said he, simply and gravely.

"I want you to go to Moscow, and beg Kitty's pardon."

"You do not want that," said he.

He saw that she was compelling herself to say one thing, while she really desired something else.

"If you love me, as you say you do," she murmured, "then do what will give me peace!"

Vronsky's face lighted up.

"Don't you know that you are my life? But I don't know what peace means, and I can't give it to you. Myself, my love, I can give — yes, I cannot think of you and of myself separately. For me, you and I are one. I see no hope of peace for you or for me in the future. I see the possibility of despair, of misfortune, — unless I see the possibility of happiness, and what happiness!.... Is it really impossible?" he murmured, with his lips only, but she heard him.

She directed all the forces of her mind to say what she ought; but, instead of that, she looked at him with love in her eyes, and said nothing.

"Ah!" he thought, with rapture, "at the very moment

when I was in despair, when it seemed I should never succeed, it has come! She loves me! She confesses it."

"Then do this for me, and never speak to me in this way again; let us be good friends," said her words: her eyes told a totally different story.

"We can never be mere friends; you yourself know it. Shall we be the most miserable, or the happiest, of human beings? It is for you to decide."

She began to speak, but he interrupted her.

"You see I ask only one thing, the right of hoping and suffering, as I do now; if it is impossible, order me to disappear, and I will disappear; you shall not see me if my presence is painful to you."

"I do not wish to drive you away."

"Then change nothing; let things go as they are," said he, with trembling voice. "Here is your husband!"

Indeed, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch at that instant was entering the drawing-room, with his calm face and awkward gait.

Glancing at his wife and Vronsky, he went first to the hostess, and then he sat down with a cup of tea, and in his slow and well-modulated voice, in his habitual tone of persiflage, which seemed always to deride some one or something, he said, as he glanced around at the assembly:—

"Your Rambouillet is complete,—the Graces and the Muses!"

But the Princess Betsy could not endure this "*sneering*" tone of his, as she called it,—and, like a clever hostess, quickly brought him round to a serious discussion of the forced conscription. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch immediately entered into it, and began gravely to defend the new ukase against Betsy's attacks.

Vronsky and Anna still sat near their little table.

"That is getting rather pronounced," said a lady, in a whisper, indicating with her eyes Karenin, Anna, and Vronsky.

"What did I tell you?" said Anna's friend.

Not only these ladies, but nearly all who were in the drawing-room, even the Princess Miagkaya and Betsy

herself, glanced more than once at them sitting apart from the general company, as if it disturbed them. Only Aleksei Aleksandrovitch never once looked in their direction, and was not diverted from the interesting conversation on which he had started.

Betsy, perceiving the disagreeable impression that all felt, substituted some one else in her place to listen to Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, and crossed over to Anna.

"I always admire your husband's clear and explicit language," she said. "The most transcendental thoughts seem within my reach when he speaks."

"Oh, yes!" said Anna, with a radiant smile of joy, and not understanding a word that Betsy had said. Then she went over to the large table, and joined in the general conversation.

After he had stayed half an hour Aleksei Aleksandrovitch spoke to his wife and proposed to her that they should go home together; but she answered, without looking at him, that she wished to remain to supper. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch took leave of the company and departed.

Madame Karenina's coachman, a portly old Tatar, in his lacquered leather coat, was having some difficulty in restraining his left-hand gray, which was excited with the cold. A lackey stood holding open the carriage door. The Swiss was standing ready to open the outer door; Anna Arkadyevna was listening with ecstasy to what Vronsky whispered, while she was freeing, with nervous fingers, the lace of her sleeve, which had caught on the hook of her fur cloak.

"You have said nothing, let us admit, and I make no claim," Vronsky was saying, as he accompanied her down, "but you know that it is not friendship that I ask for; for me, the only possible happiness of my life is contained in that word that you do not like.... love."

"Love...." she repeated slowly, as if she had spoken to herself; then suddenly, as she disentangled her lace, she said, "I do not like this word, because it means too

much, far more than you can imagine," and she looked him full in the face. "Da svidanya!"¹

She reached him her hand, and, with a quick elastic step, passed the Swiss, and disappeared in her carriage.

Her look, her pressure of his hand, filled Vronsky with passion. He kissed the palm on the place which she had touched, and went home with the happy conviction that that evening had brought him nearer to the goal of which he dreamed, than all the two months past.

CHAPTER VIII

ALEKSEÏ ALEKSANDROVITCH found nothing unusual or improper in the fact that his wife and Vronsky had been sitting by themselves and having a rather lively talk together; he noticed that to others in the drawing-room it seemed unusual and improper, and therefore it seemed to him also improper. He decided that he ought to speak about it to his wife.

When he reached home, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, according to his usual custom, went to his library, threw himself into his arm-chair, and opened his book at the place marked by a paper-cutter, in an article on Papistry, and read till the clock struck one, as he usually did. From time to time he passed his hand across his high forehead, and shook his head, as if to drive away an importunate thought. At his usual hour he arose and he prepared to go to bed. Anna Arkadyevna had not yet returned. With his book under his arm, he went upstairs; but that evening, instead of pursuing his usual train of reflections and thinking over his governmental duties, his mind was occupied with his wife and the disagreeable impression which her behavior had caused him. Contrary to his habit, instead of going to bed he walked up and down the rooms with his arms behind his back. He could not go to bed because he felt that first it was incumbent on him to ponder anew over the exigency that had arisen.

¹ *Da svidanya*, like *au revoir* or *auf wiedersehen*, has no equivalent in English.

When Alekseï Aleksandrovitch made up his mind that he must have a talk with his wife, it seemed to him very simple and natural; but now, as he reflected, it occurred to him that the matter was complicated and perplexing.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was not jealous. Jealousy in his opinion was insulting to a wife, and a husband should trust in her. But he did not ask himself why one should trust her, that is to say, why a man should expect a young wife always to love him.

But he had not felt any lack of confidence simply because he trusted her, and said to himself that it was the proper thing to do. But now, although it was his conviction that jealousy is a disgusting state of mind, and that it was his duty to trust his wife and that his faith was still intact, yet he felt that he was placed in an illogical and ridiculous position, and he knew not what he ought to do.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was now standing face to face with life, with the possibility that his wife was in love with some one else besides him, and this seemed to him very senseless and incomprehensible, because it was life itself. All his life he had lived and labored in a round of official duties concerned with the reflections of life. And whenever he came in contact with life itself he was revolted by it. Now he experienced a sensation such as a man feels, who, passing calmly over a bridge above a precipice, suddenly discovers that the arch is broken, and that the abyss yawns beneath his feet.

This abyss was actual life; the bridge — the artificial life which he had been living. The idea that his wife could love another man occurred to him for the first time, and filled him with terror.

Without undressing, he kept walking back and forth with regular steps: over the echoing parquetry floor of the dining-room lighted with a single burner; over the carpet of the dark drawing-room, where the light fell on his recently painted full-length portrait, over the divan; and then through his wife's boudoir, where two candles were

burning, lighting up the portraits of parents and friends, and the pretty trinkets upon her writing-table, so long familiar to him. When he reached the door of her bedroom he turned and went back.

At the end of each turn in his pacing back and forth, and especially on the hard-wood floor of his brightly lighted dining-room, he would stop and say to himself:—

“Yes, this must certainly be cut short; it must be decided; I must tell her my way of looking at it!”

And then he would turn back again.

“But what can I say? what decision can I make?” he would ask himself by the time he reached the drawing-room, and find no answer.

“But, after all,” he would say, as he turned in the library, “what has been done? Nothing. She had a long talk with him. What of that? But whom does not a society woman talk with? To be jealous is degrading both her and me,” he would say to himself as he reached her boudoir. But this reasoning, which had hitherto had such weight, had now lost its cogency.

From the door of her sleeping-room he returned again to the hall, but, as he crossed the dark drawing-room, he thought he heard a voice saying to him, “It is not so! the fact that the others noticed this signifies that there must be something in it.” — And by the time he reached the dining-room again he was saying, “Yes, the thing must be decided, and broken short off.” And once more in the drawing-room, just before he turned about, he would ask himself:—

“How can I decide? How can I tell her?”

And then he would ask himself, “What had happened?” and reply, “Nothing,” and remember that jealousy is a feeling degrading to a woman; but again in the drawing-room he would feel persuaded that something had happened.

His thoughts, like his steps, followed the same circle, and he struck no new idea. He recognized this, rubbed his forehead, and sat down in her boudoir.

There, as he looked at her table, with its malachite writing-tablet, and a letter unfinished, his thoughts took

another direction; he began to think of her, and how she would feel. His imagination vividly showed him her personal life, her thoughts, and her desires; and the idea that she might, that she must, have her individual life apart from his, seemed to him so terrible, that he hastened to put it out of his mind.

This was the abyss which it was so dreadful for him to gaze into. To penetrate by thought and feeling into the soul of another was a psychical effort strange to Aleksei Aleksandrovitch. He considered it a pernicious and dangerous mental habit.

"And what is most terrible," he said to himself, "is that this senseless uncertainty comes on me just as I am about to bring my work to completion," — he referred to a scheme which he was at that time managing, — "and when I need perfect freedom from agitation and all my mental powers. What is to be done? I am not one of those men who can endure agitation and annoyance and have the strength of mind to face them."

"I must reflect; I must take some stand and get rid of this annoyance," he added aloud. "I do not admit that I have any right to probe into her feelings, or to scrutinize what is going on in her heart; that belongs to her conscience, and comes into the domain of religion," he said to himself, feeling some consolation that he had found a domain of law applicable to the circumstances that had arisen.

"So," he continued, "the questions relating to her feelings and the like are questions of conscience, in which I have no concern. My duty lies clearly before me. As head of my family, I am bound to guide her, and therefore, to a certain degree, I am responsible. I must point out the danger which I see; I must watch over her, and even use my powers. I must speak to her."

And Aleksei Aleksandrovitch formulated in his mind everything that he should say to his wife. While he was thinking it over he regretted the necessity of wasting his time and his intellectual powers in family matters. But, in spite of him, his plan assumed, in his thought, the clear, precise, and logical form of a report: —

“I must make her understand as follows: First, The meaning and importance of public opinion and decorum; Secondly, The religious significance of marriage; Thirdly, if necessary, The unhappiness which it might cause her son; Fourthly, The unhappiness which might befall herself.”

And Alekseï Aleksandrovitch twisted his fingers together, palms down, and made the joints crack.

This gesture, of joining his hands and stretching his finger-joints, — a bad habit, — calmed him, and conduced to the precision of which he now stood in such need.

A carriage was heard driving up to the house. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch stopped in the middle of the hall. He heard his wife’s step on the stairway. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had his sermon all ready; but still he stood there, squeezing his crossed fingers and trying to make the joints crack. One joint cracked.

Even as he heard her light steps on the stairs he was conscious of her presence, and, though he was satisfied with his sermon, he dreaded the explanation that was imminent.

CHAPTER IX

ANNA entered with bent head, playing with the tassels of her *bashluik* or Turkish hood. Her face shone with a bright glow, but this bright glow did not betoken joy; it reminded one of the terrible glow of a conflagration against a midnight sky. When she saw her husband, she raised her head and smiled, as if she had awakened from a dream.

“You are not abed yet? what a miracle!” she said, taking off her *bashluik*; and, without pausing, she went into her dressing-room, crying, “It is late, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch,” as she got to the door.

“Anna, I must have a talk with you.”

“With me?” she said, in astonishment, coming out into the hall, and looking at him. “What is it? What about?” she asked, and sat down. “Well, let us talk,

then, if it is so necessary ; but I would much rather go to sleep."

Anna said what came to her tongue, and was astonished to hear herself, astonished at her own facility at telling a lie. How perfectly natural her words sounded, and how probable that she wanted to go to sleep ; she felt herself clad in an impenetrable armor of falsehood. She felt that some invisible power assisted her and sustained her.

"Anna, I must give you a warning."

"A warning?" she exclaimed ; "why?"

She looked at him so innocently, so gayly, that any one who did not know her as her husband did would have noticed nothing unnatural either in the tone of her voice or in the meaning of what she said. But for him, who knew her, who knew that when he was five minutes later than usual she always remarked on it, and asked the reason, for him who knew that her first impulse was always to tell him of her pleasures and her sorrows, for him now to see the fact that Anna took special pains not to observe his agitation, that she took special pains not to say a word about herself, all this was very significant. He saw that the depths of her soul, hitherto always opened to his gaze, were now shut away from him. Moreover, by her tone he perceived that she was not confused by this ; but as it were she said openly and without dissimulation, "Yes, I am a sealed book, and so it must be, and will be from henceforth."

He felt as a man would who should come home and find his house barricaded against him.

"Perhaps the key will yet be found," thought Aleksei Aleksandrovitch.

"I want to warn you," said he, in a gentle voice, "lest by your imprudence and your thoughtlessness you give people cause to talk about you. Your rather too lively conversation this evening with Count Vronsky" — he pronounced this name slowly and distinctly — "attracted attention."

He finished speaking, and looked at Anna's laughing eyes, now terrible to him because they were so impene-

trable, and he saw all the idleness and uselessness of his words.

"You are always like this," she said, as if she had not understood him, and intentionally had understood only the last part of what he said. "Sometimes you don't like it because I am bored, and sometimes you don't like it because I have a good time. I was not bored this evening; does that disturb you?"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch trembled; again he stretched his fingers till the knuckles cracked.

"Akh! I beg of you, don't crack your fingers, I detest it so," said she.

"Anna, is this you?" said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, trying to control himself, and stopping the movement of his hands.

"Yes! but what is it?" she asked, with a sincere and almost comic astonishment. "What do you want of me?"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was silent, and passed his hand across his brow and over his eyes. He felt that, instead of having done as he intended, that is, instead of having warned his wife of her errors in the sight of the world, he was agitated at what concerned her conscience, and was perhaps striking some imaginary wall.

"This is what I wanted to say," he continued, coldly and calmly, "and I beg you to listen to me until I have done. As you know, I regard jealousy as an insulting and degrading sentiment, and I never allow myself to be led away by it; but there are certain laws of propriety which one cannot cross with impunity. This evening, judging by the impression which you made, — I am not the only one that noticed it, all did, — you did not conduct yourself at all in a proper manner."

"Decidedly I do not understand at all," said Anna, shrugging her shoulders. "He does not really care," she thought; "all that he fears is the opinion of the world." — "You are not well, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch," she added, rising, and starting to go to her room.

But he stepped in front of her as if to prevent her from going. Never had Anna seen his face so displeased and ugly; she remained standing, tipping her head to one side, while with quick fingers she began to pull out the hair-pins.

"Well! I will hear what you have to say," she said, in a calm, bantering tone; "I shall even listen with interest, because I should like to know what it is all about."

She herself was astonished at the assurance and calm naturalness with which she spoke, as well as at her choice of words.

"I have no right to examine your feelings. I think it is useless and even dangerous," Aleksē Aleksandro-vitch began. "If we probe too deeply into our hearts, we run the risk of touching on what we ought not to perceive. Your feelings concern your conscience. But in presence of yourself, of me, and of God, I am in duty bound to remind you of your obligations. Our lives are united, not by men, but by God. Only by crime can this bond be broken, and such a crime brings its own punishment."

"I don't understand at all. Oh, heavens, how sleepy I am!" said Anna, swiftly running her hand over her hair, and taking out the last pin.

"Anna! in the name of Heaven, don't speak so," said he, gently. "Maybe I am mistaken; but believe me, what I say to you is as much for your advantage as for mine; I am your husband, and I love you."

Anna's face for an instant grew troubled, and the mocking fire disappeared from her eyes; but the word "love" irritated her. "Love!" she thought; "does he know what it means? If he had never heard that there was such a thing as love, he would never have used that word."

"Aleksē Aleksandrovitch, truly, I don't know what you mean," she said. "They say you find...."

"Allow me to finish. I love you, but I am not speaking for myself; those who are chiefly interested are our son and yourself. It is quite possible, I repeat, that my

words may seem idle and ill-judged; possibly they are the result of mistake on my part. In that case, I beg you to forgive me; but if you yourself feel that there is the least foundation for my remarks, then I earnestly urge you to reflect, and, if your heart inclines you, to confide in me."....

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, without noticing the fact, had spoken a very different discourse from the one that he had prepared.

"I have nothing to say." And she added in a sprightly tone, scarcely hiding a smile, "Truly, it is time to go to bed."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch sighed, and, without speaking further, went to their chamber.

When she reached the room, he was already in bed. His lips were sternly set, and he did not look at her. Anna got into bed, every moment expecting that he would speak to her again; she both feared it and desired it, but he said nothing.

She waited long without moving, and then forgot all about him. She was thinking of some one else; she saw him and was conscious of her heart throbbing with emotion and with guilty joy. Suddenly she heard a slow and regular sound of snoring. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch at first seemed to be startled himself, and stopped; but at the end of a second the snoring began again with monotonous regularity.

"Too late! too late!" she whispered, with a smile. She lay for a long time thus, motionless, with open eyes, the shining of which it seemed to her she herself could see in the darkness.

CHAPTER X

FROM this time began a new life for Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and his wife. Nothing unusual happened. Anna continued to go into society, and was especially often at the Princess Betsy's; and everywhere she met Vronsky. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch saw it, but was

powerless to prevent it. Whenever he tried to bring about an explanation, she raised up against him an impenetrable wall of humorous perplexity.

Outwardly, everything was the same, but their relations had completely changed. Alekseï Aleksandrovitich, a remarkably strong man in matters requiring statesmanship, here found himself powerless. Like an ox, submissively lowering its head, he waited the blow of the ax which he felt was lifted against him. Whenever he began to think about it, he felt that once more he must try by gentleness, tenderness, reason, to save Anna, and bring her back to him. Every day he made up his mind to speak; but as soon as he made the attempt, that evil spirit of falsehood which possessed her seemed to lay hold of him also, and he spoke not at all in the tone in which he meant to speak. Involuntarily, what he said was spoken in his tone of raillery, which seemed to cast ridicule on those who would speak as he did. And this tone was not at all suitable for the expression of the thoughts that he wished to express.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XI

WHAT had been for nearly a whole year the sole desire of Vronsky's life, changing all his former desires — what Anna had looked upon as an impossible, a terrible, and, therefore, the more a fascinating, dream of bliss, was at last realized. Pale, with quivering lower jaw, he stood over her, begging her to be calm, himself not knowing how or why.

“Anna! Anna!” he said, with trembling voice. “Anna! for God's sake!”....

But the more intensely he spoke the lower she hung her once proud, joyous, but now humiliated head, and she crouched all down, and dropped from the divan, where she had been sitting, to the floor at his feet. She would have fallen on the carpet had he not held her.

“My God! forgive me!” she sobbed, pressing his

hands to her breast. She felt that she was such a sinner and criminal that nothing remained for her except to crouch down and beg for forgiveness; now there was nothing else for her in life but him, so that to him alone she turned her prayer for forgiveness. As she looked at him she felt her humiliation physically, and she could say no more.

But he felt exactly as a murderer must feel when he sees the lifeless body of his victim. This lifeless body was their love—the first epoch of their love. There was something horrible and repulsive in the recollection of the terrible price that they had paid for this shame. The shame in the presence of their spiritual nakedness oppressed her and took hold of him. But in spite of all the horror felt by the murderer in presence of the body of his victim, he must cut it in pieces, must bury it, must take advantage of his crime.

And, as with fury and passion the murderer throws himself on the dead body and drags it and cuts it, so he covered her face and shoulders with kisses. She held his hand and did not stir.

“Yes, these kisses were what had been bought with this shame! Yes, and this hand, which will always be mine, is the hand of my accomplice.”

She raised his hand and kissed it. He fell on his knees, and tried to look into her face; but she hid it and said nothing. At last, as if trying to control herself, she made an effort to rise, and pushed him away. Her face was still as beautiful as ever; even so much the more was it pitiful.

“All is ended,” said she; “I have nothing but thee, remember that.”

“I cannot help remembering it, since it is my life. A moment before this happiness....”

“What happiness?” she cried, with contempt and horror. And horror involuntarily seized him also. “For God’s sake, not a word, not a word more.”

She quickly got up and moved away from him, and with a strange expression of hopeless despair, such as he had never seen before, on her face, she stood aloof from

him. She felt that at that moment she could not express in words the sense of shame, rapture, and horror at this entrance into a new life, and she did not wish to speak about it or vulgarize the feeling with definite words.

But even afterward, on the next day, on the third day, not only did she fail to find words in which to express the complication of these feelings, but she could not even find thoughts by which to formulate to herself all that was in her soul.

She said to herself:—

“No, I cannot now think about this; by and by, when I am calmer.”

But this calmness never came. Every time when the questions arose: “What had she done? and what would become of her? and what ought she to do?” she was filled with horror, and she compelled herself not to think about them.

“By and by, by and by,” she repeated, “when I am calmer.”

On the other hand, during sleep, when she had no control of her thoughts, her situation appeared in its ugly nakedness. One dream almost every night haunted her. She dreamed that she was the wife both of Vronsky and of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, and that both lavished their caresses on her. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch kissed her hands, and said, weeping, “How happy we are now!” Alekseï Vronsky, also, was there, and he was her husband. She was amazed that she had ever believed such a thing impossible; and she laughed as she explained to them that this was far simpler, that both would henceforth be satisfied and happy. But this dream weighed on her like a nightmare, and she always awoke in fright.

CHAPTER XII

EVEN in the first weeks after Levin returned from Moscow, every time that with flushed cheeks and a trembling in his limbs he remembered the shame of his rejection, he would say to himself:—

“I blushed and trembled like this, and I felt that all was lost, when I got one in physics, and had to go into the second class; and I thought myself irretrievably ruined when I bungled in my sister’s affairs, which were confided to me. And now? Now the years have gone by, and I look back and wonder how it could disturb my mind. It will be just the same with my disappointment this time. Time will pass, and I shall grow callous.”

But three months passed away and the callousness did not come, and it was as painful for him to remember it as on the first day. He could not reconcile himself to the fact that, after dreaming so long of family life, after being, as he thought, so well prepared for it, not only was he not married, but found himself farther than ever from marriage. He felt painfully, as all those around him felt, that it is not good for a man of his age to live alone. He remembered that before his departure for Moscow he had once said to his cowherd, Nikolai, a simple-hearted muzhik with whom he liked to talk:—

“Do you know, Nikolai, I am thinking of getting married?” whereupon Nikolai had instantly replied, as if there could not be the slightest doubt about it:—

“This ought to have been long ago, Konstantin Dmitritch.”

And now marriage was farther off than ever. The place was taken; and when, exercising his imagination, he put into that place some young girl of his acquaintance, he felt that it was perfectly impossible. Moreover, the recollection of how Kitty refused him and of the part which he played still tormented him with mortification. It was idle to say that he was not to blame in this; this recollection, taken together with other mortifying experiences of the same sort, made him quiver and grow red in the face. He had on his conscience, as every man has, the remembrance of evil deeds for which he should have repented; but the remembrance of these evil deeds did not trouble him nearly so much as the feeling of his humiliation, slight as it really was. It was a wound that refused to heal. He could not keep out

of his mind his rejection, and the miserable position in which he must have been placed in the eyes of others.

Time and labor, however, brought their balm; the painful impressions little by little began to fade in presence of the events of the country life, important in reality, in spite of their apparent insignificance. Each week his thoughts turned to Kitty with less frequency. He even began to await with impatience the news that she was married, or was going to be married, hoping that this event would bring healing in the same way as the pulling of a tooth may.

Meantime spring came, beautiful, friendly, without treachery or false promises,—a spring such as fills plants and animals, no less than men, with joy. This splendid season gave Levin new zeal, and confirmed his resolution to tear himself from the past so as to reorganize his solitary life on conditions of permanence and independence. Although many of the plans that he had formed on his return to the country had not been put into effect, yet the most essential one—that his life should be kept pure—had been realized. He experienced none of that sense of shame which ordinarily tormented him after a fall; and he could look fearlessly into men's eyes.

In February he had received a letter from Marya Nikolayevna, who informed him that his brother's health was failing, and that he would not use any remedies. In consequence of this letter he had immediately gone to Moscow, where he persuaded Nikolai to consult a physician, and then to go abroad for the baths. He succeeded so well in persuading his brother and in lending him money for the journey, without exasperating him, that he felt quite satisfied with himself.

Besides his farm-labors, which especially occupied his attention that spring, and his ordinary reading, Levin was deeply engaged in writing a work on rural economy, which he had begun during the winter. His theory was that in farming the laborer's temperament is a factor as important as climate or the soil, and that consequently all the deductions of agronomic science are drawn, not

from the premises of soil and climate alone, but from the soil, the climate, and the certain unchangeable character of the laborer.

Thus, notwithstanding his loneliness or in consequence of his loneliness, his life, therefore, was very busy and full; only occasionally he felt the need of some one besides Agafya Mikhaïlovna with whom to communicate the ideas that came into his head. However, he brought himself to discuss with her about physics, the theories of rural economy, and, above all, philosophy. Philosophy was Agafya Mikhaïlovna's favorite subject.

The spring opened late. During the last weeks of Lent the weather was clear but cold. During the day the snow melted in the sun, but at night the mercury went down to seven degrees; the crust on the snow was so thick that carts could go anywhere across the fields.

It snowed on Easter Sunday. Then suddenly, on the following day, a warm wind blew, the clouds drifted over, and for three days and three nights a warm and heavy rain fell ceaselessly. On Thursday the wind went down, and then over the earth was spread a thick gray fog, as if to conceal the mysteries that were accomplishing in nature; under this fog, the fields were covered with water, the ice was melting and disappearing, the brooks ran more swiftly, foaming and muddy. Toward evening the Krasnaya Gorka, or Red Hill, began to show through the fog, the clouds scattered like snipe, and spring in reality was there in all her brilliancy.

The next morning the sun rose bright and quickly melted away the thin sheet of ice that still covered the ponds, and the warm atmosphere grew moist with the vapors rising from the earth; the old grass and the young blades peeping from the sod, with its tiny needles, the buds on the snow-ball trees, the currant bushes, and the sticky sappy birch trees, grew green, swelled, and on their branches, powdered with golden bloom, swarms of honey-bees buzzed in the sun. Invisible larks trilled their songs over the velvet of the green and the prairies freed from snow; the lapwings lamented for their hollows and marshes, submerged by the stormy waters;

the wild swans and geese flew high in the air, with their calls of spring. The cattle, with rough hair and spots worn bare, lowed as they went out to pasture; the bandy-legged lambs gambled around the bleating ewes, soon to lose their wool; swift-footed children ran bare-foot over the wet paths, where their footprints were left like fossils; the peasant-women gossiped gayly around the edge of the pond, where they were bleaching their linen; and in the yards resounded the axes of the muzhiks, repairing their plows and their wagons.

Spring had really come.

CHAPTER XIII

LEVIN put on his heavy boots, and, for the first time, his sleeveless cloth coat instead of his fur shuba, and went out to look over his estate, tramping through the brooklets which dazzled his eyes as they glanced in the sun, and stepping, now on a cake of ice, and now in sticky mud.

Spring is the epoch of plans and projects. Levin, as he went out into his court, no more definitely knew what he would first take in hand in his beloved farming than the tree in early spring knows how and why his young sprouts and branches grow out from their enveloping buds; but he felt that he was going to originate the most charming projects and the most sensible plans.

He went first to see his cattle. The cows had been let out into the yard, and with their smooth new coats of hair glistening as they warmed themselves in the sun, they were lowing as if to beg permission to go out to pasture. Levin knew them all, even to the minutest particulars. He contemplated them with satisfaction, and gave orders to take them to pasture, and to let the calves out into the yard. The cow-boy gayly started to drive them out into the field. The milkmaids, gathering up their petticoats, and splashing through the mud with bare feet, white as yet, and free from tan, chased the bellowing calves, silly with the rapture of spring, and with switches kept them from escaping from the yard.

Admiring the young cattle which the year had brought, for they were uncommonly beautiful, — the oldest already as large as a peasants' cow, and Pava's daughter, three months old, as big as a yearling, — Levin ordered the trough to be brought out for them, and their hay to be given them behind gratings.¹ He found, however, that these gratings, which had been made in the autumn, but were not used during the winter, were out of repair. He sent for the carpenter, who was supposed to be busy repairing the threshing-machine; but it seemed that the carpenter was not there. He was repairing the harrows, which should have been repaired during Lent. This made Levin very indignant. He was indignant at this everlasting repetition of such slovenliness, against which he had so many years struggled with all his might. The gratings, as he soon learned, not having been in use during the winter, had been carried to the stable, where, as they were of light construction, and meant only for calves, they had been broken.

Moreover, it appeared that nothing had been done to the harrows and other agricultural implements, which should have been inspected and put in order during the winter months, and for this purpose especially he had hired three carpenters. The harrows were needed immediately for work in the fields. Levin summoned the overseer,² then he himself went in search of him. The overseer, as radiant as everything else was that day, came from the threshing-floor dressed in a lined lambskin coat.³ He was twisting a straw between his fingers.

"Why is n't the carpenter at work on the threshing-machine?"

"Oh, yes; that is what I meant to tell you last evening: the harrows had to be repaired! We've got to plow."

"Yes; but what have you been doing this winter?"

"Yes; but why do you hire such a carpenter?"

¹ *Reshotki*, a sort of portable palisade.

² *Prikashchik*.

³ *Tulupchik*.

"Where are the gratings for the calves?"

"I ordered them to be put in place. You can't do anything with such people," replied the overseer, waving his hands.

"Not such people, but such an overseer!" said Levin, getting still more angry. "Well, what do I keep you for?" he shouted; but, recollecting that shouts did not do any good, he stopped in the middle of his remark and only sighed. "Well, can you get the seed in yet?" he asked, after a silence.

"Back of Turkino we might to-morrow, or the day after."

"And the clover?"

"I sent Vasili and Mishka to sow it, but I don't know whether they succeeded; it's muddy."

"On how many acres?"

"Sixteen acres."¹

"Why not the whole?" cried Levin.

He was still more indignant because they had sowed only sixteen acres instead of fifty-four: he knew by his own experience, as well as by theory, the need of sowing the clover-seed as early as possible, almost in the snow, and Levin never could get this done.

"Not enough people. What can you do with these men? The three hired men did not come; and then Semyon...."

"Well, you would better have taken them away from the straw."

"Yes; I did that very thing."

"Where are all the people?"

"There are five at the *compote* [he meant to say *compote*]; four are moving the oats, so that they should not spoil, Konstantin Dmitritch."

Levin knew very well that these words, "*So that they should not spoil*," meant that his English oats saved for seed were already ruined. Again they had not done what he had ordered.

"Yes! But did I not tell you during Lent to put in the ventilating-chimneys?" he cried.

¹ Six desyatins; a *desyatina* is 2.7 acres.

"Don't you be troubled; we will do all in good time."

Levin angrily waved his hand, and went to examine his oats in the granary; then he went to the stables. The grain was not yet spoiled, but the workmen were stirring it up with shovels when they might have let it down from one story to the other. After he had straightened this matter and sent two hands to sow the clover, Levin calmed down in regard to his overseer. It was such a lovely day that one could not keep angry.

"Ignat," he cried to his coachman, who, with upturned sleeves, was washing the carriage near the pump, "saddle me a horse."

"Which one?"

"Well, Kolpik."

"I will do so."

While he was saddling the horse, Levin again called the overseer, who was busying himself in his vicinity, hoping to be restored to favor, and began to speak with him about the work that he wanted done during the spring, and about his plans for carrying on the estate.

He wanted the compost spread as soon as possible, so as to have this work done before the first mowing; then he wanted the farthest field plowed, so that it might be left fallow. All the fields — not half of them — should be attended to with the laborers.

The overseer listened attentively, doing his best evidently to approve of his master's plans. But nevertheless his face wore that vexatiously hopeless and melancholy expression which Levin knew so well. This expression seemed to say, "This is all very well and good, but as God shall give."

Nothing exasperated Levin so much as this tone, but it was common to all the overseers that had ever been in his service. They all received his projects with the same dejected air; and so he now refrained from getting angry, but he was exasperated and felt himself still more stimulated for the struggle against this, as it were elemental, force which he could not help calling "*As God*

shall give," and which constantly opposed him everywhere.

"If we have time, Konstantin Dmitritch," said the overseer.

"Why shall we not have time?"

"We absolutely ought to hire fifteen more workmen, but they can't be had. Some came to-day who asked seventy rubles for the summer."

Levin did not speak. Again the opposing force! He knew that, however he might exert himself, he never could hire more than forty, thirty-seven, or thirty-eight, laborers at a reasonable price; he had succeeded in getting forty, never more; but nevertheless he could not give up vanquished.

"Send to Suri, to Chefirovka; if they don't come, we must go for them."

"I'm going to go," said Vasili Feodorovitch, gloomily. "But then the horses are very feeble."

"Buy some more; but then I know," he added, with a laugh, "that you will do as little and as badly as you can. However, I warn you that I will not let you do as you please this year. I shall take the reins in my own hands."

"Yes! but even as it is you get too little sleep, it seems to me. We are very happy to be under our master's eyes...."

"Now, have the clover put in on the Berezof Bottom, and I shall come myself to inspect it," said he, mounting his little horse, Kolpik, which the coachman brought up.

"Don't go across the brooks, Konstantin Dmitritch," cried the coachman.

"Well, then, by the woods."

And on his little, lively, easy-going ambler, which whinnied as it came to the pools, and which pulled on the bridle, having been too long in the stable, Levin rode out of the muddy courtyard, and across the open fields.

Happy as Levin had felt in his cow-yard and cattle-pen, he felt still happier out in the field. Rhythmically swaying on his easy-going, gentle pony, drinking in the

warm air, freshened by the snow as he rode through the forest where the snow still lay here and there rapidly melting in the tracks, he took keen delight in every one of his trees, with greening moss and swelling buds. As he came out from the forest, before him lay a vast stretch of fields; they seemed like an immense carpet of velvet where there was not a bare spot or a marsh, only here and there in the hollows marked with patches of melting snow. The sight of a peasant's mare and colt treading down his fields did not anger him, but he ordered a passing muzhik to drive them out. With the same gentleness he received the sarcastic and impudent answer of the muzhik Ipat, whom he met and asked, "Ipat, shall we put in the seed before very long?" And Ipat replied, "We must plow first, Konstantin Dmitritch."

The farther he went, the more his good-humor increased, and each of his plans for improving his estate seemed to surpass the other: to protect the fields on the south by lines of trees so as to prevent the snow from staying too long; to divide his arable fields into nine parts, six of which should be well dressed, and the other three sown down to grass; to build a cow-yard in the farthest corner of one field, and have a pond dug; to have portable inclosures for the cattle, so as to utilize the manure; and thus to cultivate three hundred desyatins of wheat, a hundred desyatins of potatoes, and one hundred and fifty of clover, without exhausting the soil.

Full of these reflections, he picked his way carefully along so as not to tread down his fields, till at last he reached the place where the laborers were sowing the clover. The cart, loaded with seed, instead of being left on the edge of the field, had been driven into the plowed land, and his winter wheat was crushed by the wheels and trampled down by the horse. The two laborers were sitting by the edge of the field, evidently smoking a mutual pipe. The earth in the cart, mixed together with the seed, had not been worked over, but was full of hard or frozen lumps.

When he saw the master, the laborer Vasili started toward the cart, and Mishka began to sow. This was all wrong, but Levin rarely got angry with his laborers. When Vasili came up to him, Levin ordered him to lead the horse to the side of the field.

"It won't do any harm, sir; it will spring up again."

"Please not discuss it," replied Levin, "but do what I say."

"I will obey," said Vasili, taking the horse by the head. "What splendid seed, Konstantin Dmitritch," he added, to regain favor. "Best kind! But it is frightful going! You drag a *pud* on each foot."

"But why was n't the earth sifted?" asked Levin.

"Oh! it'll come out all right," replied Vasili, taking up some seed, and crushing the lump in his palm.

It was not Vasili's fault that they were scattering the unsifted soil; but it was vexatious, nevertheless. Having more than once to his advantage made use of a well-known means of wreaking his vexation, which always seemed to him foolish, Levin now determined to try it and see if he could recover his good temper. He noticed how Mishka strode along dragging huge clods of clay which stuck to each of his feet; so, dismounting, he took the seed-cod from Vasili and began to scatter the seed.

"Where did you stop?"

Vasili touched the spot with his foot, and Levin went on as best he could, scattering the earth with the seed. But it was as hard as wading through a marsh, and after he had gone a row he stopped all in a sweat, and returned the seed-cod.

"Well, barin, if that row does n't come out well next summer, don't blame me for it!" said Vasili.

"Indeed I won't," replied Levin, gayly, already feeling the efficacy of the means he had employed.

"But just look at the summer we're going to have! 'T will be magnificent! If you'll notice, that's where I sowed last spring. How well I planted it! Why, Konstantin Dmitritch, I work as if I were working for my

own father! Well, I don't like to do slack work. What is good for the master is good for us. And look yonder at that field," continued Vasili, pointing to the field, "it delights my heart."

"It is a fine spring, Vasili."

"Yes! it is such a spring as our old men can't remember. I was at home, and our elder has already sowed an acre¹ of wheat; as he says he can hardly tell it from rye."

"But how long have you been sowing wheat?"

"Why, you yourself taught us how to sow it year before last. You spared me two measures. It gave eight bushels and we sowed an acre with it."

"Well! look here, see that you break up the earth well!" said Levin, as he started for his ambler, "look after Mishka; and if the seed comes up well, you shall have fifty kopeks a desyatin."

"We thank you humbly: we should be content even without that."

Levin mounted his horse, and rode off to visit his last year's clover-field, and then to the field which was already plowed ready for the summer wheat.

The crop of clover in the stubble-field was miraculous. It had all survived, and was covering with a mantle of green all the ground where the preceding fall the roots of the wheat had been left.

The horse sank up to the fetlock, and each foot made a sucking noise as he pulled it out of the half-thawed soil. It was entirely impossible to cross the plowed land. Only where there was ice would it hold, but in the thawed furrows the horse's leg sank above the fetlock. The plowed field was excellent. In two days the harrowing and sowing could be done. Everything was beautiful, everything was gay!

Levin rode back by way of the brooks, hoping to find the water lower; in fact, he found that he could get

¹ *Tri osminnika*; in the government of Tula an osminnik is an eighth of a desyatin. One chetvert (about eight bushels) plants three of these eighths, or an acre. Levin promises an equivalent of about forty cents for 2.7 acres.

across ; and, as he waded through, he scared up a couple of wild ducks.

“There ought to be snipe, also,” he thought ; and a forest guard whom he met on his way to the house confirmed his supposition.

He immediately spurred up his horse, so as to get back in time for dinner, and to prepare his gun for the evening.

CHAPTER XIV

Just as Levin reached home, in the best humor in the world, he heard the jingling of bells at the side entrance.

“There, now ! some one from the railroad station,” was his first thought ; “it’s time for the Moscow train. — Who can have come ? brother Nikolaï ? Did he not say that instead of going abroad he might perhaps come to see me ?”

For a moment it occurred to him disagreeably that his brother Nikolaï’s presence might spoil his pleasant plans for the spring ; but, disgusted at the selfishness of this thought, his mind, so to speak, instantly received his brother with open arms, and he began to hope, with affectionate joy, that it was really he.

He hurried his horse, and as he came out from behind the acacia, he saw a hired troïka from the railway station and a traveler dressed in a shuba.

It was not his brother.

“Akh ! if only it is some agreeable man to talk with,” he thought.

“Ah !” he cried, lifting up both arms as he recognized Stepan Arkadyevitch, “here is the most delectable of guests ! Akh ! how glad I am to see you ! — I shall certainly learn from him if she is married or when she’s going to be,” he added to himself.

This splendid spring morning he felt that the memory of Kitty was not at all painful.

“You scarcely expected me, I suppose,” said Stepan

Arkadyevitch, leaping out of the sledge, with spots of mud on the bridge of his nose, on his cheeks, and on his forehead, but radiant with health and pleasure. "I am come, first, to see you," he cried, throwing his arms around Levin and kissing him; "secondly, to shoot a few birds; and thirdly, to sell the forest at Yergushovo."

"Perfect, is n't it? What do you think of this spring? But how could you have got here in a sledge?"

"Traveling is far worse with a telyega, Konstantin Dmitritch," replied the postilion, who was an acquaintance.

"Well! Indeed, I am delighted to see you again," said Levin, with a genuine smile of boyish joy.

He conducted his guest to the room kept in readiness for visitors, and had Stepan Arkadyevitch's things brought up, — a gripsack, a gun in its case, and a box of cigars, and then, leaving him to wash and dress himself, he went down to his office to speak about the clover and the plowing.

Agafya Mikhaïlovna, who had very much at heart the honor of the mansion, met him in the vestibule with questions about dinner.

"Do just as you please," replied Levin, as he went out; "only make haste about it," said he, and went to the overseer.

When he returned, Stepan Arkadyevitch, who had washed, and combed his hair, was just coming out of his room with a radiant smile, and together they went up-stairs.

"Well, I am very happy to have got out to your house at last. I shall now learn the mystery of your existence here. Truly, I envy you. What a house! How convenient everything is! how bright and delightful!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, forgetting that bright days and the springtime were not always there. "And your old nurse, — what a charming old soul! All that's lacking is a pretty little chambermaid with an apron on, — but that does not suit your severe and monastic style; but this is very good."

Stepan Arkadyevitch had much interesting news to

tell : especially interesting to Levin was the tidings that his brother Sergyei Ivanovitch expected to come into the country this summer ; but not one word did Stepan Arkadyevitch say about Kitty or any of the Shcherbat-skys, he simply transmitted his wife's greeting. Levin was grateful to him for this delicacy. As usual, he had stored up during his hours of solitude a throng of ideas and impressions which he could not share with any of his domestics, and now he poured into Oblonsky's ears his poetical spring joys, his failures and plans and farming projects, his thoughts and his observations on the books which he had read, and above all the idea of his treatise, the scheme of which consisted — though he himself had not noticed it — of a critique on all former works on farming.

Stepan Arkadyevitch, amiable, and always ready to grasp a point, showed unusual cordiality ; and Levin even thought that he noticed a certain flattering consideration and an undertone of tenderness in his treatment of him.

The efforts of Agafya Mikhaïlovna and the cook to get up an especially good dinner resulted in the two friends, who were half starved, betaking themselves to the *zakuska*, or lunch-table, and devouring bread and butter, cold chicken and salted mushrooms, and finally in Levin calling for the soup without the little pasties which the cook had made in the hope of surprising the guest.

But Stepan Arkadyevitch, though he was used to different kinds of dinners, found everything excellent, the *travnik*, or herb-beer, the bread, the butter, and especially the cold chicken, the mushrooms, the *shchi*, or cabbage-soup, the fowl with white sauce, and the white Crimean wine, — everything was admirable, wonderful !

“Perfect ! perfect !” he cried, as he lit a big cigarette after the roast. “I feel as if I had escaped the shocks and noise of a ship, and had landed on a peaceful shore. And so you say that the element represented by the working-man ought to be studied above all others, and be taken as a guide in the choice of economy expe-

dients. You see I am a *profanus* in these questions, but it seems to me that this theory and its applications would have an influence on the working-man”

“Yes; but hold on. I am not speaking of political economy, but of rural economy considered as a science. You must study the premises, the phenomena, just the same as in the natural sciences; and the working-man, from the economical and ethnographical point of view”

But here Agafya Mikhaïlovna entered with the dessert of preserves.

“Well, now! accept my compliments, Agafya Mikhaïlovna,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, kissing the ends of his hairy fingers. “What nice baked chicken! What delicious beer! — Well, Kostia, is n’t it time to go?” he added.

Levin looked out of the window toward the sun, which was sinking behind the tree-tops, still bare and leafless.

“It is time. Kuzma, have the horses hitched up,” he cried, as he went down-stairs.

Stepan Arkadyevitch followed him, and carefully removed the canvas covering from the lacquered case, and, having opened it, proceeded to take out his costly gun, which was of the newest pattern.

Kuzma, already scenting a generous fee, gave him assiduous attention, and helped him put on his stockings and his hunting-boots; and Stepan Arkadyevitch accepted his aid complacently.

“If the merchant Rabinin comes while we are gone, Kostia, — I told him to be here to-day, — do me the favor to have him kept till we get back.”

“Are you going to sell your wood to Rabinin?”

“Yes. Why, do you know him?”

“Oh! certainly I know him. I have done business with him, ‘positively and finally.’”

Stepan Arkadyevitch burst into a laugh. “Positively and finally” were the favorite words of the merchant.

“Yes; he is very droll in his speech! — She knows where her master is going,” he added, patting Laska,

who was jumping and barking around Levin, licking now his hand, now his boots and gun.

A *dolgusha*, or hunting-wagon, was waiting at the steps as they came out.

"I had the horses put in, although we have but a little distance to go," said Levin; "but would you rather walk?"

"No, I prefer to ride," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, as he mounted the wagon. He sat down, tucking round his legs a striped plaid, and lighted a cigar. "How can you get along without smoking, Kostia? A cigar it is not only a pleasure, it is the very crown and sign of delight. This is life indeed. How delightful! I should like to live like this!"

"What's to prevent?" asked Levin, with a smile.

"Yes; but you are a fortunate man, for you have everything that you like. You like horses, you have them; dogs, you have them; hunting, here it is; an estate, here it is!"

"Perhaps it is because I enjoy what I have, and don't covet what I have not," replied Levin, with Kitty in his mind.

Stepan Arkadyevitch understood, and looked at him without speaking.

Levin was grateful to Oblonsky because he avoided speaking about the Shcherbatskys, with his usual tact perceiving that Levin dreaded to speak about them; but now he felt anxious to find out how matters stood, but he did not dare to inquire.

"Well, how go your affairs?" asked Levin, realizing how selfish it was in him to think only of himself.

Oblonsky's eyes glistened with gayety.

"You will not admit that one can want hot rolls when he has his monthly rations; in your eyes it is a crime: but for me, I cannot admit the possibility of living without love," he replied, construing Levin's question in his own fashion. "What's to be done about it? I am so constituted. And it is a fact, it does so little harm to any one else, and gives one so much pleasure...."

"What! there is a new one, is there?" asked Levin.

“There is, brother! You know the type of the women in Ossian? ... these women that you see in dreams? ... But they really exist, and are terrible. Woman, you see, is an inexhaustible theme; you can never cease studying her, — she always presents some new phase.”

“So much the better not to study her, then.”

“Not at all. Some mathematician has said that happiness consisted in searching for truth and never finding it.”

Levin listened, and said no more; and, notwithstanding all the efforts which he made, he could not in the least enter into his friend's soul, and understand his feelings and the charm of studying such women.

CHAPTER XV

THE place where the birds collected was not far away, by a small stream, flowing through an aspen grove. Levin got out and took Oblonsky to a nook in a mossy, somewhat marshy meadow, where the snow had already melted. He himself went to the opposite side, near a double birch, rested his gun on the fork of a dead branch, took off his kaftan, clasped a belt about his waist, and insured the free motion of his arms.

Old gray Laska, following him step by step, sat down cautiously in front of him, and pricked up her ears. The sun was setting behind the great forest, and against the bright sky the young birches and aspens stood out distinctly, with their bending branches and their swelling buds.

In the forest, where the snow still lay, the low rippling sound of waters could be heard running in their narrow channels; little birds were chirping, and flying from tree to tree. In the intervals of perfect silence one could hear the rustling of the last year's leaves, moved by the thawing earth or the pushing herbs.

“Why, one really can hear and see the grass grow!” said Levin to himself, as he saw a moist and slate-col-

ored aspen leaf raised by the blade of a young herb starting from the sod.

He stood, listening and looking, now at the damp moss-covered ground, now at the watchful Laska, now at the bare tree-tops of the forest, which swept like a sea to the foot of the hill, and now at the darkening sky, where floated little white bits of cloud. A hawk flew aloft, slowly flapping his broad wings above the distant forest; another took the same direction and disappeared. In the thicket the birds were chirping louder and more gayly than ever. Not far away, an owl lifted his voice, and Laska pricked up her ears again, took two or three cautious steps, and bent her head to listen. On the other side of the stream a cuckoo sang. Twice it uttered its customary cry, and then its voice grew hoarse, it flew away, and was heard no more.

"Why, the cuckoo has come!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, coming out from behind his thicket.

"Yes, I hear," said Levin, disgusted that the silence of the forest was broken, by the sound even of his own voice. "You won't have to wait long now."

Stepan Arkadyevitch returned to his place behind his thicket, and Levin saw only the flash of a match and the red glow of his cigarette and a light bluish smoke.

Tchik! tchik! Stepan Arkadyevitch cocked his gun.

"What was that making that noise?" he asked of his companion, attracting his attention to a protracted humming as if a colt was neighing with a very slender voice.

"Don't you know what that is? That is the buck rabbit. Don't speak any more. Listen, there is a bird!" cried Levin, cocking his gun.

A slender distant whistle was heard, with that rhythmic regularity which the huntsman knows so well; then a moment or two later it was repeated nearer, and suddenly changed into a hoarse little cry.

Levin turned his eyes to the right, to the left, and finally saw, just above his head, against the fading blue of the sky, above the gently waving aspens, a bird flying. It flew straight toward him; its cry, like the noise

made by tearing stiff cloth, rang in his ears; then he distinguished the long bill and the long neck of the bird, but hardly had he caught sight of it when a red flash shone out from behind Oblonsky's bush. The bird darted off like an arrow and rose into the air again; but again the light flashed and a report was heard, and the bird, vainly striving to rise, flapped its wings for a second, and fell heavily to the wet earth.

"Did I miss?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, who could see nothing through the smoke.

"Here she is," cried Levin, pointing to Laska, who, with one ear erect, and waving the tip end of her hairy tail, slowly, as if to lengthen out the pleasure, came back with the bird in her mouth, seeming almost to smile as she laid the game down at her master's feet.

"Well now, I am glad you succeeded," said Levin, though he felt a slight sensation of envy, because he himself had not killed this snipe.

"The right barrel missed, curse it!" replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, reloading his gun. "*Sh!*.... Here's another"

In fact, the whistles came thicker and thicker, rapid and sharp. Two snipe flew over the hunters, playing, chasing each other, and only whistling, not clucking. Four shots rang out; and the snipe, making a sudden turn like swallows, disappeared from sight.

* * * * *

The sport was excellent. Stepan Arkadyevitch killed two others, and Levin also two, one of which was lost. It grew darker and darker. Venus, with silvery light, shone out low in the west from behind the birches; and high in the east, Arcturus gleamed, with his somber, reddish fire. Above his head, Levin found and lost the stars of the Great Bear. The snipe had now ceased to fly, but Levin resolved to wait until Venus, which was visible above the birch trees, should stand clear above the lower branches, and till all the stars of the Great Bear should be entirely visible. The star had passed beyond the birch trees, and the wain of the Bear with

its pole was shining out clear in the dark blue sky, and he was still waiting.

"Is n't it getting late?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

All was calm in the forest; not a bird moved.

"Let us wait a little longer," replied Levin.

"Just as you please."

At this moment they were not fifteen paces apart.

"Stiva," cried Levin, suddenly, "you have not told me whether your sister-in-law is married yet, or whether she is to be married soon."

He felt so calm, his mind was so thoroughly made up, that nothing, he thought, could move him. But what Stepan Arkadyevitch answered was wholly unexpected.

"She is not married, and she is not thinking of marriage. She is very ill, and the doctors have sent her abroad. They even fear for her life."

"What did you say?" cried Levin. "Very ill? What is the matter? How did she...."

While they were talking thus, Laska, with ears erect, was gazing at the sky above her head, and looking at them reproachfully.

"This is not the time to talk," thought Laska. "Ah! Here comes one — there he goes; they will miss him."

At the same instant a sharp whistle pierced the ears of the two huntsmen, and both, leveling their guns, shot at once; the two reports, the two flashes, were simultaneous. The snipe, flying high, folded his wings, drew up his delicate legs, and fell into the thicket.

"Excellent! both together!" cried Levin, running with Laska in search of the game. "Oh, yes! What was it that hurt me so just now? Ah, yes! Kitty is ill," he remembered. "What is to be done about it? It is too bad. — Ah! she has found it! Good dog," said he, taking the bird, still warm, from Laska's mouth, and putting it into his overflowing game-bag.

"Come on, Stiva!" he cried.

CHAPTER XVI

ON their way home, Levin questioned his friend about Kitty's illness and the plans of the Shcherbatskys. Though it caused some conscientious scruples, what he heard was pleasant news to him. It was pleasant because it left him with some grounds for hope, and it was still more pleasant to think that she who had caused him so much suffering, was suffering herself. But when Stepan Arkadyevitch began to speak of the reason of Kitty's illness, and pronounced the name of Vronsky, he interrupted him.

"I have no right to know these family matters, since I am not concerned."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled imperceptibly as he noticed the sudden and characteristic change in Levin, who, in an instant, had passed from gayety to sadness.

"Have you succeeded in your transaction with Rabinin about the wood?" he asked.

"Yes, I have made the bargain. He gives me an excellent price, — thirty-eight thousand rubles, eight in advance, and the rest in six years. I had been long about it; no one offered me any more."

"That means you are selling your wood for a song," said Levin, frowning.

"Why so?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a good-humored smile, knowing that now Levin would totally disapprove of everything.

"Because your wood is worth at least five hundred rubles a desyatin."

"Oh! You rural economists!" replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, banteringly. "What a tone of scorn to us, your city brother!.... And yet, when it comes to business matters, we come out of it better than you do. Believe me, I have made a careful calculation. The wood is sold under very favorable conditions; and I fear only one thing, and that is lest the merchant will back out of it! You see, it is wretched wood," he went on, accenting the word *wretched*, so as to convince

Levin of the unfairness of his criticism, "and nothing but fire-wood. There will not be much more than thirty cords to the acre,¹ and he pays me at the rate of two hundred rubles."

Levin smiled scornfully.

"I know these city people," he thought, "who, coming twice in ten years into the country, and learning two or three country words, which they use appropriately or inappropriately, are firmly persuaded that they know it all. '*Wretched! only thirty cords!*' he speaks words without knowing what he is talking about."

"I do not pretend to teach you what you write in your office," said he, "and, if I needed, I would even ask your advice. But you are so sure that you understand this whole document about the wood. It is hard. Have you counted the trees?"

"What? Count my trees?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a laugh, and still trying to get his friend out of his ill-humor. "Count the sands, the rays of the planets — though a lofty genius might"

"Well, now! I tell you the lofty genius of Rabinin may! Never does a merchant purchase without counting, — unless, indeed, the wood is given away for nothing as you have done. I know your forest, I go hunting there every year; and your forest is worth five hundred rubles a desyatin cash down; and he has given you only two hundred, and on a long term. That means you make him a present of thirty thousand."

"Well, enough of imaginary receipts," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, plaintively. "Why did n't some one offer me this price?"

"Because the merchants connive together. I have had to do with all of them; I know them. They are not merchants, but speculators. None of them is satisfied with a profit less than ten or fifteen per cent. They wait till they can buy for twenty kopeks what is worth a ruble."

"Well, enough; you are out of sorts."

¹ Thirty sazhen to the desyatin. A *desyatin* is 2.7 acre. A cubic *sazhen* is 2.68 cords.

"Not at all," said Levin, sadly, as they were approaching the house.

A small cart, tightly bound with iron and leather, drawn by a fat horse, tightly harnessed with wide straps, was standing at the entrance; in the cart sat a red-faced overseer tightly belted, who served Rabinin as a coachman. Rabinin himself was already in the house, and met the two friends in the vestibule. Rabinin was a man of middle age, tall and thin, wearing a mustache, but his prominent chin was well shaven. His eyes were protuberant and muddy. He was clad in a dark blue coat with buttons set low behind, and he wore high boots, wrinkled around the ankles and smooth over the calves, and over his boots huge galoshes. Wiping his face with his handkerchief, and wrapping his overcoat closely around him, though without that it fitted him well enough, he came out with a smile, to meet the gentlemen as they entered. He gave one hand to Stepan Arkadyevitch as if he wanted to grasp something.

"Ah! Here you are," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, shaking hands. "Very good."

"I should not have ventured to disobey your excellency's orders, though the roads are very bad. Positively, I came all the way on foot, but I got here on time. A greeting to you, Konstantin Dmitritch," said he, turning to Levin, intending to seize his hand also; but Levin, frowning, affected not to notice the motion, and began to take out the snipe.

"You have been enjoying a hunt? What kind of a bird is that?" asked Rabinin, looking at the snipe disdainfully. "I suppose it has a peculiar flavor." And he shook his head disapprovingly, as if he felt doubtful whether the game were worth the candle.

"Would you like to go into the library?" said Levin, darkly scowling, addressing Stepan Arkadyevitch in French. "Go to the library, and discuss your business there."

"Just as you please," replied the merchant, in a tone of disdainful superiority, apparently wishing it to be

understood that others might find difficulties in transacting business, but that he never could.

As he entered the library, Rabinin glanced about as if his eyes were in search of the holy image; but when he caught sight of it, he did not cross himself. He glanced at the bookcases and the shelves lined with books, and with the same air of doubt that the snipe had caused, he smiled scornfully and shook his head disapprovingly, as if this kind of game also were not worth the candle.

"Well, did you bring the money?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Sit down."

"The money will come all in good time, but I came to see you and have a talk."

"What have we to talk about? However, sit down."

"May as well sit down," said Rabinin, taking a chair, and leaning back in it in the most uncomfortable attitude. "You must give in a trifle, prince; it would be sinful not to do it. As to the money, it is all ready, absolutely and finally even to the last kopek; as far as the money goes, there will be no delay."

Levin, who had been putting his gun away in the armory, and was just leaving the room, stopped as he heard the last words.

"You bought the wood for a song," said he. "He came to visit me too late; I would have got a good price for it."

Rabinin arose and smilingly contemplated Levin from head to foot, but said nothing.

"Konstantin Levin is very sharp," said he, at length, turning to Stepan Arkadyevitch. "One never succeeds in arranging a bargain finally with him. I have bought wheat, and paid good prices."

"Why should I give you my property for a song? I did not find it in the ground, nor did I steal it."

"Excuse me; at the present day it is absolutely impossible to be a thief, everything is done, in the present day, honestly and openly. Who could steal, then? We have spoken honestly and honorably. The wood is too

dear ; I shall not make the two ends meet. I beg him to yield a little."

"But is your bargain made, or is it not? If it is made, there is no need of haggling; if it is not," said Levin, "I am going to buy the wood."

The smile suddenly disappeared from Rabinin's lips. A rapacious and cruel expression, like that of a bird of prey, came in its place. With his bony fingers he tore open his overcoat, bringing into sight his shirt, his waistcoat with its copper buttons, and his watch-chain; and from his breast-pocket he pulled out a huge, well-worn wallet.

"Excuse me, the wood is mine," he exclaimed, making a rapid sign of the cross, and he extended his hand. "Take your money, the wood is mine. This is how Rabinin ends his transactions. He does not reckon his kopeks," said he, knitting his brows and waving his wallet eagerly.

"If I were in your place, I should not be in haste," said Levin.

"Mercy on me!" said Oblonsky, astonished, "I have given my word."

Levin dashed out of the room, slamming the door. Rabinin glanced at the door and shook his head.

"Merely the effect of youth; definitely, pure childishness. Believe me, I buy this, so to speak, for the sake of glory, so that they may say, 'It's Rabinin, and not some one else, who has bought Oblonsky's forest.' And God knows how I shall come out of it! Have faith in God! Please sign."

An hour later the merchant, carefully wrapping his khalat around him and buttoning up his overcoat, took his seat in his cart and drove home, with the agreement in his pocket.

"Oh! these gentlemen!" he said to his overseer, "always the same story."

"So it is," replied the prikashchik, giving up the reins, so as to arrange the leather boot. "And your little purchase, Mikhaïl Ignatyitch?"

"Well! well!"

CHAPTER XVII

STEPAN ARKADYEVITCH went up-stairs, his pockets bulging out with "promises to pay," due in three months, which the merchant had given him. The sale of the forest was concluded; he had money in his pocket; sport had been good; and Stepan Arkadyevitch was in the happiest frame of mind, and therefore was especially eager to dispel the sadness which had taken possession of Levin. He wanted a good ending for the day that since dinner had shown such promise.

In point of fact, Levin was not in good spirits, and in spite of his desire to seem amiable and thoughtful toward his beloved guest, he could not control himself. The intoxication which he felt in learning that Kitty was not married had begun little by little to affect him.

Kitty not married, and ill—ill from love for a man who had jilted her. It was almost like a personal insult. Vronsky had slighted her, and she had slighted him. Levin, consequently, had gained the right to despise him. He was therefore his enemy. Levin did not reason this all out. He had a vague sense that there was something in this humiliating to him, and he was angry now because it had upset his plans, and so everything which came up annoyed him. The stupid sale of the forest, which had taken place under his roof, and the way Oblonsky had been cheated, exasperated him.

"Well, is it finished?" he asked, as he met Stepan Arkadyevitch up-stairs. "Would you like some supper?"

"Yes, I won't refuse. What an appetite I feel in the country! It's wonderful! Why did n't you offer a bite to Rabinin?"

"Ah! the devil take him!"

"Why! how you treated him!" exclaimed Oblonsky. "You did n't even offer him your hand! Why did n't you offer him your hand?"

"Because I don't shake hands with my lackey, and my lackey is worth a hundred of him."

"What a retrograde you are! And how about the fusion of classes?" said Oblonsky.

"Let those who like it, enjoy it! It is disgusting to me."

"You, I see, are a retrograde."

"To tell the truth, I never asked myself what I am. I am Konstantin Levin — nothing more."

"And Konstantin Levin in a very bad humor," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling.

"Yes, I am in bad humor, and do you know why? Because.... excuse me.... because of your stupid barg...."

Stepan Arkadyevitch frowned good-naturedly, like a man who is unreasonably scolded and blamed.

"There! that'll do!" he said. "After any one has sold anything, they come saying, 'You might have sold this at a higher price;' but no one thinks of offering this fine price before the sale.... No; I see you have a grudge against this unfortunate Rabinin."

"Maybe I have. And do you know why? You will call me retrograde or some worse name, but it is so vexatious and disgusting to me to see what is going on everywhere — the nobility which I belong to, and in spite of your fusion of classes, am very glad to belong to, always getting poorer and poorer.... And this growing poverty is not in consequence of luxurious living. That would be nothing. To live like lords is proper for the nobles; the nobles only can do this. Now the muzhiks are buying up our lands; that does not trouble me; the proprietor does nothing, the muzhik is industrious, and supplants the lazy man. So it ought to be. And I am very glad for the muzhik. But what vexes me, and stirs my soul, is to see the proprietor robbed by.... I don't know how to express it.... by his own innocence. Here is a Polish leaseholder, who has bought, at half price, a superb estate of a lady who lives at Nice. Yonder is a merchant who has hired a farm for a ruble an acre, and it is worth ten rubles an acre. And this very day, without the slightest reason, you have given this rascal a present of thirty thousand."

"But what can I do? Count my trees one by one?"

“Certainly ; if you have not counted them, Rabinin did, and his children will have the means whereby to live and get an education, whereas yours, perhaps, will not.”

“Well, forgive me, but there is something pitiful in such minute calculations. We have our ways of doing things, and they have theirs ; and let them get the profits. There now ! Moreover, it is done, and that’s the end of it. And here is my favorite omelette coming in ; and then Agafya Mikhaïlovna will certainly give us a glass of her marvelous herb-beer.”

Stepan Arkadyevitch sat down at the table and began to joke with Agafya Mikhaïlovna, assuring her that he had not eaten such a dinner and such a supper for an age.

“You can give fine speeches, at least,” said Agafya Mikhaïlovna. “But Konstantin Dmitritch, whatever was set before him, if only a crust of bread, would eat it and go away.”

Levin, in spite of his efforts to control himself, was melancholy and gloomy. He wanted to ask Stepan Arkadyevitch one question, but he could not make up his mind, nor could he find either the opportunity in which to ask it, or a suitable form in which to couch it.

Stepan Arkadyevitch had gone down to his room, and, after another bath, had put on a ruffled night-shirt and gone to bed. Levin still dallied in his room, talking about various trifles, but not having the courage to ask what he had at heart.

“How wonderfully well this is made !” said he, taking from its wrapper a piece of perfumed soap, which Agafya Mikhaïlovna had prepared for the guest, but which Oblonsky had not used. “Just look ; isn’t it truly a work of art ?”

“Yes ; all sorts of improvements nowadays,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a beatific yawn. “The theaters, for example, and — a — a — a” — yawning again — “these amusing a-a-a and electric lights everywhere a-a-a-a”

“Yes, the electric lights,” repeated Levin. “And

that Vronsky, where is he now?" he suddenly asked, putting down the soap.

"Vronsky?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, ceasing to yawn. "He is at Petersburg. He went away shortly after you did, and has not been in Moscow since. And do you know, Kostia," he continued, leaning his elbow on a little table placed near the head of the bed, and resting his handsome ruddy face on his hand, while two oily, good-natured, and sleepy eyes shone out like twin stars, "I am going to tell you the truth. You yourself were to blame. You were afraid of a rival. And I will remind you of what I said: I don't know which of you had the best chances. Why didn't you go ahead? I told you then that...."

He yawned again, with his jaws only, trying not to open his mouth.

"Does he, or does n't he, know that I offered myself?" thought Levin, looking at him. "Yes! there is something subtle, something diplomatic, in his face;" and, feeling that he was flushing, he said nothing, but looked straight into Oblonsky's eyes.

"If on her part there was any feeling for him, it was merely a slight drawing," continued Oblonsky. "You know, that absolutely high breeding of his and the chances of position in the world had an effect on her mother, but not on her."

Levin frowned. The humiliation of his rejection, with which he was suffering as from a recent wound, smarted in his heart. Fortunately, he was at home; and the very walls of the home sustain one.

"Wait! wait!" he interrupted; "you said, 'high breeding'!¹ But let me ask you, what means this high breeding of Vronsky, or any one else — a high breeding that could look down on me. You consider Vronsky an aristocrat. I don't. A man whose father sprang from nothing, by means of intrigue, whose mother has had liaisons with God knows whom.... Oh, no, excuse me! Aristocrats, in my opinion, are men like myself, who can show in the past three or four generations of excel-

¹ *Aristokratism.*

lent families, belonging to the most cultivated classes, — talents and intellect are another matter, — who never abased themselves before anybody, and were never dependent on others, — like my father and grandfather. And I know many such. It seems small business to you that I count my trees, while you give thirty thousand rubles to Rabinin: but you receive a salary, and other things; and I receive nothing of the sort, and therefore I appreciate what my father left me, and what my labor gives me. We are the aristocrats, and not those who live only by means of what the powers of this world dole out to them, and who can be bought for a copper.”

“There! whom are you so angry with? I agree with you,” replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, sincerely and gayly, though he knew that when Levin hurled his sarcasms at those who could be bought for a copper, he meant him. But Levin’s animation really pleased him. “Whom are you angry with? Though much of what you say about Vronsky is not true, still I won’t speak about that. I will tell you frankly that if I were in your place, I would start for Moscow, and”

“No! I don’t know whether you know or not, — but it’s over for me. I will tell you. I proposed and was rejected; so that now the memory of Katerina Aleksandrovna is painful and humiliating.”

“Why so? What nonsense!”

“But let us not speak of it. Forgive me if I have been rude to you,” said Levin. Now that he had made a clean breast of it, he began once more to feel as he had felt in the morning. “You will not be angry with me, Stiva? I beg of you, don’t be angry with me,” said he, and with a smile he took his hand.

“Of course not. I will not think anything more about it. I am very glad, though, that we have spoken frankly to each other. And, do you know, sport will be capital to-morrow. We can try it again, can’t we? In that case I would not even sleep, but go straight from the grove to the station.”

“Capital!”

CHAPTER XVIII

ALTHOUGH Vronsky's inner life was wholly absorbed by his passion, his outward life unchangeably and inevitably ran along on the former ordinary rails of his social and regimental ties and interests. His regiment filled an important part in his life, in the first place because he loved his regiment, and, still more, because he was extremely popular in it. In his regiment he was not only admired, but he was also respected. They were proud of him, proud that a man enormously rich, with a fine education and with qualities, with a path open before him to every kind of success and ambition and glorification, scorned all that, and placed the interests of his regiment and his comrades above all the interests of life. Vronsky recognized the feeling which he inspired, and, besides the fact that he loved that life, he felt called on, in a certain degree, to sustain his character.

Of course he spoke to no one of his passion. Never did an imprudent word escape him, even when he joined his comrades in the liveliest of drinking-bouts, — however, he was never so intoxicated as to lose control over himself, — and he kept his mouth shut in the presence of those gossiping meddlers who made the least allusion to the affairs of his heart. Nevertheless, his passion was a matter of notoriety throughout the city; all had more or less well-founded suspicions of his relationship to Madame Karenin, and most of the young men envied him on account of the very thing that was the greatest drawback to his love, — Karenin's high station, which made the matter more conspicuous.

The majority of young women, jealous of Anna, whom they were weary of hearing always called *the just*, were not sorry to have their predictions verified, and were waiting only for the sanction of public opinion, to overwhelm her with the whole weight of their scorn; they had already prepared for use the mud which should be thrown at her when the time should come. Most people of experience, and those of high rank, were dis-

pleased at the prospect of a disgraceful scandal in society.

Vronsky's mother, when she heard of the liaison, at first was glad; because, in her opinion, nothing gave the last finish to a brilliant young man compared to an intrigue in high life; and because she was not sorry to find that this Madame Karenin, who had pleased her so much and who seemed so entirely devoted to her boy, was, after all, only like any other handsome and elegant woman. But later she learned that her son had refused an important promotion, for no other reason than that he might stay with his regiment and keep on visiting Madame Karenin, and she learned that, on account of this, persons very high in authority were dissatisfied with him, and she changed her opinion in regard to it.

There was another reason why she did not now approve of it: from all she could learn of this liaison, it was not the brilliant and fashionable flirtation, such as she approved, but a desperate tragedy, after the style of Werther, according to report, and she was afraid lest her son should be drawn into some folly. Since his unexpected departure from Moscow she had not seen him, but she sent word to him, through his elder brother, that she desired him to come to her. His elder brother was even more dissatisfied, not because he felt anxious to know whether this love-affair was to be deep or ephemeral, passionate or Platonic, innocent or guilty, — he himself, though a married man and the father of a family, had a ballet dancer for a mistress, and therefore had no right to be severe, — but because he knew that this love-affair was displeasing in quarters where it was better to be on good terms; and therefore he blamed his brother's conduct.

Vronsky, besides his society relations and his military duties, had yet another absorbing passion, — horses. The officers' handicap races were to take place this summer. He became a subscriber, and bought a pure-blood English trotter; and in spite of his love-affair, he was passionately though discreetly interested in the results of the races.

These two passions did not interfere with each other. On the contrary, he needed something independent of his love-affair, some occupation and interest in which he could find refreshment and recreation after the over-violent emotions which stirred him.

CHAPTER XIX

ON the day of the Krasno-Sielo races, Vronsky came earlier than usual to eat a beefsteak in the officers' common dining-hall. He was not at all constrained to limit himself, since his weight satisfied the 160 pounds¹ required; but he did not want to get fat, and so he refrained from sweet and farinaceous foods. He sat down with his coat unbuttoned over his white waistcoat, and with both elbows resting on the table; while he was waiting for his beefsteak he kept his eyes on the pages of a French novel which lay on the plate. He looked at his book only so as not to talk with the officers as they went and came, but he was thinking.

He was thinking how Anna had promised to meet him after the races. But he had not seen her for three days; and he was wondering if she would be able to keep her appointment, as her husband had just returned to Petersburg from a journey abroad, and he was wondering how he could find out. They had met for the last time at his cousin Betsy's *datcha*, or country-house. For he went to the Karenins' *datcha* as little as possible, and now he wanted to go there, and he was asking himself, "How can it be managed?"

"Of course, I will say that I am charged by Betsy to find whether she expects to attend the races, — yes, certainly, I will go," he said, raising his head from his book. And his face shone with the joy caused by his imagination of the forthcoming interview.

"Send word that I wish my carriage and troika harnessed and brought round," said he to the waiter who

¹ Four and a half pud: a pud is 36.11 pounds avoirdupois.

was bringing his beefsteak on a hot silver platter. Moving the platter toward him, he began his meal.

In the adjoining billiard-room the clicking of balls was heard, and two voices talking and laughing. Two officers appeared in the door: one of them was a young man with delicate, refined features, who had just graduated from the Corps of Pages and joined the regiment; the other was old and fat, with little, moist eyes, and wore a bracelet on his wrist.

Vronsky glanced at them and frowned, and went on eating and reading at the same time, as if he had not seen them.

"Getting ready for work, are you?" asked the fat officer, sitting down near him.

"You see I am," replied Vronsky, wiping his lips, and frowning again, without looking up.

"But aren't you afraid of getting fat?" continued the elderly officer, pulling up a chair for his junior.

"What!" cried Vronsky, making a grimace to express his disgust and aversion, and showing his splendid teeth.

"Aren't you afraid of getting fat?"

"Waiter, sherry!" cried Vronsky, without replying, and he changed his book to the other side of his plate, and continued to read.

The fat officer took the wine-list, and passed it over to the young officer.

"You select what we'll have to drink," said he, giving him the list and looking at him.

"Rhine wine, if you please," replied the young officer, looking timidly at Vronsky out of the corner of his eye and trying to twist his imaginary mustache.

When he saw that Vronsky did not turn, the young officer got up and said, "Let us go into the billiard-room."

The fat officer humbly arose, and the two went out of the door.

At the same time a tall, stately cavalry captain, named Yashvin, came in. He condescendingly and disdainfully nodded to the two officers, and went toward Vronsky.

"Ah! here he is," he cried, laying his heavy hand on Vronsky's shoulder. Vronsky turned round angrily, but in an instant a pleasant, friendly expression came into his face.

"Well, Alyosha!" said the cavalry captain, in his big baritone. "Have something more to eat, and drink one more glass with me."

"No; I don't want anything more to eat."

"Those are inseparables," said Yashvin, looking derisively at the two officers as they disappeared. Then he sat down, doubling up under the chair, which was too short for him, his long legs dressed in tight uniform trousers. "Why were n't you at the Krasnensky theater last evening? Numerova was not bad at all. Where were you?"

"I stayed too late at the Tverskoï's," said Vronsky.

"Ah!" exclaimed Yashvin.

Yashvin, a gambler, a debauchee, was Vronsky's best friend in the regiment. It could not be said of him that he lacked principles. He had principles, but they were immoral ones. Vronsky liked him, both for his exceptional physical vigor, which allowed him to drink like a hogshead and not feel it, and to do absolutely without sleep if it were necessary, and also for his great social ability, which he employed in his relations to his superiors, and his comrades, attracting to himself their love and respect; and also in gambling, at which he risked tens of thousands, and always, no matter how much he had been drinking, played so cleverly and daringly that he was regarded as the leading gambler at the English Club.

Vronsky felt friendship and consideration for him, because he felt that Yashvin liked him, not for his fortune or his social position, but chiefly on his own account. Moreover, Yashvin was the only man to whom Vronsky would have been willing to speak of his love. He felt that, in spite of his affected scorn for all kinds of sentiment, he alone could appreciate the serious passion which now absorbed his whole life. Besides, he was persuaded that he found absolutely no pleasure in

tittle-tattle and scandal, but considered this feeling as essential, in other words, that he knew and believed that love was no joke, no mere pastime, but something serious and important. Thus, taken all in all, his presence was always agreeable to him.

Vronsky had not yet spoken to him about his love, but he knew that Yashvin knew it — looked on it in its true light; and it was a pleasure to read this in his eyes.

“Ah, yes!” said the cavalry captain, when he heard the name of the Tverskoï; and, flashing his brilliant black eyes at him, he seized his left mustache and began to cram it into his mouth, for this was a bad habit of his.

“And what did you do last evening? Did you gain?” asked Vronsky.

“Eight thousand rubles, but three thousand possibly are no good — I may not get them.”

“Well! Then you may lose on me,” said Vronsky, laughing; Yashvin had laid a large wager on him.

“But I shall not lose. Makhotin is the only one to be afraid of.”

And the conversation went off in regard to the races, which was the only subject of which Vronsky could now think.

“Come on, I have done,” said Vronsky, getting up and going to the door. Yashvin also arose, and stretched his huge legs and long back.

“I can’t dine so early, but I will take something to drink. I will follow you immediately. Here, *wine!*” he cried, in his heavy voice, which was the wonder of the regiment; it made the windows rattle. “No, no matter!” he cried again; “if you are going home, I’ll join you.”

And he went off with Vronsky

CHAPTER XX

VRONSKY was lodging in a neat and spacious Finnish izba, divided in two by a partition. Petritsky was his chum, not only in Petersburg, but here also in camp. He was asleep when Vronsky and Yashvin entered.

"Get up! you've slept long enough," said Yashvin, going behind the partition, and shaking the sleeper's shoulder, as he lay with his nose buried in the pillow.

Petritsky suddenly got up on his knees, and looked all about him.

"Your brother has been here," said he to Vronsky. "He woke me up, the devil take him! and he said that he would come again."

Then he threw himself back on the pillow again, and pulled up the bedclothes.

"Stop! Yashvin," he cried angrily, as his comrade twitched off his quilt. Then he turned over, opened his eyes, and said, "You would do much better to tell me what I ought to drink to take this bad taste out of my mouth."

"Vodka is better than anything," said Yashvin. "Tereshchenko! Bring the barin some vodka and cucumbers," he cried, delighting in the thunder of his voice.

"You advise vodka? ha!" exclaimed Petritsky, scowling, and rubbing his eyes. "Will you take some, too? If you'll join, all right! Vronsky, will you have a drink?" said Petritsky, getting up and wrapping a striped quilt around him under his arms. He came to the door of the partition, raised his arms in the air, and began to sing in French, "'There was a king in Thule.' — Vronsky, will you have a drink?"

"Go away," replied the latter, who was putting on an overcoat brought him by his valet.

"Where are you going?" asked Yashvin, seeing a carriage drawn by three horses. "Here's the troika."

"To the stables, then to Briansky's to see about some horses," replied Vronsky.

Vronsky had, indeed, promised to bring some money to Briansky, who lived about ten versts from Peterhof; and he was in a hurry to get there as soon as possible so as to pay for the horses, but his friends immediately understood that he was also going somewhere else.

Petritsky, who kept on singing, winked, and pursed his lips as if he would say, "We know who this Briansky means."

"See here, don't be late," said Yashvin; and, changing the subject, "And my roan, does she suit you?" he asked, looking out of the window, and referring to the middle horse of the team which he had sold.

Just as Vronsky left the room, Petritsky called out to him, "Hold on! your brother left a note and a letter. Hold on! where did I put them?"

Vronsky waited impatiently.

"Well, where are they?"

"Where are they indeed? That's the question," declaimed Petritsky, solemnly, putting his forefinger above his nose.

"Speak quick! no nonsense!" said Vronsky, smiling.

"I have not had any fire in the fireplace; where can I have put them?"

"Come now, that's enough talk! where's the letter?"

"I swear I have forgotten; or did I dream about it? Wait, wait! don't get angry. If you had drunk four bottles, as I did yesterday, you would n't even know where you went to bed. Hold on, I'll think in a minute."

Petritsky went behind his screen again, and got into bed.

"Hold on! I was lying here. He stood there. *Da-da-da-da!* Here it is!"

And he pulled the letter out from under the mattress, where he had put it.

Vronsky took the letter and his brother's note. It was exactly as he expected. His mother reproached him because he had not been to see her, and his brother said he had something to speak to him about. "What concern is it of theirs?" he muttered; and, crumpling

up the notes, he thrust them between his coat-buttons, intending to read them more carefully on the way.

Just as he left the izba, he met two officers, one of whom belonged to a different regiment. Vronsky's quarters were always the headquarters of all the officers.

"Whither away?"

"Must — to Peterhof."

"Has your horse come from Tsarskoye?"

"Yes, but I have not seen her yet."

"They say Makhotin's 'Gladiator' is lame."

"Rubbish! But how can you trot in such mud?" said the other.

"Here are my saviors," cried Petritsky, as he saw the newcomers. The denschik was standing before him with vodka and salted cucumbers on a platter. "Yashvin, here, ordered me to drink, so as to clear my head."

"Well, you were too much for us last night," said one of the officers. "You did not let us sleep all night."

"I must tell you how we ended it," began Petritsky. "Volkof climbed up on the roof, and told us that he was blue. I sung out, 'Give us some music, — a funeral march.' And he went to sleep on the roof to the music of the funeral march."

"Drink, drink your vodka by all means, and then take seltzer and a lot of lemon," said Yashvin, encouraging Petritsky as a mother encourages her child to swallow some medicine. "It is only a little bottle."

"Now, this is sense. Hold on, Vronsky, and have a drink with us!"

"No. Good-by, gentlemen. I am not drinking to-day."

"Vronsky," cried some one, after he had gone into the vestibule.

"What?"

"You'd better cut off your hair; it's getting very long, especially on the bald spot."

Vronsky, in fact, was beginning to get a little bald. He laughed gayly, showing his splendid teeth, and, pull-

ing his cap over the bald spot, he went out and got into his carriage.

"To the stables," he said.

He started to take his letters for a second reading, but on second thought deferred them so that he might think of nothing else but his horse.

"I'll wait."

CHAPTER XXI

A TEMPORARY stable, — a *balagan*, or hut, — made out of planks, had been built near the race-course; and here Vronsky's horse should have been brought the evening before. He had not as yet seen her. During the last few days he himself had not been out to drive, but he had intrusted her to the trainer; and Vronsky did not know in what condition he should find her. He was just getting out of his carriage when his *konyukh*, or groom, a young fellow, saw him from a distance, and immediately called the trainer. This was an Englishman with withered face and tufted chin, and dressed in short jacket and top-boots. He came out toward Vronsky in the mincing step peculiar to jockeys, and with elbows sticking out.

"Well, how is Frou Frou?" said Vronsky, in English.

"*All right, sir*," said the Englishman, in a voice that came out of the bottom of his throat. "Better not go in, sir," he added, taking off his hat. "I have put a muzzle on her, and that excites her. Better not go in, it excites a horse."

"No, I am going in, I want to see her."

"Come on, then," replied the Englishman; testily; and, without ever opening his mouth, and with his dandified step, he led the way.

They went into a small yard in front of the stable. An active and alert stable-boy in a clean jacket, with whip in hand, met them as they entered, and followed them. Five horses were in the stable, each in its own stall. Vronsky knew that his most redoubtable rival, —

Makhotin's Gladiator, a chestnut horse five vershoks high, — was there, and he was more curious to see Gladiator than to see his own racer; but he knew that, according to the etiquette of the races, he could not have him brought out, or even ask questions about him. As he passed along the corridor the groom opened the door of the second stall at the left, and Vronsky saw a powerful chestnut with white feet. He knew it was Gladiator; but with the delicacy of a man who turns away from an open letter which is not addressed to him, he instantly turned away and walked toward Frou Frou's stall.

"That horse belongs to Ma.... k.... mak;.... I never can pronounce his name," said the Englishman, over his shoulder, and pointing to Gladiator's stall with a huge finger, the nail of which was black with dirt.

"Makhotin's? Yes; he is my only dangerous rival."

"If you would mount him, I would bet on you," said the Englishman.

"Frou Frou has more nerve, this one stronger," said Vronsky, smiling at the jockey's praise.

"In hurdle-races, all depends on the mount, and on *pluck*."

Pluck — that is, audacity and coolness — Vronsky knew that he had in abundance; and, what was far more important, he was firmly convinced that no one could have more of this pluck than he had.

"You are sure that a good sweating was not necessary?"

"Not at all," replied the Englishman. "Please not speak so loud, the horse is restive," he added, jerking his head toward the closed stall in front of which they were standing. They could hear the horse stamping on the straw.

He opened the door, and Vronsky entered a box-stall feebly lighted by a little window. A dark bay horse, muzzled, was nervously prancing up and down on the fresh straw. As he gazed into the semi-obscurity of the stall, Vronsky in spite of himself took in at one general observation all the points of his favorite horse. Frou Frou was a horse of medium size, and not faultless

in form. Her bones were slender, although her brisket showed powerfully ; her breast was narrow, the crupper was rather tapering ; and the legs, particularly the hind legs, considerably bowed. The muscles of the legs were not big ; but, on the other hand, where the saddle rested the horse was extraordinarily wide, and this was particularly striking by reason of the firmness and the smallness of her belly. The bones of the legs below the knee seemed not thicker than a finger, seen from the front ; they were extraordinarily large when seen side-wise. The whole steed, with the exception of the ribs, seemed squeezed in and lengthened out. But she had one merit that outweighed all her faults : she was a thoroughbred, had good blood, — which *tells*, as the English say. Her muscles, standing out under a network of veins, covered with a skin as smooth and soft as satin, seemed as solid as bone ; her slender head, with prominent eyes, bright and animated, widened out at the septum into projecting nostrils with membrane which seemed suffused with blood. In her whole form and especially in her head there was an expression of something energetic and decided, and at the same time good-tempered. It was one of those creatures which do not speak for the single reason that the mechanical construction of their mouths does not permit of it.

Vronsky, at any rate, was convinced that she understood all of his thoughts while he was looking at her. As soon as he went to her she began to take long breaths, and, turning her prominent eyes so that the whites became suffused with blood, she gazed from the opposite side at the visitors, trying to shake off her muzzle, and dancing on her feet with elastic motion.

“You see how excited she is,” said the Englishman.

“Whoa, my loveliest, whoa !” said Vronsky, approaching to soothe her ; but the nearer he came the more nervous she grew, and only when he had caressed her head did she become tranquil. He could feel her muscles strain and tremble under her delicate, smooth skin. Vronsky smoothed her powerful neck, and put into

place a tuft of her mane that she had tossed on the other side; and then he put his face close to her nostrils, which swelled and dilated like the wings of a bat. She drew in the air, and loudly expelled it from her quivering nostrils, pricked up her sharp ears, and stretched out her long black lips to seize his sleeve; but, when she found herself prevented by her muzzle, she shook it, and began to caper again on her slender legs.

"Quiet, my beauty, quiet," said Vronsky, calming her; and he left the stable with the reassuring conviction that his horse was in perfect condition.

But the nervousness of the steed had taken possession of Vronsky; he felt the blood rush to his heart, and, like the horse, he wanted violent action; he felt like prancing and biting. It was a sensation at once strange and joyful.

"Well, I count on you," said he to the Englishman. "Be on the grounds at half-past six."

"All shall be ready. But where are you going, my lord?" asked the Englishman, using the title of "my lord," which he almost never permitted himself to use.

Astonished at this, Vronsky raised his head, and looked at him as he well understood how to do, not into the Englishman's eyes, but at his forehead. He instantly saw that the Englishman had spoken to him, not as to his master, but as to a jockey; and he replied:—

"I have got to see Briansky, and I shall be at home in an hour."

"How many times have I been asked that question to-day!" he said to himself; and he grew red, which was a rare occurrence with him. The Englishman looked at him closely. And, as if he also knew where Vronsky was going, he said:—

"The main thing is to keep calm before the race. Don't get out of sorts; don't get bothered."

"*All right*," replied Vronsky, with a smile; and, jumping into his carriage, he ordered the coachman to drive to Peterhof.

He had gone but a short distance before the clouds,

which since morning had been threatening rain, grew thicker, and a heavy shower fell.

"Too bad!" thought Vronsky, raising the hood of his carriage. "It has been muddy; now it will be a swamp."

Now that he was sitting alone in his covered calash, he took out his mother's letter and his brother's note, and read them over.

Yes, it was always the old story; both his mother and his brother found it necessary to meddle with his love-affairs. This interference aroused his anger,—a feeling which he rarely experienced.

"How does this concern them? Why does every one feel called on to meddle with me, and why do they bother me? Because they see that there is something about this that they can't understand. If it were an ordinary vulgar society intrigue, they would leave me in peace; but they imagine that it is something else, that it is not mere trifling, that this woman is dearer to me than life; that is incredible and vexatious to them. Whatever be our fate, we ourselves have made it, and we shall not regret it," he said to himself, including Anna in the word "we." "But no, they want to teach us how to live. They have no idea of what happiness is. They don't know that, were it not for this love, there would be for us neither joy nor grief in this world; life itself would not exist."

In reality, what exasperated him most against every one was the fact that his conscience told him that they—all of them—were right. He felt that his love for Anna was not a superficial impulse, destined, like so many social attachments, to disappear, and leave no trace beyond sweet or painful memories. He felt keenly all the torture of her situation and his, and how difficult it was in the prominent position which they held in the eyes of society to hide their love, to lie, to deceive, to dissemble, and constantly to think about others, when the passion uniting them was so violent that they both forgot about everything else except their love.

He vividly pictured to himself all the constantly re-

curring circumstances when it was essential to employ falsehood and deceit, which were so contrary to his nature. He recalled with especial vividness the feeling of shame which he had often surprised in Anna, when she also was driven to tell a lie.

Since this affair with her, he sometimes experienced a strange sensation. This was a feeling of disgust and repulsion for some one, he could not tell for whom he felt it — for Aleksei Aleksandrovitch or himself, or for all society. As far as possible he banished this strange feeling.

“Yes, heretofore she has been unhappy, but proud and calm; now she cannot be proud and content any longer, though she may not betray the fact. Yes, this must end,” he would conclude in his own mind.

And for the first time the thought of cutting short this life of dissimulation appeared to him clear and tangible; the sooner, the better.

“She and I must leave everything, and together we must go and hide ourselves somewhere with our love,” he said to himself.

CHAPTER XXII

THE shower was of short duration; and when Vronsky reached Peterhof, his shaft-horse at full trot, and the other two galloping along in the mud, the sun was already out again, and the wet roofs of the villas and the old lindens in the gardens on both sides of the principal avenue were dazzlingly shining. The water was running from the roofs, and the raindrops were dripping from the tree-tops. He no longer thought of the harm that the shower might do the race-course, but he was full of joy as he remembered that, thanks to the rain, *she* would be alone; for he knew that Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, who had just got back from a visit to the baths, would not have driven out from Petersburg.

Hoping to find her alone, Vronsky stopped his horses, as he always did, at some little distance from the house,

in order to attract as little attention as possible, and, not driving across the little bridge, got out and went to the house on foot. He did not go to the front entrance, but went through the court.

"Has the barin come?" he asked of a gardener.

"Not yet; but the baruinya is at home. Go to the front door; there are servants there; if you ring, they will open the door."

"No; I will go in through the garden."

Having satisfied himself that she was alone, and wishing to surprise her, as he had not promised that he was coming that day, and on account of the races she would not be looking for him, he walked cautiously along the sandy paths, bordered with flowers, lifting up his saber so that it should make no noise. In this way he reached the terrace which led down to the garden. Vronsky had by this time forgotten all the thoughts which had oppressed him on the way about the difficulties of his situation; he thought only of the pleasure of shortly seeing her, not in imagination only, but alive, in person, as she was in reality.

He was mounting the steep steps as gently as possible, when he suddenly remembered what he was always forgetting, and what constituted the most painful feature of his relations with her, — her son, with his inquisitive and, as it seemed to him, repulsive face.

This child was the principal obstacle in the way of their interviews. When he was present neither Vronsky nor Anna allowed themselves to speak of anything which the whole world might not hear, nor, what was more, did they even hint at anything which the child himself could not comprehend. There was no need of an agreement on that score, it was instinctive with them. Both of them considered it degrading to themselves to deceive the little lad; before him they talked as if they were mere acquaintances. But in spite of this circumspection Vronsky often noticed the lad's scrutinizing and rather suspicious eyes fixed on him, and a strange timidity and variability in his behavior toward him. Sometimes he seemed affectionate, and then again cold and shy. The

child seemed instinctively to feel that between this man and his mother there was some strange bond of union, which was beyond his comprehension.

In fact, the boy felt that he could not understand this relationship, and he tried in vain to account to himself for the feeling which he ought to have for this man. He saw, with that quick intuition peculiar to childhood, that his father, his governess, and his nurse — all of them — not only did not like Vronsky, but looked with the utmost disfavor on him, although they never spoke about him, while his mother treated him as her best friend.

“What does this mean? Who is he? Must I love him? and is it my fault, and am I a naughty or stupid child, if I don’t understand it at all?” thought the little fellow. Hence came his timidity, his questioning and distrustful manner, and this changeableness, which were so unpleasant to Vronsky. The presence of this child always caused in Vronsky that strange feeling of unreasonable repulsion which for some time had pursued him.

The presence of the child aroused in Vronsky and Anna a feeling like that experienced by a mariner who sees by the compass that the course in which he is swiftly moving is widely different from what it should be, but that to stop this course is not in his power; that every instant carries him farther and farther in the wrong direction, and the recognition of the movement that carries him from the right course is the recognition of the ruin that impends.

This child with his innocent views of life was the compass which pointed out to them the degree of their deviation from what they knew but wished not to know.

This day Serozha was not at home and Anna was entirely alone, and sitting on the terrace waiting for the return of her son, who had gone out to walk and got caught in the rain. She had sent a man and a maid to find him, and was sitting there till he should return. Dressed in a white gown with wide embroidery, she was sitting at one corner of the terrace, concealed by plants and flowers, and she did not hear Vronsky’s step. With her dark curly head bent, she was pressing her

heated brow against a cool watering-pot, standing on the balustrade, and with both her beautiful hands laden with rings, which he knew so well, she was holding the watering-pot. The beauty of her figure, her head, her neck, her hands, always caused in Vronsky a new feeling of surprise. He stopped and looked at her in ecstasy. But as soon as he proceeded to take another step and come nearer to her, she felt his approach, pushed away the watering-pot, and turned to him her glowing face.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?" said he, in French, as he approached her. He felt a desire to run to her, but, remembering that there might be witnesses, he looked toward the balcony door and turned red, as he always turned red when he felt that he ought to be ashamed of himself and dread to be seen.

"No; I am well," said Anna, rising, and warmly pressing the hand that he offered her. "I did not expect.... you."

"Bozhe moï! how cold your hands are!"

"You startled me," said she. "I was alone, waiting for Serozha. He went out for a walk; they will come back this way."

But though she tried to be calm, her lips trembled.

"Forgive me for coming, but I could not let the day go by without seeing you," he continued, in French, as he always spoke, thus avoiding the impossible *vui*, you, and the dangerous *tui*, thou, of the Russian.

"What have I to forgive? I am so glad!"

"But you are ill, or sad?" said he, bending over her and still holding her hand. "What were you thinking about?"

"Always about one thing," she replied, with a smile.

She told the truth. If at any moment she had been asked what she was thinking about, she could have made the infallible reply, that she was thinking about one thing: her happiness and her unhappiness. Just as he had surprised her, she was thinking about this: she was thinking how it was that for some, for Betsy, for example, — for she knew about her love-affair with Tushkievitch, though it was a secret from society in

general. —all this was such a trifle, while for her it was so painful. To-day this thought, for various reasons, had been particularly tormenting her.

She asked him about the races. He answered her, and, seeing that she was in a very excited state, in order to divert her mind, told her, in the tone most natural, about the preparation that had been made.

"Shall I, or shall I not, tell him?" she thought, as she looked at his calm, affectionate eyes. "He seems so happy, he is so interested in these races, that he will not comprehend, probably, the importance of what I must tell him."

"But you have not told me of what you were thinking when I came," said he, suddenly, interrupting the course of his narration. "Tell me, I beg of you!"

She did not reply; but she lifted her head a little, and looked at him questioningly from her beautiful eyes, shaded by her long lashes; her fingers, playing with a fallen leaf, trembled.

He saw this, and his face immediately showed the expression of humble adoration, of absolute devotion, which had so won her.

"I see that something has happened. Can I be easy for an instant when I know that you feel a grief that I do not share? In the name of Heaven, speak!" he insisted, in a caressing tone.

"I shall never forgive him if he does not appreciate the importance of what I have to tell him; better be silent than put him to the proof," she thought, continuing to look at him in the same way, and conscious that her hand, holding the leaf, trembled more and more violently.

"In the name of Heaven!" said he, taking her hand again.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, yes, yes...."

"*Je suis enceinte!*" she said, in a low and deliberate voice.

The leaf that she held in her fingers trembled still more, but she did not take her eyes from his face, for

she wished to see how he would receive what she said.

He grew pale, tried to speak, then stopped short, dropped her hand, and hung his head.

"Yes, he understands the significance of this," she said to herself, and gratefully pressed his hand.

But she was mistaken in thinking that he appreciated the significance of what she had told him, as she, a woman, did. On learning this, he felt that he was attacked with tenfold force by that strange feeling of repulsion and horror which he had already experienced. But at the same time, he realized that the crisis which he had expected was now at hand, that it was impossible longer to keep the secret from the husband; and it was important to extricate themselves as soon as possible from the unnatural situation in which they were placed. Moreover, her anguish communicated itself to him physically. He looked at her with humbly submissive eyes, kissed her hand, arose, and began to walk up and down the terrace without speaking.

At last he approached her, and said in a tone of decision:—

"Well," said he, "neither you nor I have looked on our relations as a pastime, and now our fate is decided; at last we must put an end to the false situation in which we live,"—and he looked around him.

"Put an end? How put an end, Aleksei?" she asked gently.

She was calm now, and her face beamed with a tender smile.

"You must leave your husband and unite your life with mine."

"But aren't they already united?" she asked, in an almost inaudible voice.

"Yes, but not completely, not absolutely!"

"But how, Aleksei? tell me how," said she, with a melancholy irony at the hopelessness of her situation.

"How is there any escape from such a position? Am I not the wife of my husband?"

"From any situation, however difficult, there is always

general, — all this was such a trifle, while for her it was so painful. To-day this thought, for various reasons, had been particularly tormenting her.

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"Yes, but not completely, not absolutely!"

"But how, Alekseï? tell me how," said she, with a melancholy irony at the hopelessness of her situation. "How is there any escape from such a position? Am I not the wife of my husband?"

"From any situation, however difficult, there is always

some way of escape; here we must simply decide. — Anything is better than the life you are leading. How well I see how you are tormenting yourself about your husband, your son, society, all!”

“Akh! only not my husband,” said she, with a simple smile. “I don’t know him, I don’t think about him! He is not.”

“You speak insincerely! I know you; you torment yourself on his account also.”

“Not even he knows....” said she, and suddenly a bright crimson spread over her face; it colored her cheeks, brow, her neck, and tears of shame came into her eyes.

“Let us not speak more of him.”

CHAPTER XXIII

VRONSKY had many times tried, though not so decidedly as now, to bring clearly before her mind their position; and always he had met the same superficial and frivolous way of looking at it, as she now treated his demand. Apparently, there was something in this which she was unwilling or unable to fathom; apparently, as soon as she began to speak about it, she, the real Anna, disappeared, to give place to a strange and incomprehensible woman, whom he did not love, but feared, and who was repulsive to him. To-day he was bound to have an absolute explanation.

“Whether he knows or not,” he said, in a calm but authoritative voice, “whether he knows or not, it does not concern us. We cannot.... we cannot now continue as we are.”

“What, in your opinion, must we do about it?” she demanded, in the same bantering tone of irony. Though she had been so keenly apprehensive that he would not receive her confidence with due appreciation, she was now vexed that he deduced from it the absolute necessity of energetic action.

“Tell him all, and leave him.”

“Very good! let us suppose I do it,” said she. “Do you know what the result would be? I will tell you;” and a wicked fire flashed from her eyes, which were just now so gentle. “‘Oh! you love another, and your course with him has been *criminal*,’” said she, imitating her husband, and accenting the word *criminal* in exactly his manner. “‘I warned you of the consequences which would follow from the point of view of religion, of society, and of the family. You did not listen to me; now I cannot allow my name to be dishonored, and my ’” — she was going to say *my son*, but stopped, for she could not jest about him — “‘my name dishonored,’ and so on in the same style,” she added. “In a word, he will tell me with his official manner and with precision and clearness that he cannot set me free, but that he will take measures to avoid a scandal. And he will do exactly as he says. That is what will take place; for he is not a man, he is a machine, and, when he is stirred up, an ugly machine,” said she, calling to mind the most trifling details in her husband’s face and manner of speaking, and charging to him as a crime all the ill that she could find in him, and not pardoning him at all on account of the terrible sin of which she had been guilty before him.

“But, Anna,” said Vronsky, in a persuasive, tender voice, trying to calm her, “you must tell him everything, and act accordingly as he proceeds.”

“What! elope?”

“Why not elope? I see no possibility of living as we are any longer; it is not on my account, but I see you will suffer.”

“What! elope, and become your mistress?” said she, bitterly.

“Anna!” he cried, deeply wounded.

“Yes, your mistress, and lose everything!”

Again she was going to say *my son*, but she could not pronounce the word.

Vronsky could not understand how she, with her strong, loyal nature, could accept the false position in which she was placed, and not endeavor to escape from

it. But he could not doubt that the principal cause of this was represented by that word *son*, which she could not pronounce.

When she thought of her son and his future relations to a mother who had deserted his father, the horror of what she had done appeared so great, that, like a real woman, she was not able to reason, but only endeavored to reassure herself by fallacious arguments, and persuade herself that all would go on as before; above all things, she must shut her eyes, and forget this terrible question, what would become of her son.

"I beg of you, I entreat you," she said suddenly, speaking in a very different tone, a tone of tenderness and sincerity, and seizing his hand, "don't ever speak to me of that again."

"But, Anna"

"Never, never! Leave it to me. I know all the depth, all the horror, of my situation, but it is not so easy as you imagine to decide. Let me decide, and listen to me. Never speak to me again of that. Will you promise me? never, never? promise!"

"I promise all; but I cannot be calm, especially after what you have told me. I cannot be calm when you cannot be calm."

"I?" she repeated. "Yes, I suffer torments sometimes, but that will pass if you will not say anything more about it. When you speak with me about this, then, and then only, it tortures me."

"I don't understand"

"I know," she interrupted, "how your honest nature abhors lying; I am sorry for you; and very often I think that you have sacrificed your life for me!"

"That is exactly what I say about you. I was just this moment thinking how you could sacrifice yourself for me! I cannot forgive myself for having made you unhappy."

"I unhappy?" said she, coming up close to him, and looking at him with a smile of enthusiastic love. "I? I am like a man dying of hunger, to whom food has been given. Maybe he is cold, and his raiment is

rags, and he is ashamed, but he is not unhappy. I unhappy? No; here comes my joy."

She had heard the voice of her little boy coming near, and giving a hurried glance around her, swiftly arose. Her face glowed with the fire which Vronsky knew so well, and with a hasty motion putting out her lovely hands, covered with rings, she took Vronsky's face between them, looked at him a long moment, reached her face up to his, with her smiling lips parted, kissed his mouth and both eyes, and pushed him away. She started to go, but he kept her back a moment.

"When?" he whispered, looking at her with ecstasy.

"To-day at one o'clock," she replied in a low voice, and with a deep sigh she ran, in her light, graceful gait, to meet her son.

Serozha had been caught by the rain in the park, and had taken refuge with his nurse in a pavilion.

"Well, good-by — *da svidanya!*" said she to Vronsky. "I must get ready for the races. Betsy has promised to come and get me."

Vronsky looked at his watch, and hurried away.

CHAPTER XXIV

WHEN Vronsky looked at his watch on the Karenins' terrace, he was so stirred and preoccupied, that, though he saw the figures on the face, he did not know what time it was. He hurried along the driveway, and, picking his way carefully through the mud, he reached his carriage. He had been so absorbed by his conversation with Anna that he did not notice the hour, or ask if he still had time to go to Briansky's. As it often happens, he had only the external faculty of memory, and it recalled to him only that he had decided to do something. He found his coachman dozing on his box under the already slanting shade of the linden; he noticed the swarms of midgets buzzing around his sweaty horses; then, waking the coachman, he jumped into his carriage, and ordered him to drive to Briansky's; only after he

had gone six or seven versts did he remember that he had looked at his watch and realized that it was half-past five, and that he was late.

On that day there were to be several races: first the draught-horses, then the officers' two-verst dash, then a second of four, and last that in which he was to take part. He could be in time for his race, but, if he went to Briansky's, he ran the risk of getting to the grounds after the court had arrived. That was not in good form. But he had promised Briansky to be there, therefore he kept on, commanding the coachman not to spare the troika. He reached Briansky's, spent five minutes with him, and was off again at full speed. The rapid motion calmed him. All the difficulties that confronted him in his relations with Anna, all the uncertainty that remained after their conversation, vanished from his mind; he thought with delight and excitement of the race, and how he might after all get there in time, and then again he vividly imagined the brilliant society which would gather to-day at the course.

And he got more and more into the atmosphere of the races as he overtook people coming in their carriages from various villas, and even from Petersburg, on their way to the hippodrome.

When he reached his quarters, no one was at home; all had gone to the races, except his valet, who was waiting for him at the entrance. While he was changing his clothes, his valet told him that the second race had already begun, that a number of gentlemen had been to inquire for him.

Vronsky dressed without haste, — for he never was hurried and he never lost his self-command, — and directed the coachman to take him to the stables. From there he saw a sea of carriages of all sorts, of pedestrians, soldiers, and of spectators, surrounding the hippodrome, and the seats boiling with people.

Evidently the second course had been run, for just as he reached the stables he heard the sound of a bell. As he reached the stable, he noticed Makhotin's white-footed chestnut Gladiator, covered with a blue and

orange caparison, and with huge ear-protectors trimmed with blue. They were leading him out to the hippodrome.

"Where is Cord?" he asked of the groom.

"In the stable; he is putting on the saddle."

Frou Frou was all saddled in her open box-stall. They started to lead her out.

"I am not late, am I?"

"*All right, all right,*" said the Englishman. "Don't get excited."

Vronsky once more gave a quick glance at the excellent, favorable shape of his horse, as she stood trembling in every limb; and, finding it hard to tear himself away from such a beautiful sight, he left her at the stable. He approached the benches at a most favorable moment for doing this without attracting observation. The two-verst dash was just at an end, and all eyes were fixed on a cavalry-guardsman who was in the lead, and a hussar just at his heels, whipping their horses furiously, and approaching the goal. From the center and both ends all crowded in toward the goal, and a group of officers and guardsmen were hailing with shouts the triumph of their fellow-officer and friend.

Vronsky, without being noticed, joined the throng just as the bell announced the end of the race; the victor, a tall cavalry-guardsman, covered with mud, dropped the reins, slipped off from the saddle, and stood by his roan stallion, which was black with sweat, and heavily breathing.

The stallion, with a violent effort thrusting out his legs, had stopped the swift course of his big body; and the officer, like a man awakening from a deep sleep, was looking about him, trying hard to smile. A throng of friends and strangers pressed about him.

Vronsky, with intention, avoided the elegant people who were circulating about, engaged in gay and animated conversation in front of the seats. He had already caught sight of Anna, Betsy, and his brother's wife, but he did not join them, so that he might not be disconcerted; but he kept meeting acquaintances who

stopped him, and told him various items about the last race, or asked him why he was late.

While they were distributing the prizes at the pavilion, and every one had gone in this direction, Vronsky was joined by his elder brother. Aleksandr Vronsky was a colonel and wore epaulets, and, like Aleksei, was a man of medium stature, and rather thick-set; but he was handsomer and ruddier. His nose was red, and his frank, open face was flushed with wine.

"Did you get my note?" he asked of his brother. "You are never to be found."

Aleksandr Vronsky, in spite of his life of dissipation and his love for drink, which was notorious, was a thoroughly courtly man. Knowing that many eyes might be fixed on them, he preserved, while he talked on a very painful subject, a smiling face, as if he were jesting with his brother about some trifling matter.

"I got it," said he, "but I really don't understand why you interfere."

"I interfere because I noticed you were not to be found this morning, and because you were seen at Peterhof Monday."

"There are matters which cannot be judged except by those who are directly interested, and the matter in which you concern yourself is such."

"Yes; but when one is not in the service, he"

"I beg you to mind your own business, and that is all."

Aleksei Vronsky's frowning face grew pale, and his rather prominent lower jaw shook. This happened rarely with him. He was a man of kindly heart, and rarely got angry; but when he grew angry, and when his chin trembled, he became dangerous. Aleksandr Vronsky knew it, and with a gay laugh replied:—

"I only wanted to give you matushka's letter. Answer it, and don't get angry before the race. *Bonne chance,*" he added, with a smile, and left him.

The next moment another friendly greeting surprised Vronsky.

"Won't you recognize your friends? How are you, *mon cher?*" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with his rosy

face and carefully combed and pomaded whiskers; in the midst of the brilliant society of Petersburg, he was no less brilliant than at Moscow. "I came down yesterday, and am very glad to be present at your triumph. When can we meet?"

"Come to the mess, after the race is over," said Vronsky; and with an apology for leaving him, he squeezed the sleeve of his paletot, and went to the middle of the hippodrome, where they were bringing the horses for the handicap-race.

The grooms were leading back the sweaty horses, wearied by the race which they had run; and one by one the fresh horses entered for the next course appeared on the ground. They were, for the most part, English horses, in hoods, and well caparisoned, and looked like enormous strange birds. At the right-hand side they were leading in the lean beauty, Frou Frou, which came out, stepping high as if on springs, with her elastic and slender pasterns. And not far from her they were removing the trappings from the lop-eared Gladiator. The stallion's solid, superb, and perfectly symmetrical form, with his splendid crupper and his extraordinarily short pasterns placed directly over the hoofs, attracted Vronsky's admiration. He was just going up to Frou Frou when another acquaintance stopped him again.

"Ah! there is Karenin," said the friend with whom he was talking; "he is hunting for his wife. She is in the very center of the pavilion. Have you seen her?"

"No, I have not," replied Vronsky; and, without turning his head in the direction where his acquaintance told him that Madame Karenin was, he went to his horse.

He had scarcely time to make some adjustment of the saddle, when those who were to compete in the hurdle-race were called to receive their numbers and directions. With serious, stern, and some with pale faces, seventeen men in all approached the stand and received their numbers. Vronsky's number was seven.

"Mount!" was the cry.

Vronsky, feeling that he, with his companions, was

the focus toward which all eyes were turned, went up to his horse with the slow and deliberate motions which were usual to him when he was under the strain of excitement.

Cord, in honor of the races, had put on his gala-day costume: he wore a black coat, buttoned to the chin, and a stiffly starched shirt-collar, which made a support for his cheeks; he had on Hessian boots and a round black cap. He was, as always, calm and full of importance, as he stood by the mare's head, holding both reins in his hand. Frou Frou was still shivering as if she had an attack of fever; her fiery eyes gazed askance at Vronsky as he approached. He passed his finger under the girth of the saddle. The mare looked at him still more askance, showed her teeth, and pricked up her ears. The Englishman puckered up his lips with a grin at the idea that there could be any doubt as to his skill in putting on a saddle. "Mount, and you won't be so nervous," said he.

Vronsky cast a final glance on his rivals; he knew that he should not see them again until the race was over. Two of them had already gone to the starting-point. Galtsin, a friend of his, and one of his dangerous rivals, was turning around and around his bay stallion, which was trying to keep him from mounting. A little Leib-hussar in tight cavalry trousers was off on a gallop, bent double over his horse, like a cat on the crupper, in imitation of the English fashion. Prince Kuzovlef, white as a sheet, was mounted on a thoroughbred mare from the Grabovsky stud; an Englishman held it by the bridle. Vronsky and all his comrades knew Kuzovlef's terrible self-conceit, and his peculiarity of "weak nerves." They knew that he was timid at everything, especially timid of riding horseback; but now, notwithstanding the fact that all this was horrible to him, because he knew that people broke their necks, and that at every hurdle stood a surgeon, an ambulance with its cross and sister of charity, still he had made up his mind to ride.

They exchanged glances, and Vronsky gave him an

encouraging and approving nod. One only he now failed to see: his most redoubtable rival, Makhotin, on Gladiator, was not there.

"Don't be in haste," said Cord to Vronsky, "and remember one thing: when you come to a hurdle, don't pull back or spur on your horse; let her take it her own way."

"Very good," replied Vronsky, taking the reins.

"If possible, take the lead, but don't be discouraged even to the last if you are behind."

The horse did not have time to stir before Vronsky, with supple and powerful movement, put his foot on the notched steel stirrup, and gracefully, firmly, took his seat in the squeaking leather saddle. Having put his right foot in the stirrup, with his customary care he then arranged the double reins between his fingers, and Cord let go the animal's head. Frou Frou, as if not knowing which foot to put down first, stretched out her neck, and pulled on the reins, and she started off as if on springs, balancing her rider on her supple back. Cord, quickening his pace, followed them. The mare, excited, jumped to right and left, trying to take her master off his guard, and pulled at the reins, and Vronsky vainly endeavored to calm her with his voice and with his hand.

They were approaching the diked bank of the river, where the starting-post was placed. Some of the riders had gone on ahead, others were riding behind, when Vronsky suddenly heard on the muddy track the gallop of a horse; and Makhotin dashed by on his white-footed, lop-eared Gladiator. Makhotin smiled, showing his long teeth, but Vronsky looked at him angrily. He did not like Makhotin any too well, and now he regarded him as his most dangerous rival; and he was exasperated at the way he galloped up behind him, exciting his mare.

Frou Frou kicked up her heels and started off at a gallop, made two bounds, and then, angry at the restraint of the curb, changed her gait into a trot which shook up her rider. Cord was also disgusted, and ran almost as fast as Vronsky.

CHAPTER XXV

THE number of the officers who were to take part was seventeen. The race-course was a great ellipse of four versts, extending before the judges' stand, and nine obstacles were placed upon it: the "river"; a great barrier two *arshins* — four feet, eight inches — high, in front of the pavilion; a dry ditch; a ditch filled with water; a steep ascent; an Irish banketka, which is the most difficult of all, composed of an embankment set with dry branches, behind which is concealed a ditch, obliging the horseman to leap two obstacles at once, at the risk of his life; then three more ditches, two filled with water and one dry; and finally the goal opposite the pavilion again. The track did not begin in the circle itself, but about a hundred *sazhens*, or seven hundred feet, to one side; and in this space was the first obstacle, the diked "river," about three *arshins*, or seven feet, wide, which the racers were free to leap or to ford.

Three times the riders got into line, but each time some horse or other started before the signal, and the men had to be called back. Colonel Sestrin, the starter, was beginning to get impatient; but at last, for the fourth time, the signal was given, "*Pashol!*—Go!" and the riders put spurs to their horses.

All eyes, all lorgnettes, were directed toward the variegated group of racers as they started off.

"There they go!" "There they come!" was the cry on all sides after the silence of expectation.

And in order to follow them, the spectators rushed, singly or in groups, toward the places where they could get a better view. At the first moment the collected group of horsemen scattered a little, and it could be seen how they, in twos and threes, and singly, one after the other, approached the "river." To the spectators it seemed as if they were all moving together, but to the racers themselves there were seconds of separation which had great value.

Frou Frou, excited and too nervous at first, lost the

first moment, and several of the horses were ahead of her ; but Vronsky, not having yet reached the "river," and trying with all his might to calm her as she pulled on the bridle, soon easily outstripped three, and now had as competitors only Makhotin's chestnut Gladiator, which was easily and smoothly running a whole length ahead, and still more to the fore the pretty Diana, carrying Prince Kuzovlef, not knowing whether he was dead or alive.

During these first few seconds Vronsky had control neither of himself nor of his horse. Up to the first obstacle, the "river," he could not control the movements of his horse.

Gladiator and Diana reached it at almost one and the same moment. Both at once rose above the *reka*, or "river," and flew across to the other side. Frou Frou lightly leaped behind them, as if she had wings. The instant that Vronsky perceived that he was in the air, he caught a glimpse of Kuzovlef almost under the feet of his horse, wrestling with Diana on the other side of the "river." Kuzovlef had loosened the reins after Diana jumped, and the horse had stumbled, throwing him over her head. These details Vronsky learned afterwards, but at this time he only saw that Frou Frou might land on Diana's head or legs. But Frou Frou, like a falling cat, making a desperate effort with back and legs as she leaped, landed beyond the fallen racer.

"O you dear!" thought Vronsky.

After the *reka* he got full control of his horse, and even held her back a little, meaning to leap the great hurdle behind Makhotin, and to do his best to outstrip him when they reached the long stretch of about two hundred *sazhens*, or fourteen hundred feet, which was free of obstacles.

This great hurdle was built exactly in front of the imperial pavilion ; the emperor, the court, and an immense throng were watching them, watching him and Makhotin on the horse a length ahead of him, as they approached the *chort*, or devil, as the barrier was called. Vronsky felt all these eyes fixed on him from every side ;

but he saw only his horse's ears and neck, the ground flying under him, and Gladiator's flanks, and white feet beating the ground in cadence, and always maintaining the same distance between them. Gladiator flew at the hurdle, gave a whisk of his well-cropped tail, and, without having touched the hurdle, vanished from Vronsky's eyes.

"Bravo!" cried a voice.

At the same instant the planks of the hurdle flashed before his eyes. Without the least change in her motion, the horse rose under him. The planks creaked and just behind him there was the sound of a thump. Frou Frou, excited by the sight of Gladiator, had leaped too soon, and had struck the hurdle with one of her hind feet, but her gait was unchanged; and Vronsky, his face splashed with mud, saw that he was still at the same distance from Gladiator, he saw once more Gladiator's crupper, his short tail, and his swiftly moving white feet.

At the very instant that Vronsky decided that he ought now to get ahead of Makhotin, Frou Frou herself comprehending his thought, and needing no stimulus, sensibly increased her speed, and gained on Makhotin by trying to take the inside track next the rope. But Makhotin did not yield this advantage. Vronsky was wondering if they could not pass on the outside, when Frou Frou, as if divining his thought, changed of her own accord and took this direction. Her shoulder, darkened with sweat, came up even with Gladiator's flank, and for several seconds they flew almost side by side; but Vronsky, before the obstacle to which they were now coming, in order not to take the outside of the great circle, began to ply his reins, and, just on the declivity, he managed to get the lead. As he drew by Makhotin he saw his mud-stained face; it even seemed to him that he smiled. Vronsky had passed Makhotin, but he was conscious that he was just behind, he was still there, within a step; and Vronsky could hear the regular rhythm of Gladiator's feet, and his hurried, but far from winded, breathing.

The next two obstacles, the ditch and the hurdle, were

easily passed, but Gladiator's gallop and puffing came nearer, Vronsky gave Frou Frou the spur, and perceived with a thrill of joy that she easily accelerated her speed; the sound of Gladiator's hoofs was heard once more in the same relative distance behind.

He now had the lead, as he had desired, and as Cord had recommended, and he felt sure of success. His emotion, his joy, his affection for Frou Frou, were all growing more pronounced. He wanted to look back, but he did not dare to turn around, and he strove to calm himself, and not to push his horse too far, so that she might keep a reserve equal to that which he felt Gladiator still maintained.

One obstacle, the most serious, now remained; if he cleared that before the others, then he would be first in. He was now approaching the Irish banketka. He and Frou Frou at the same instant caught sight of the obstacle from afar, and both horse and man felt a moment of hesitation. Vronsky noticed the hesitation in his horse's ears, and he was just lifting his whip; but instantly he was conscious that his fears were ungrounded, the horse knew what she had to do. She got her start, and, exactly as he had foreseen, spurning the ground, she gave herself up to the force of inertia which carried her far beyond the ditch; then fell again into the measure of her pace without effort and without change.

"Bravo, Vronsky!"

He heard the acclamations of the throng. He knew it was his friends and his regiment, who were standing near this obstacle; and he could not fail to distinguish Yashvin's voice, though he did not see him.

"O my beauty!" said he to himself, thinking of Frou Frou, and yet listening to what was going on behind him. "He has cleared it," he said, as he heard Gladiator's hoof-beats behind him.

The last ditch, full of water, five feet¹ wide, now was left. Vronsky scarcely heeded it; but, anxious to come in far ahead of the others, he began to saw on the reins, lifting her head and letting it fall again in time with the

¹ Two *arshins*, four feet, eight inches. Three arshins make a *sazhen*.

rhythm of her gait. He felt that the horse was beginning to draw on her last reserves; not only were her neck and her sides wet, but the sweat stood in drops on her throat, her head, and her ears; her breath was short and gasping. Still, he was sure that she had force enough to cover the fourteen hundred feet that lay between him and the goal. Only because he felt himself nearer the ground, and by the extraordinary smoothness of her motion, did Vronsky realize how much she had increased her speed. The ditch was cleared, how, he did not know.

She cleared the ditch scarcely heeding it; she cleared it like a bird. But at this moment Vronsky felt, to his horror, that, instead of taking the swing of his horse, he had made, through some inexplicable reason, a wretchedly and unpardonably wrong motion in falling back into the saddle. His position suddenly changed, and he felt that something horrible had happened. He could not give himself any clear idea of it; but there flashed by him a chestnut steed with white feet, and Makhotin by a swift leap passed him.

One of Vronsky's feet touched the ground, and his horse stumbled. He had scarcely time to clear himself when the horse fell on her side, panting painfully, and making vain efforts with her delicate foam-covered neck to rise again. But she lay on the ground, and struggled like a wounded bird; the awkward movement that he had made in the saddle had broken her back. But he did not learn this till afterwards. Now he saw only one thing, that Makhotin was far ahead, and that he was tottering there alone, standing on the muddy immovable ground, and before him, heavily panting, lay Frou Frou, who stretched her head toward him, and looked at him with her beautiful eyes. Still not realizing what had happened, Vronsky pulled on the reins. The poor animal struggled like a fish, splitting the flaps of the saddle, and tried to get up on her fore legs; but, unable to move her hind quarters, she fell back on the ground all of a tremble. Vronsky, his face pale and distorted with passion, and with trembling

lower jaw, kicked her in the belly and again pulled at the reins. But she did not move, but gazed at her master with one of her speaking looks, and buried her nose in the sand.

“Aaah! what have I done?” cried Vronsky, taking her head in his hands. “Aaah! what have I done?” And the lost race! and his humiliating, unpardonable blunder! and the poor ruined horse! “Aaah! what have I done?”

The people's doctor and his assistant, the officers of his regiment, ran to his aid; but to his great mortification he found that he was safe and sound. The horse's back was broken and she had to be killed.

Vronsky could not answer the questions which were put to him, could not speak a word to any one; he turned away and, without picking up his cap, left the hippodrome, not knowing whither he was going. He was in despair. For the first time in his life he was the victim of a misfortune for which there was no remedy, and for which he felt that he himself was the only one to blame.

Yashvin, with his cap, overtook him and brought him back to his quarters, and in half an hour Vronsky was calm and self-possessed again; but this race was for a long time the most bitter and cruel remembrance of his life.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE external relations of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and his wife were the same as they had been. The only difference was that he was more absorbed in his work than he had been. Early in the spring he went abroad, as was his custom each year, to recuperate at the water-cure after the fatigues of the winter. He returned in July, as he usually did, and resumed his duties with new energy. His wife had taken up her summer quarters as usual in a *datcha*, or summer villa, not far from Petersburg; he remained in the city.

Since their conversation after the reception at the Princess Tverskaya's, he had said nothing more about

his jealousies or suspicions; and the tone of raillery habitual with Aleksei Aleksandrovitch was to the highest degree useful to him in his present relations with his wife. He was somewhat cooler in his treatment of her, although he seemed to have felt only a slight ill-will toward her after that night's conversation which she had refused to listen to. In his relations to her there was a shade of spite, but nothing more. He seemed to say, "You have not been willing to have an understanding with me; so much the worse for you. Now you must make the first advances, and I, in my turn, will not listen to you."

"So much the worse for you," said he in his thought, like a man who should try in vain to put out a fire and should be angry at his vain efforts, and should say, "I have done my best for you; burn then!"

This man, so keen and shrewd in matters of public concern, could not see the absurdity of such behavior to his wife. He did not understand it because it was too terrible to understand his actual position. He preferred to bury the affection which he felt for his wife and child deep in his heart, as in a box locked and sealed. He, a watchful father, had begun toward the end of that winter to be singularly cold toward the child, speaking to him in the same bantering tone that he used toward his wife. When he addressed him he would say, "Ah, young man!"

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch thought and declared that he had never had so many important affairs as this year; but he did not confess that he had himself undertaken them in order to keep from opening his secret coffer which contained his sentiments toward his wife and his family, and his thoughts concerning them, — thoughts which grew more and more terrible to him the longer he kept them out of sight.

If any one had assumed the right to ask him what he thought about his wife's conduct, this calm and pacific Aleksei Aleksandrovitch would have made no reply, but would have been very indignant with the man who should dare to ask him such a question. And so his

face always looked stern and haughty whenever any one asked how his wife was. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch did not wish to think about his wife's conduct and feelings, and therefore he did not think about them.

The Karenins' summer datcha was at Peterhof; and the Countess Lidya Ivanovna generally spent her summers in the same neighborhood, keeping up friendly relations with Anna. This year the countess had not cared to go to Peterhof, nor had she once called on Anna Arkadyevna; and as she was talking with Karenin one day, she made some allusion to the impropriety of Anna's intimacy with Betsy and Vronsky. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch stopped her harshly, and declared that for him his wife was above suspicion, and from that day he avoided the countess. He did not wish to see and he did not see that many people in society were beginning to give his wife the cold shoulder; he did not wish to comprehend and he did not comprehend why his wife especially insisted on going to Tsarskoye, where Betsy lived and from which it was not far to Vronsky's camp.

He did not allow himself to think about this, and he did not think; but at the same time, without any proof to support him, without actually acknowledging it to himself, in the depths of his soul he felt that he was a deceived husband; he had no doubt about it, and he suffered deeply.

How many times in the course of his eight years of happy married life, as he had seen other men's wives playing them false and other husbands deceived, had he not asked himself, "How did it come to this? Why don't they free themselves at any cost from such an absurd situation?" But now, when the evil had fallen on his own head, he not only did not dream of extricating himself from his own trouble, but he would not even admit it, would not admit it for the very reason that it was too horrible and too unnatural.

Since his return from abroad, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch had gone twice to his wife's datcha, — once to dine with her, the other time to pass the evening with some

guests, but not once had he spent the night, as had been his custom in previous years.

The day of the races was extremely engrossing for Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; but when in the morning he made out the program of the day, he decided to go to his wife's datcha after an early dinner, and thence to the hippodrome, where he expected to find the court, and where it was proper that he should be seen. He went to see his wife because he had resolved, for the sake of propriety also, to visit his wife every week. Moreover, it was the fifteenth of the month, and it was his custom at this time to place in her hands the money for the household expenses.

With his ordinary power over his thoughts he gave this much consideration to his wife's affairs, but beyond this point he would not permit them to pass.

His morning had been extremely full of business. The evening before he had received a pamphlet, written by a famous traveler, who had recently returned from China and was now in Petersburg; a note from the Countess Lidya, accompanying it, begged him to receive this traveler, who seemed likely to be, on many accounts, a useful and interesting man. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had not been able to get through the pamphlet in the evening, and he finished it after breakfast. Then came petitions, reports, visits, nominations, removals, the distribution of rewards, pensions, salaries, correspondence, all that "workaday labor," as Alekseï Aleksandrovitch called it, which consumes so much time.

Then came his private business, a visit from his physician and a call from his steward. The steward did not stay very long. He only brought the money which Alekseï Aleksandrovitch needed, and a brief report on the condition of his affairs, which this year were not very satisfactory, since it happened that in consequence of various outlays there had been a heavy drain upon him and there was a deficit.

But the doctor, who was a famous physician of Petersburg, and had come into very friendly relations

with Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, took considerable time. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch had not expected him that day and was astonished at his visit, and still more so at the scrupulous care with which he plied him with questions, and sounded his lungs and punched and thumped his liver; Aleksei Aleksandrovitch was not aware that his friend, the Countess Lidya, troubled by his abnormal condition, had begged the doctor to visit him and give him a thorough examination.

"Do it for my sake," said the Countess Lidya Ivanovna.

"I will do it for the sake of Russia, countess," replied the doctor.

"Admirable man!" cried the countess.

The doctor was very much disturbed at Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's state. His liver was congested, his digestion was bad; the waters had done him no good. He ordered more physical exercise, as little mental strain as possible, and, above all, freedom from vexation of spirit; in other words, he ordered Aleksei Aleksandrovitch to do what was as impossible for him as not to breathe.

The doctor departed, leaving Aleksei Aleksandrovitch with the disagreeable impression that something was very wrong with him, and that there was no help for it.

On the way out, the doctor met on Karenin's steps his old acquaintance Sliudin, who was Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's chief secretary. They had been in the university together; but, though they rarely met, they were still excellent friends, and therefore to no one else than Sliudin would the doctor have expressed his opinion concerning the sick man so frankly.

"How glad I am that you have been to see him!" said Sliudin. "He is not well, and it seems to me... Well, what is it?"

"I will tell you," said the doctor, nodding to his coachman to drive up to the door. "This is what I say;" and, taking with his white hand the fingers of his dogskin glove, he stretched it out; "try to break a tough cord which is not stretched and it's hard work;

but keep it stretched out to its utmost tension, and put the weight of your finger on it, it breaks. Now, with his too sedentary life, and his too conscientious labor, he is strained to the utmost limit; and besides, there is a violent pressure in another direction," concluded the doctor, raising his eyebrows significantly. "Shall you be at the races?" he added, as he got into his carriage.

"Yes, yes, certainly; it takes a good deal of time," he said in reply to something that Sliudin said, and which he did not catch.

Immediately after the departure of the doctor, who had taken so much time, the celebrated traveler appeared; and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, aided by the pamphlet which he had just read, and by some previous information which he had on the subject, astonished his visitor by the extent of his knowledge and the breadth of his views.

At the same time the marshal¹ of nobility of his government was announced, who had come to Petersburg and wanted to talk with him. After his departure he was obliged to settle the routine business with his chief secretary, and finally to go out and make a serious and necessary call on an important personage.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had only time to get back to his five o'clock dinner with Sliudin, whom he invited to join him on his visit to the country and to the races.

Without exactly accounting for it, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch always endeavored lately to have a third person present when he had an interview with his wife.

CHAPTER XXVII

ANNA was in her room standing before a mirror and fastening a final bow to her dress, with Annushka's aid, when the noise of wheels on the gravel driveway was heard.

¹ *Gubernsky Predvodityel.*

“It is too early for Betsy,” she thought; and, looking out of the window, she saw a carriage and in the carriage Aleksei Aleksandrovitch’s black hat and well-known ears.

“How provoking! Can he have come for the night?” she thought; and all the consequences of his visit seemed to her so terrible, so horrible, that without taking time for a moment of reflection, she went downstairs, radiant with gayety, to receive her husband; and, feeling in her the presence of the spirit of falsehood and deception which now ruled her, she gave herself up to it and spoke with her husband, not knowing what she said.

“Ah! how good of you!” said she, extending her hand to Karenin, while she smiled on Sliudin as a household friend.

“You’ve come for the night, I hope?” were her first words, inspired by the demon of untruth; “and now we will go to the races together. But how sorry I am that I engaged to go with Betsy. She is coming for me.”

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch frowned slightly at the name of Betsy.

“Oh! I will not separate the inseparables,” said he, in his light jesting tone. “I will walk with Mikhaïl Vasilyevitch. The doctor advised me to take exercise; I will join the pedestrians, and imagine I am still at the Spa.”

“There is no hurry,” said Anna. “Will you have some tea?”

She rang.

“Serve the tea, and tell Serozha that Aleksei Aleksandrovitch has come. — Well! how is your health? — Mikhaïl Vasilyevitch, you have not been out to see us before; look! how pleasant it is on the balcony!” said she, looking now at her husband, now at her guest.

She spoke very simply and naturally, but too fast and too fluently. She herself felt that it was so, especially when she caught Mikhaïl Vasilyevitch looking at her with curiosity and perceived that he was studying her.

Mikhaïl Vasilyevitch got up and went out on the terrace, and she sat down beside her husband.

"You do not look at all well," said she.

"Oh, yes! The doctor came this morning, and wasted an hour of my time. I am convinced that some one of my friends sent him. My health is so precious"

"No, what did he say?"

And she questioned him about his health and his labors, advising him to take rest, and to come out into the country, where she was.

It was all said with gayety and animation, and with brilliant light in her eyes, but Alekseï Aleksandrovitch attached no special importance to her manner; he heard only her words, and took them in their literal signification. And he replied simply, though jestingly. The conversation had no special weight, yet Anna never afterward could remember the whole short scene without the keen agony of shame.

Serozha came in, accompanied by his governess. If Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had allowed himself to notice, he would have been struck by the timid manner in which the lad looked at his parents,—at his father first, and then at his mother. But he was unwilling to see anything, and he saw nothing.

"Ah, young man! He has grown. Indeed, he is getting to be a great fellow! Good-morning, young man!"

And he stretched out his hand to the puzzled child. Serozha had always been a little afraid of his father; but now, since Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had begun to call him "young man," and since he had begun to rack his brains to discover whether Vronsky were a friend or an enemy, he was becoming more timid than ever. He turned to his mother, as if for protection; he felt at ease only when with her. Meantime Alekseï Aleksandrovitch laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and asked his governess about him; but the child was so painfully shy of him that Anna saw he was going to cry.

Anna, who had flushed at the moment her son came in, now noticing that it was awkward for him, quickly jumped up, raised Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's hand to let the boy go, kissed the little fellow, and took him

out on the terrace. Then she came back to her husband again.

"It is getting late," she said, consulting her watch. "Why does n't Betsy come?"

"Oh, yes," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, and as he got up he joined his fingers and made them crack. "I came also to bring you some money, for nightingales don't live on songs," said he. "You need it, I suppose?"

"No, I don't need it yes I do," said she, not looking at him and blushing to the roots of her hair. "Well, I suppose you will come back after the races?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. "But here is the glory of Peterhof, the Princess Tverskaya," he added, looking out of the window at a magnificent carriage with a short body set very high and with horses harnessed in the English fashion, drawing up to the entrance; "what elegance! splendid! well, let us go too!"

The Princess Tverskaya did not leave her carriage; her lackey, in top-boots and *pelerinka*, or short cloak, and wearing a tall hat, leaped to the steps.

"I am going, good-by," said Anna, and after she had kissed her son, she went to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and gave him her hand. "It was very kind of you to come."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch kissed her hand.

"Well then, da svidanya! You will come back to tea? Excellent!" she said, as she went down the steps, seeming radiant and happy.

But hardly had she passed from his sight before she felt on her hand the place where his lips had kissed it, and she shivered with repugnance.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WHEN Alekseï Aleksandrovitch reached the race-course, Anna was already in her place beside Betsy, in the grand pavilion, where all the highest society was gathered in a brilliant throng. She saw her husband from a distance. Two men, her husband and her lover, were for her the two centers of life, and without the help of her external senses she felt their presence. Even when her husband was at a distance she was conscious of his presence, and she involuntarily followed him in that billowing throng in the midst of which he was coming along. She saw him approach the pavilion, now replying with condescension to ingratiating salutations, then cordially or carelessly exchanging greetings with his equals; then again assiduously watching to catch the glances of the great ones of the earth, and taking off his large, round hat, which came down to the top of his ears. Anna knew all these mannerisms of salutation, and they were all equally distasteful to her.

"Nothing but ambition; craze for success; it is all that his heart contains," she thought; "but his lofty views, his love for civilization, his religion, they are only means whereby to win success."

From the glances that Karenin cast on the pavilion, he was looking straight at his wife, but could not see her in the sea of muslin, ribbons, feathers, flowers, and sunshades — Anna knew he was looking for her, but she pretended not to see him.

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch," cried the Princess Betsy, "don't you see your wife? here she is!"

He looked up with his icy smile.

"Everything is so brilliant here, that it blinds the eyes," he replied, as he came up the pavilion.

He smiled at Anna, as it is a husband's duty to do when he has only just left his wife, greeted Betsy and his other acquaintances, conducting himself in due form, in other words, jesting with the ladies, and exchanging compliments with the men.

A general-adjutant, well known for his wit and culture, and highly esteemed by Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, was standing below near the pavilion. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch joined him, and engaged in conversation. It was the interval between two of the races; the general-adjutant condemned racing. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch replied and defended them.

Anna heard his shrill, monotonous voice, and lost not a single word; and every word that he spoke seemed to her hypocritical and rang unpleasantly in her ear.

When the four-verst handicap-race began, she leaned forward, not letting Vronsky out of her sight for an instant. She saw him approach his horse, then mount it; and at the same time she heard her husband's odious, incessant voice. She was tormented with fear for Vronsky; but she was tormented still more by the sound of her husband's sharp voice, every intonation of which she knew; it seemed to her that he would never cease speaking.

"I am a wicked woman, a lost woman," she thought; "but I hate falsehood, I cannot endure lies; but to him" — meaning her husband — "lies are his daily food! He knows all, he sees everything; how much feeling has he, if he can go on speaking with such calmness? I should have some respect for him if he killed me, if he killed Vronsky. But no! what he prefers above everything is falsehood and conventionality," said Anna to herself, not exactly knowing what she wanted of her husband, whatever she might want him to see. She did not understand that the very volubility of Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, which irritated her so, was only the expression of his interior agitation and anxiety.

As a child, hurt when jumping, puts its muscles into motion to assuage the pain, so Aleksei Aleksandrovitch absolutely required some intellectual movement, so as to become oblivious to the thoughts about his wife that arose in his mind at the sight of Anna and at the sight of Vronsky, whose name he heard on all sides. And as it is natural for a child to jump, so for him was it natural to talk tersely and well.

"Danger," he was saying, "is an indispensable condition in these military and cavalry races. If England can show in her history the most glorious deeds of arms performed by her cavalry, she owes it solely to the historic development of vigor in her people and her horses. *Sport*, in my opinion, has a deep significance; and, as usual, we take it only in its superficial aspect."

"Not superficial," said the Princess Tverskaya; "they say that one of the officers has broken two ribs."

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch smiled with his smile which only uncovered his teeth and was perfectly expressionless.

"Let us admit, princess," said he, "that in this case it is not superficial, but serious.¹ But that is not the point;" and he turned again to the general, and resumed his dignified discourse:—

"You must not forget that those who take part are military men who have chosen this career, and you must agree that every vocation has its reverse side of the medal. This belongs to the calling of war. Such brutal sport as boxing-matches and Spanish bull-fights are indications of barbarism, but specialized sport is a sign of development."

"No, I won't come another time," the Princess Betsy was saying; "it is too exciting for me; don't you think so, Anna?"

"It is exciting, but it is fascinating," said another lady; "if I had been a Roman, I should never have missed a single gladiatorial show."

Anna did not speak, but, with her opera-glass, was gazing intently at a single spot.

At this moment a tall general came across the pavilion. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, breaking off his discourse abruptly, arose with dignity, and made a low bow.

"Are n't you racing?" asked the general, jestingly.

"My race is a far more difficult one," replied Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, respectfully; and though this answer was not remarkable for its sense, the military man

¹ *Vnutrenneye*, internal.

seemed to think that he had received a witty repartee from a witty man, and appreciated *la pointe de la sauce*.

“There are two sides to the question,” Aleksei Aleksandrovitch said, resuming, — “that of the participants, and that of the spectators; and I confess that a love for such spectacles is a genuine sign of inferiority in those that look on, but....”

“Princess, a wager,” cried the voice of Stepan Arkadyevitch from below, addressing Betsy. “Which side will you take?”

“Anna and I bet on Prince Kuzovlef,” replied Betsy.

“I am for Vronsky. A pair of gloves.”

“Good!”

“How jolly! is n’t it?”

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch stopped speaking while this conversation was going on around him, and then he began anew:—

“I confess, unmanly games....”

But at this instant the signal of departure was heard, and all conversation ceased. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch also ceased speaking; and every one stood up so as to look at the “river.” But Aleksei Aleksandrovitch was not interested in the race, and so, instead of watching the riders, looked around the assembly with weary eyes. His gaze fell on his wife.

Her face was pale and stern. She evidently saw nothing and no one—except one person. Her hands convulsively clutched her fan; she held her breath. Karenin looked at her, then hastily turned away, gazing at the faces of other women.

“There is another lady very much moved, and still another just the same; it is very natural,” said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch to himself. He did not wish to look at her; but his gaze was irresistibly drawn to her face. He once more gazed into her face, trying not to read in it what was so plainly pictured on it, and against his will he read, with feelings of horror, all that he had tried to ignore.

When Kuzovlef fell at the “river,” the excitement

was general; but Aleksei Aleksandrovitch saw clearly by Anna's pale, triumphant face that he that fell was not the one on whom her gaze was riveted.

When, after Makhotin and Vronsky crossed the great hurdle, another officer was thrown head first, and was picked up for dead, a shudder of horror ran through the assembly; but Aleksei Aleksandrovitch perceived that Anna did not even notice it, and scarcely knew what the people around her were talking about.

But he kept studying her face, with deeper and deeper attention. Anna, all absorbed as she was in the spectacle of Vronsky's course, was conscious that her husband's cold eyes were on her. She turned around for an instant and looked at him questioningly. Then with a slight frown she turned away.

"Akh! it is all the same to me," she seemed to say, as she turned her glass to the race. She did not look at him again.

The race was disastrous; out of the seventeen riders, more than half were thrown and hurt. Toward the end the excitement became intense, the more because the emperor was displeased.

CHAPTER XXIX

ALL were loudly expressing their dissatisfaction, and the phrase was going the rounds, "Now only the lions are left in the arena;" and when Vronsky fell, horror was felt by all, and Anna groaned in dismay. In this there was nothing extraordinary. But, from thence on, a change which was positively improper had come over her face, and she entirely lost her presence of mind. She tried to escape, like a bird caught in a snare. Thus she struggled to arise, and to get away; and then she cried to Betsy:—

"Come, let us go, let us go!"

But Betsy did not hear her. She was leaning over, engaged in lively conversation with a general who had just entered the pavilion.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch hastened to his wife, and courteously offered her his arm.

"Come, if it is your wish to go," said he, in French; but Anna was listening eagerly to what the general said, and paid no attention to her husband.

"He has broken his leg, they say; but this is not at all likely," said the general.

Anna did not look at her husband; but, taking her glass, she gazed at the place where Vronsky had fallen. It was so distant, and the crowd was so dense, that she could not make anything out of it. She dropped her binocle, and started to go; but at that instant an officer came galloping up to make some report to the emperor. Anna leaned forward, and listened.

"Stiva! Stiva!" she cried to her brother.

He did not hear her.

She again made an effort to leave the pavilion.

"I again offer you my arm, if you wish to go," repeated Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, touching her hand.

Anna drew back from him with aversion, and replied without looking at him:—

"No, no; leave me; I am going to stay."

She now saw an officer riding at full speed across the race-course from the place of the accident to the pavilion. Betsy beckoned to him with her handkerchief; the officer brought the news that the rider was uninjured but the horse had broken her back.

When she heard this, Anna quickly sat down, and hid her face behind her fan. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch noticed, not only that she was weeping, but that she could not keep back the tears or even control the sobs that heaved her bosom. He stepped in front of her to shield her from the public gaze and give her a chance to regain her self-command.

"For the third time I offer you my arm," said he, turning to her at the end of a few moments.

Anna looked at him, not knowing what to say. The Princess Betsy came to her aid.

"No, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. I brought Anna, and

I will be responsible for bringing her home," said Betsy, interfering.

"Excuse me, princess," he replied, politely smiling, and looking her full in the face; "but I see that she is not well, and I wish her to go with me."

Anna looked round in terror, and, rising hastily, took her husband's arm.

"I will send to inquire for him, and let you know," whispered Betsy.

As Alekseï Aleksandrovitch left the pavilion with his wife, he spoke in his ordinary manner to all whom he met, and Anna was forced to listen and to reply as usual; but she was not herself, and as in a dream she passed along on her husband's arm.

"Is he killed, or not? Can it be true? Will he come? Shall I see him to-day?" she asked herself.

In silence she got into Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's carriage, and she sat in silence as they left the throng of vehicles. In spite of all he had seen, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch did not allow himself to think of his wife's present attitude. He saw only the external signs. He saw that her deportment had been improper, and he felt obliged to speak to her about it. But it was very difficult not to say more,—to say only that. He opened his mouth to tell her how improperly she had behaved; but, in spite of himself, he said something absolutely different.

"How strange that we all like to see these cruel spectacles! I notice...."

"What? I did not understand you," said Anna, scornfully.

He was wounded, and instantly began to say what was on his mind.

"I am obliged to tell you...." he began.

"Now," thought Anna, "comes the explanation;" and a terrible feeling came over her.

"I am obliged to tell you that your conduct to-day has been extremely improper," said he, in French.

"Wherein has my conduct been improper?" she demanded angrily, raising her head quickly, and look-

ing him straight in the eyes, no longer hiding her feelings under a mask of gayety, but putting on a bold front, under which, with difficulty, she hid her fears.

"Be careful," said he, pointing to the open window behind the coachman's back.

He leaned forward and raised the pane.

"What impropriety did you remark?" she asked again.

"The despair which you took no pains to conceal when one of the riders was thrown."

He awaited her answer; but she said nothing, and looked straight ahead.

"I have already requested you so to behave when in society that evil tongues cannot find anything to say against you. There was a time when I spoke of your inner feelings; I now say nothing about them. Now I speak only of outward appearances. You have behaved improperly, and I would ask you not to let this happen again."

She did not hear half of his words; she felt overwhelmed with fear; and she thought only of Vronsky, and whether he was killed. Was it he who was meant when they said the rider was safe but the horse had broken her back?

When Alekseï Aleksandrovitch ceased speaking, she looked at him with an ironical smile, and answered not a word, because she had not noticed what he said. At first he had spoken boldly; but as he saw clearly what he was speaking about, the terror which possessed her seized him also. He noticed that smile of hers, and it led him into a strange mistake.

"She is amused at my suspicions! She is going to tell me now what she once before said, that there is no foundation for them, that this is absurd."

Now when the discovery of the whole thing hung over him, he desired nothing so much as that she should answer derisively as she had done before, that his suspicions were ridiculous and had no foundation. What he now knew was so terrible to him that he was ready to believe anything that she might say. But the ex-

pression of her gloomy and frightened face now allowed him no further chance of falsehood.

“Possibly I am mistaken,” said he; “in that case, I beg you to forgive me.”

“No, you are not mistaken,” she replied, with measured words, casting a look of despair on her husband’s icy face. “You are not mistaken; I was in despair, and I could not help being. I hear you, but I am thinking only of him. I love him, I am his mistress. I cannot endure you, I fear you, I hate you!.... Do with me what you please!”

And, throwing herself into a corner of the carriage, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch did not move, or change the direction of his eyes; but his whole face suddenly assumed the solemn rigidity of a corpse, and this expression remained unchanged throughout the drive to the datcha. As they reached the house, he turned his head to her still with the same expression.

“So! but I insist on the preservation of appearances until”—and here his voice trembled—“I decide on the measures which I shall take to save my honor and communicate them to you.”

He stepped out of the carriage, and assisted Anna out. Then, in presence of the domestics, he shook hands with her, reëntered the carriage, and drove back to Petersburg.

He had just gone, when a lackey from Betsy brought a note to Anna:—

“I sent to Alekseï Vronsky to learn how he was. He writes me that he is safe and sound, but in despair.”

“Then he will come,” she thought. “How well I did to tell him all!”

She looked at her watch; scarcely three hours had passed since she saw him, but the memory of their interview made her heart hot within her.

“Bozhe moï! how light it is! It is terrible! but I love to see his face, and I love this fantastic light.... My husband! oh! yes!....well! thank God it is all over with him!”

CHAPTER XXX

As in all places where human beings congregate, so in the little German village where the Shcherbatskys went to take the waters, there is formed a sort of social crystallization which puts every one in his exact and unchangeable place. Just as a drop of water exposed to the cold always and invariably takes a certain crystalline form, so each new individual coming to the Spa immediately finds himself fixed in the place peculiar to him.

“Fürst Schtscherbatzsky sammt Gemählin und Tochter,” — Prince Shcherbatsky, wife, and daughter, — both by the apartments that they occupied, and by their name and the acquaintances that they found, immediately crystallized into the exact place that was predestined to receive them.

This year a genuine German *Fürstin*, or princess, was at the Spa, and in consequence the crystallization of society took place even more energetically than usual. The Russian princess felt called on to present her daughter to the German princess, and the ceremony took place two days after their arrival. Kitty, dressed in a *very simple* toilet, that is to say, a very elegant summer costume imported from Paris, made a low and graceful courtesy. The *Fürstin* said: —

“I hope that the roses will soon bloom again in this pretty little face.”

And immediately the Shcherbatsky family found themselves in the fixed and definite walk in life from which it was impossible to descend. They made the acquaintance of the family of an English *Lady*, of a German *Gräfin*, and her son who had been wounded in the late war, of a scientific man from Sweden, and of a M. Canut and his sister.

But, for the most part, the Shcherbatskys spontaneously formed social relations among the people from Moscow, among them Marya Yevgenyevna Rtishhevaya and her daughter, whom Kitty did not like because she likewise was ill on account of a love-affair, and a Mos

cow colonel whom she had seen in society since childhood, and known by his uniform and his epaulets, and who now, with his little eyes, and his bare neck and flowery cravats, seemed to Kitty supremely ridiculous, and the more unendurable because she could not get rid of him. When they were all established, it became very tiresome to Kitty, the more as her father had gone to Carlsbad, and she and her mother were left alone. She could not interest herself in her old acquaintances, because she knew that she should not find anything novel in them; and so her principal amusement was in studying the people whom she had never seen before. It was in accordance with Kitty's nature to see the best side of people, especially of strangers; and now, in making her surmises about the persons whom she saw, — who they were and what they were like and what relationship they bore to one another, — she amused herself in imagining the most wonderful and beautiful characters, and found justification for her observations.

Of all these people, there was one in whom she took a most lively interest: this was a young Russian girl who had come to the baths with a sick Russian lady named Madame Stahl. Madame Stahl belonged to the high nobility; but she was so ill that she could not walk, and only occasionally, on very fine days, appeared at the baths in a wheeled-chair. But it was rather from pride than illness, as the princess judged, that she failed to make any acquaintances among the Russians. The girl was her nurse; and, as Kitty remarked, she frequently went to those who were seriously ill, — and there were many at the baths, — and with the most natural, unaffected zeal, took care of them.

This young Russian girl, Kitty discovered to her surprise, was no relation to Madame Stahl, nor even a hired companion. Madame Stahl called her simply Varenka, but her friends called her "Mademoiselle Varenka." Kitty not only found it extremely interesting to study the relations between this young girl and Madame Stahl, and other persons whom she did not know, but, as often happens, she also felt an unaccountable sym-

pathy drawing her toward Mademoiselle Varenka ; and, when their eyes met, she imagined that it pleased her also.

This Mademoiselle Varenka was not only no longer in her first youth, but she seemed like a creature without any youth ; her age might be guessed as either nineteen or thirty. If one analyzed her features, she was rather good-looking in spite of the sickly pallor of her face. If her head had not been rather large, and her figure too slight, she would have been considered handsome ; but she was not one to please men ; she made one think of a beautiful flower, which, though still preserving its petals, was faded and without perfume. There was one other reason why she could not be attractive to men, and that was the fact that she lacked exactly what Kitty had in excess—the repressed fire of life and a consciousness of her fascination.

Varenka seemed always absorbed in some important work ; and therefore it seemed she could not take any interest in anything irrelevant. It was this very contrast to herself that especially attracted Kitty to her. Kitty felt that in her and in her mode of life she might find what she was seeking with so much trouble,—an interest in life, the dignity of life outside of the social relationships of young women to young men, which now seemed to Kitty like an ignominious exposure of merchandise waiting for a purchaser. The more she studied her unknown friend, the more convinced she became that this girl was the most perfect creature which she could imagine and the more she longed to become acquainted with her.

The two girls passed each other many times every day ; and every time they met Kitty's eyes seemed always to ask : "Who are you ? What are you ? Are you not, in truth, the charming person that I imagine you to be ? But for Heaven's sake," the look seemed to add, "don't think that I would permit myself to demand your acquaintance ! I simply admire you, and love you."

"I also love you, and you are very, very charming ; and I would love you still better, if I had time," replied

the unknown maiden's look ; and indeed Kitty saw that she was always busy. Either she was taking the children of a Russian family home from the baths, or carrying a plaid for an invalid and wrapping her up in it, or she was trying to divert some irritable sick man, or selecting and buying confections for some other sick persons.

One morning, soon after the arrival of the Shcherbatskys, two new persons appeared who immediately became the object of rather unfriendly criticism. The one was a very tall, stooping man, with enormous hands, black eyes, at once innocent and terrifying, and wearing an old, ill-fitting, short coat. The other was a pock-marked woman, with a kindly face, and dressed very badly and inartistically.

Kitty instantly recognized that they were Russians ; and in her imagination set to work constructing a beautiful and touching romance about them. But the princess, learning by the *kurliste*, or list of arrivals, that this was Nikolai Levin and Marya Nikolayevna, explained to her what a bad man this Levin was, and all her illusions about these two persons vanished.

The fact that he was Konstantin Levin's brother, even more than her mother's words, suddenly made these two people particularly repulsive to Kitty. This Levin, with his habit of twitching his head, aroused in her an unsurmountable feeling of repulsion. It seemed to her that in his great, wild eyes, as they persistently followed her, was expressed a sentiment of hatred and irony, and she tried to avoid meeting him.

CHAPTER XXXI

It was a stormy day ; the rain fell all the morning, and the invalids with umbrellas thronged the gallery.

Kitty and her mother, accompanied by the Muscovite colonel playing the elegant in his European overcoat, bought ready-made in Frankfort, were walking on one side of the gallery, in order to avoid Nikolai Levin, who

was on the other. Varenka, in her dark dress and a black hat with the brim turned down, was walking up and down the whole length of the gallery with a little blind French woman; each time that she and Kitty met, they exchanged friendly glances.

"Mamma, may I speak with her?" asked Kitty, as she happened to be following her unknown friend and noticed that she was approaching the spring, where they might meet.

"Yes, if you wish it so much. I will inquire about her, and make her acquaintance first," said her mother. "But what do you find especially interesting in her? She is only a lady's companion. If you like, I can speak to Madame Stahl. I knew her *belle-sœur*," added the princess, proudly raising her head.

Kitty knew that her mother was vexed because Madame Stahl seemed to avoid making her acquaintance, and she did not press the point.

"How wonderfully charming she is!" said she, as she saw Varenka give the blind French lady a glass. "See how lovely and gentle everything is that she does."

"You amuse me with your *engouements*," replied the princess. "No, we had better go back," she added, as she saw Levin approaching with Marya and a German doctor, with whom he was speaking in a loud and angry tone.

As they turned to go back, suddenly they heard, not loud voices, but a cry. Levin had stopped, and was shrieking. The doctor was also angry. A crowd was gathering around them. The princess and Kitty hurried away, but the colonel joined the throng to find out what the trouble was. After a few moments the colonel came back to them.

"What was it?" asked the princess.

"It is a shame and a disgrace," replied the colonel. "There's only one thing you need to fear, and that is to meet with Russians abroad. This tall gentleman was quarreling with his doctor, heaped indignities upon him for not attending to him as he wished, and finally he threatened him with his cane. It is simply disgraceful."

"Akh! how unpleasant!" said the princess. "Well, how did it end?"

"Fortunately that.... that girl with a hat like a toad-stool interfered. A Russian, it seems," said the colonel.

"Mademoiselle Varenka?" joyously exclaimed Kitty.

"Yes, yes! She went quicker than any one else, and took the gentleman by the arm, and led him off."

"There, mamma!" said Kitty, "and you wonder at my enthusiasm for Varenka!"

The next morning Kitty, watching her unknown friend, noticed that Mademoiselle Varenka had the same relations with Levin and Marya as with her other *protégés*: she joined them and talked with them, and acted as interpreter to the woman, who did not know any language besides her own.

Kitty again begged her mother even more urgently to let her become acquainted with Varenka; and though it was unpleasant to the princess to seem to be making advances to the haughty and exclusive Madame Stahl, she made some inquiries about Varenka, and learning enough to satisfy herself that there was no possible harm, though very little that was advantageous, in the proposed acquaintance, she went first to Varenka and introduced herself.

Choosing a time when Kitty was at the spring, and Varenka was opposite the baker's, the princess went up to her.

"Allow me to introduce myself," said she, with her dignified smile. "My daughter has taken a great fancy to you. But perhaps you do not know me. I...."

"It is more than reciprocal, princess," replied Varenka, quickly.

"What a good thing you did yesterday toward our wretched fellow-countryman," said the princess.

Varenka blushed.

"I do not remember," she replied. "I don't think I did anything."

"Yes, indeed! you saved this Levin from an unpleasant affair."

"Ah, yes! *sa compagne* called me, and I tried to calm

him; he is very sick, and dissatisfied with his doctor. I am quite used to this kind of invalids."

"Oh, yes. I have heard that you live at Mentone with your aunt, Madame Stahl. I used to know her *belle-sœur*."

"No, Madame Stahl is not my aunt. I call her *maman*, but I am no relation to her. I was brought up by her," replied Varenka, again blushing.

All this was said with perfect simplicity; and the expression of her pleasing face was so frank and sincere, that the princess began to understand why Kitty was so charmed by this Varenka.

"Well, what is this Levin going to do?" she asked.

"He is going away."

At this moment, Kitty, radiant with pleasure because her mother had made the acquaintance of her unknown friend, came in from the spring.

"See here! Kitty, your ardent desire to know Mademoiselle ..."

"Varenka," said the girl, smiling. "Every one calls me so."

Kitty was flushed with delight, and without speaking long pressed her new friend's hand, which gave no answering pressure, but lay passive in hers. Her hand gave no answering pressure, but Mademoiselle Varenka's face shone with a quiet, joyous, though melancholy smile, which showed her large but handsome teeth.

"I have been longing to know you," she said.

"But you are so busy ..."

"Oh! on the contrary, I have n't anything to do," replied Varenka; but at the same instant she had to leave her new acquaintances because two little Russian girls, the daughters of an invalid, ran to her.

"Varenka, mamma is calling," they cried.

And Varenka followed them.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE particulars which the princess learned about Varenka's past life, and her relations with Madame Stahl, and about Madame Stahl herself, were as follows:—

Madame Stahl had always been a sickly and excitable woman, who was said by some to have tormented the life out of her husband, and by others to have been tormented by his unnatural behavior. After she was divorced from her husband, she gave birth to her first child, which did not live; and Madame Stahl's parents, knowing her sensitiveness, and fearing that the shock would kill her, substituted for the dead child the daughter of a court cook, born on the same night, and in the same house at Petersburg. This was Varenka. Madame Stahl afterwards learned that the child was not her own, but continued to take charge of her, the more willingly as the true parents shortly after died.

For more than ten years Madame Stahl lived abroad, in the South, never leaving her bed. Some said that she was a woman who had made a public show of her piety and good works; others said that she was at heart the most highly moral of women, and that she lived only for the good of her neighbor, that she was really what she pretended to be.

No one knew whether she was Catholic, Protestant, or orthodox; one thing alone was certain, — that she had friendly relations with the high dignitaries of all the churches and of all communions.

Varenka always lived with Madame Stahl abroad; and all who knew Madame Stahl knew Mademoiselle Varenka also, and loved her. When she had learned all the particulars, the princess found nothing objectionable in her daughter's acquaintance with Varenka; the more because Varenka had the most cultivated manners and a fine education; she spoke French and English admirably, and chief of all she brought from Madame Stahl her regrets that, owing to her illness, she

was deprived of the pleasure of making the princess's acquaintance.

After she had once made Varenka's acquaintance, Kitty became more and more attached to her friend, and each day discovered some new charm in her. The princess, having discovered that Varenka sang well, invited her to come and give them an evening of music.

"Kitty plays, and we have a piano; not a very good instrument, to be sure, but you would give us a great pleasure," said the princess, with her hypocritical smile which was displeasing to Kitty, especially as she knew that Varenka did not want to sing. But Varenka came, that same evening, and brought her music. The princess had invited Marya Yevgenyevna and her daughter, and the colonel.

Varenka seemed perfectly indifferent to the presence of these people, who were strangers to her, and she went to the piano without being urged. She could not accompany herself, but in singing she read the notes perfectly. Kitty, who played very well, accompanied her.

"You have a remarkable talent," said the princess, after the first song, which Varenka sang beautifully.

Marya Yevgenyevna and her daughter added their compliments and their thanks.

"See," said the colonel, looking out of the window, "what an audience you have attracted."

In fact, a large number of people had gathered in front of the house.

"I am very glad to have given you pleasure," said Varenka, without affectation.

Kitty looked at her friend proudly; she admired her art and her voice and her face, and, more than all, she was enthusiastic over the way in which Varenka made it evident that she took little account of her singing, and was perfectly indifferent to compliments. She simply seemed to say, "Shall I sing some more, or is that enough?"

"If I were in her place, how proud I should be! How happy I should be to see that crowd under the window! But she seems perfectly unconscious of it. All that

she seemed to want was not to refuse, but to please *maman*. What is there about her? What is it that gives her this power of indifference, this calmness and independence? How I should like to learn this of her!" thought Kitty, as she looked into her peaceful face.

The princess asked Varenka to sing again; and she sang this time as well as the first, with the same care and the same perfection, standing erect near the piano, and beating time with her thin brown hand.

The next piece in her music-roll was an Italian *aria*. Kitty played the introduction, and looked at Varenka.

"Let us not do that one," said she, blushing.

Kitty, in alarm and wonder, fixed her eyes on Varenka's face.

"Well! another one," she said, hastily turning the pages, and somehow feeling an intuition that the Italian song brought back to her friend some painful association.

"No," replied Varenka, putting her hand on the notes and smiling, "let us sing this." And she sang it as calmly and coolly as the one before.

After the singing was over, they all thanked her again, and went out into the dining-room to drink tea. Kitty and Varenka went down into the little garden next the house.

"You had some association with that song, did you not?" asked Kitty. "You need not tell me about it," she hastened to add; "simply say, 'Yes, I have.'"

"Why should I not tell you about it? Yes, there is an association," said Varenka, calmly, and not waiting for Kitty to say anything, "and it is a painful one. I once loved a man, and used to sing that piece to him."

Kitty with wide-open eyes looked at Varenka meekly, but did not speak.

"I loved him, and he loved me also; but his mother was unwilling, and he married some one else. He does not live very far from us now, and I sometimes see him. You did n't think that I also had my romance, did you?"

And her face lighted up with a rare beauty, and a fire such as Kitty imagined might have been habitual in other days.

“Why should n't I have thought so? If I were a man I could never have loved any one else after knowing you,” said Kitty. “What I cannot conceive is, that he was able to forget you, and make you unhappy for the sake of obeying his mother. He could n't have had any heart.”

“Oh, no, he was an excellent man; and I am not unhappy; on the contrary, I am very happy. Well, shall we sing any more this evening?” she added, starting to go toward the house.

“How good you are! how good you are!” cried Kitty, and stopping her, she kissed her. “If I could only be a bit like you!”

“Why should you resemble any one else besides yourself? You are a good girl as you are,” said Varenka, with her sweet and melancholy smile.

“No, I am not good at all. Now, tell me Stay, stay; let us sit down a little while,” said Kitty, drawing her down to a settee near by. “Tell me how it can be other than a pain to think of a man who has scorned your love, who has jilted you”

“But no, he did not scorn it at all; I am sure that he loved me. But he was a dutiful son, and”

“Yes, but suppose it had not been for his mother's sake, but simply of his own free will,” said Kitty, feeling that she was betraying her secret, and her face, glowing red with mortification, convicted her.

“Then he would not have behaved honorably, and I should not mourn for him,” replied Varenka, perceiving that the supposition concerned, not herself, but Kitty.

“But the insult!” cried Kitty. “One cannot forget the insult. It is impossible,” said she, remembering her own look when the music stopped at the last ball.

“Whose insult? You did n't act badly?”

“Worse than badly, — shamefully!”

Varenka shook her head, and laid her hand on Kitty's.

“Well, but why shamefully?” she asked. “You surely did not tell a man who showed indifference to you that you loved him?”

“Certainly not; I never uttered a word. But he

knew it. There are looks, there are ways no, no! not if I lived a hundred years should I ever forget it."

"Now, what is it? I don't understand you. The question is solely this: do you love him now or not?" said Varenka, who liked to call things by their right names.

"I hate him. I cannot forgive myself."

"But what for?"

"The shame, the insult."

"Akh! if every one were as sensitive as you! There is never a young girl who does not sometimes feel the same way. It is all such a trifling thing!"

"But what, then, is important?" asked Kitty, looking at Varenka with astonishment and curiosity.

"Oh! many things are important," replied Varenka, with a smile.

"Yes; but what?"

"Oh! there are many things more important," replied Varenka, not knowing what to say; but at that moment the voice of the princess was heard from the window:—

"Kitty, it is getting cool; put on your shawl, or come in."

"It is time to go," said Varenka, getting up. "I must go and see Madame Berthe; she asked me to come."

Kitty held her by the hand, and her eyes, full of passionate, almost supplicating, curiosity, asked her:—

"What is it that is so important that can give such calm? You know; tell me."

But Varenka did not understand the meaning of Kitty's look. She remembered only that she had still to go to see Madame Berthe, and to get home at midnight for tea with *maman*. She went back to the room, picked up her music, and, having said good-night to all, started to go.

"Allow me; I will escort you," said the colonel.

"Certainly," said the princess. "How could you go home alone at night? I was going to send Parasha with you."

Kitty saw that Varenka could hardly keep from smiling at the idea that she needed any one to go home with her.

"No; I always go home alone, and nothing ever happens to me," said she, taking her hat, and after kissing Kitty again, though she did not tell her "the one important thing," she hurried away with firm steps, her music-roll under her arm, and disappeared in the semi-darkness of the summer night, carrying with her her secret of "what is important" and what gave her her enviable calmness and dignity.

CHAPTER XXXIII

KITTY also made Madame Stahl's acquaintance, and her relations with this lady and her friendship with Varenka had not only a powerful influence on her, but also soothed her grief.

She found this consolation in the fact that, through this friendship, there opened before her an entirely new world, which had nothing in common with her past, — a beautiful, supernal world, from the lofty heights of which she could look down calmly on her past. She discovered that this world, which was entirely apart from the instinctive life which she had hitherto led, was the spiritual life. This life was reached by religion, — a religion which had nothing in common with the religion to which Kitty had been accustomed since infancy, a religion which consisted of going to morning and evening service, and to the House of Widows,¹ where she met her acquaintances, or of learning by heart Slavonic texts with the parish priest. This was a lofty, mystic religion, united with the purest thoughts and feelings, and believed in not because one was commanded to do so, but through love.

Kitty learned all this, but not by words. Madame Stahl talked to her as to a dear child whom she loved as the type of her own youth, and only once did she

¹ *Vdovui Dom.*

make any allusion to the consolation brought by faith and love for human sorrows, and to the compassion of Christ, who looked on no sorrows as insignificant; and she immediately changed the subject.

But in all this lady's motions, in her words, in her heavenly looks, as Kitty called them, and, above all, in the story of her life, which she knew through Varenka, Kitty discovered "the important thing" which till now had been but a sealed book to her.

But, lofty as Madame Stahl's character was, touching as was her history, high-minded and affectionate her discourse, Kitty could not help noticing certain peculiarities, which troubled her. One day, for example, when her relatives were mentioned, Madame Stahl smiled disdainfully; it was contrary to Christian charity. Another time Kitty noticed, when she met a Roman Catholic dignitary calling on her, that Madame Stahl kept her face carefully shaded by the curtain, and smiled peculiarly. Insignificant as these two incidents were, they gave her some pain, and caused her to doubt Madame Stahl's sincerity.

Varenka, on the other hand, alone in the world, without family connections, without friends, hoping for naught, harboring no ill-will after her bitter disappointment, seemed to her absolute perfection. Through Varenka she learned how to forget herself, and to love her neighbor, if she wanted to be happy, calm, and good. And Kitty did wish this. And, when once she learned what was the important thing, Kitty was no longer willing simply to admire, but gave herself up with her whole heart to the new life which opened before her. After the stories which Varenka told her of Madame Stahl and others whom she named, Kitty drew up a plan for her coming life. She decided that, following the example of Aline, Madame Stahl's niece, whom Varenka often told her about, she would visit the unhappy, no matter where she might be living, and that she would aid them to the best of her ability; that she would distribute the Gospel, read the New Testament to the sick, to the dying, to criminals: the

thought of reading the New Testament to criminals, as this Aline had done, especially appealed to Kitty. But she indulged in these dreams secretly, without telling them to her mother or even to her friend.

However, while she was waiting to be able to carry out her schemes on a wider scale, it was easy for Kitty to put her new principles in practice at the waters, even then and there at the Spa, where the sick and unhappy are easily found, and she did as Varenka did.

The princess swiftly noticed that Kitty had fallen under the powerful influence of her *engouement* with Madame Stahl (as she called it), and particularly with Varenka. She saw that Kitty imitated Varenka, not only in her deeds of charity, but even in her gait, in her speech, in her ways of shutting her eyes. Later she discovered that her daughter was passing through a sort of crisis of the soul quite independent of the influence of her friends.

The princess saw that Kitty was reading the Gospels evenings in a French Testament loaned her by Madame Stahl, — a thing which she had never done before. She also noticed that she avoided her society friends, and gave her time to the sick under Varenka's care, and particularly to the poor family of a sick painter named Petrof.

Kitty seemed proud to fill, in this household, the functions of a sister of charity. All this was very good; and the princess had no fault to find with it, and opposed it all the less from the fact that Petrof's wife was a woman of good family, and that one day the *Fürstin*, noticing Kitty's charitable activity, had praised her, and called her the "ministering angel." All would have been very good if it had not been carried to excess. But the princess saw that her daughter was going to extremes, so she spoke to her about it.

"*Il ne faut rien outrer* — One must never go to extremes," she said to her.

But her daughter made no reply; she only questioned from the bottom of her heart whether one could ever talk about going to extremes in the matter of religion.

How could there be any possibility of extremes in following teachings which bid you offer your left cheek when the right has been struck, and to give your shirt when your cloak is taken from you? But the princess was displeased with this tendency to exaggeration, and she was still more displeased to feel that Kitty was unwilling to open her heart to her. In point of fact, Kitty kept secret from her mother her new views and feelings. She kept them secret, not because she lacked affection or respect for her mother, but simply because she was her mother. It would have been easier to confess them to a stranger than to her mother.

"It is a long time since Anna Pavlovna has been to see us," said the princess one day, speaking of Madame Petrof. "I invited her to come, but she seems offended."

"No, I don't think so, *maman*," replied Kitty, with a guilty look.

"You have not been with her lately, have you?"

"We planned a walk on the mountain for to-morrow," said Kitty.

"I see no objection," replied the princess, noticing her daughter's confusion; and trying to fathom the reason.

That same day Varenka came to dinner and announced that Anna Pavlovna had given up the proposed expedition. The princess noticed that Kitty again blushed.

"Kitty, has there been anything unpleasant between you and the Petrofs?" she asked, as soon as they were alone. "Why have they ceased to send their children, or to come themselves?"

Kitty replied that nothing had happened, and that she really did not understand why Anna Pavlovna seemed to be angry with her; and she told the truth. She did not know the reasons for the change in Madame Petrof, but she suspected them, and thus also she suspected a thing which she dared not to confess, even to herself, still less to her mother. This was one of those things which you know, but which are impossible to speak even

to yourself, so humiliating and painful would it be if you are mistaken.

Again and again she passed in review all the memories of her relations with this family. She remembered the innocent joy which shone on Anna Pavlovna's honest, round face when they first met; she remembered their secret discussions to find means to distract the invalid, and keep him from the forbidden work, and to get him out of doors; the attachment of the youngest child, who called her Moya Kiti, and would not go to bed without her. How beautiful everything was at that time! Then she remembered Petrof's thin face, his long neck, stretching out from his brown coat; his thin, curly hair; his blue eyes, with their questioning look, which she had feared at first; his painful efforts to seem lively and energetic when she was near; she recalled the effort that she had to make at first to overcome the repugnance which he, as well as all consumptives, caused her to feel; and the trouble which she had in finding something to talk with him about.

She remembered the sick man's humble and timid looks when he saw her, and the strange feeling of compassion and awkwardness which came over her at first, followed by the pleasant consciousness of her charitable deeds. How lovely it all had been! but it lasted only for a brief moment. Now and for several days there had been a sudden change. Anna Pavlovna received Kitty with pretended friendliness, and did not cease to watch her and her husband.

Could it be that the invalid's pathetic joy at the sight of her was the cause of Anna Pavlovna's coolness?

"Yes," she said to herself, "there was something unnatural and quite different from her ordinary sweet temper when she said to me, day before yesterday, sharply, 'There! he will not do anything without you; he would not even take his coffee, though he was awfully faint.'

"Yes! perhaps it was not agreeable to her when I gave him his plaid. It was such a simple little thing to do; but he seemed so strange, and thanked me so warmly,

that I felt ill at ease. And then that portrait of me which he painted so well ; but, above all, his gentle and melancholy look. Yes, yes, it must be so," Kitty repeated with horror. "No, it cannot be, it must not be! He is to be pitied so!" she added, in her secret heart.

This suspicion poisoned the pleasure of her new life.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Just before their season at the Spa was over, Prince Shcherbatsky rejoined them. He had been to Carlsbad, to Baden, and to Kissingen, with Russian friends, — "to get a breath of Russian air," as he expressed it.

The prince and princess had conflicting ideas in regard to living abroad. The princess thought that everything was lovely ; and, notwithstanding her assured position in Russian society, while she was abroad she put on the airs of a European lady which she was not, for she was in every way a genuine Russian baruinya. The prince, on the other hand, considered everything abroad detestable, and the European life unendurable ; and he even exaggerated his Russian characteristics, and tried to be less of a European than he really was.

He came back emaciated and with drooping sacks under his eyes, but in the happiest spirits ; and his happy frame of mind was still further enhanced when he found that Kitty was on the road to health.

The accounts that he heard of Kitty's intimacy with Madame Stahl and Varenka, and the princess's description of the moral transformation through which his daughter was passing, rather vexed the prince, awaking in him that feeling of jealousy which he always had in regard to everything that might draw Kitty away from under his influence. He was afraid that she might ascend to regions unattainable to him. But these disagreeable presentiments were swallowed up in the sea of gayety and good humor which he always carried with him, and which his sojourn at Carlsbad had increased.

The day after his arrival, the prince, in his long pale

tot, and with his Russian wrinkles and his puffy cheeks standing out above his stiffly starched collar, went in the very best of spirits with Kitty to the spring.

The morning was beautiful. The neat, gay houses, with their little gardens, the sight of the German servants, with their red faces and red arms, happily working, the brilliant sun, — everything filled the heart with pleasure. But as they came nearer to the spring they met more and more invalids, whose lamentable appearance contrasted painfully with the trim and beneficent German surroundings.

For Kitty the bright sunlight, the vivid green of the trees, the sounds of the music, all formed a natural framework for these well-known faces, whose changes for better or worse she had been watching. But for the prince there was something cruel in the contrast between this bright June morning, the orchestra playing the latest waltz, and especially the sight of these healthy-looking servants, and the miserable invalids, from all the corners of Europe, dragging themselves painfully along.

In spite of the return of his youth which the prince experienced, and the pride that he felt in having his favorite daughter on his arm, he confessed to a sense of shame and awkwardness in walking along with his firm step and his vigorous limbs.

"Introduce me, introduce me to your new friends," said he to his daughter, pressing her arm with his elbow. "I am beginning to like your abominable Soden for the good which it has done you. Only it is melancholy for you. — Who is this?"

Kitty told the names of the acquaintances and strangers that they met on their way. At the very entrance of the garden they met Madame Berthe and her companion, and the prince was pleased to see the expression of joy on the old Frenchwoman's face at the sound of Kitty's voice. With true French exaggeration she immediately overwhelmed the prince with compliments, congratulating him on having such a charming daughter, whose merits she praised to the

skies, declaring to her face that she was a treasure, a pearl, a ministering angel.

"Well! she must be angel number two," said the prince, gallantly, "for she calls Mademoiselle Varenka angel number one."

"Oh! Mademoiselle Varenka is truly an angel. *Allez*," said Madame Berthe, vivaciously.

They met Varenka herself in the gallery. She hastened up to them, carrying an elegant red bag.

"Here is papa," said Kitty.

Varenka made the prince a simple and natural salutation, almost like a courtesy, and without any false modesty immediately entered into conversation with him as she conversed with every one, without restraint or affectation.

"Of course I know you, — know you very well already," said the prince, with a pleasant expression that made Kitty see that her friend pleased her father. "Where were you going so fast?"

"*Maman* is here," she replied, turning to Kitty. "She did not sleep all night, and the doctor advised her to take the air. I have brought her work."

"So that is angel number one?" said the prince, when Varenka had gone.

Kitty saw that he had intended to rally her about her friend, but had refrained because her friend had pleased him. "Well, let us go and see them all," said he, — "all your friends, even Madame Stahl, if she will deign to remember me."

"But did you ever know her, papa?" asked Kitty, with fear, as she saw an ironical flash in her father's eyes as he mentioned Madame Stahl.

"I knew her husband, and I knew her a little, before she joined the Pietists."

"What are Pietists, papa?" asked Kitty, troubled because such a nickname was given to what in Madame Stahl she valued so highly.

"I myself do not know much about them. I only know this, that she thanks God for everything, even for her tribulations, and, above all, she thanks God

because her husband is dead. Now, that is comical, because they did not live happily together. But who is that? What a melancholy face!" he added, seeing an invalid sitting in a shop in cinnamon-colored paletot, with white pantaloons making strange folds around his emaciated legs. This gentleman had raised his straw hat, and bared his sparse curly hair and high sickly forehead, on which showed the red line made by the brim.

"That is Petrof, a painter," replied Kitty, with a blush; "and there is his wife," she added, indicating Anna Pavlovna, who, at their approach, had evidently made the excuse of running after one of their children playing in the street.

"Poor fellow! and what a pleasant face he has!" said the prince. "But why did you not go to him? He seemed anxious to speak to you."

"Well, let us go back to him," said Kitty, resolutely turning about. "How do you feel to-day?" she asked of Petrof.

Petrof arose, leaning on his cane, and looked timidly at the prince.

"This is my daughter," said the prince; "allow me to make your acquaintance."

The painter bowed and smiled, showing teeth of strangely dazzling whiteness.

"We expected you yesterday, princess," said he to Kitty.

He staggered as he spoke; and to conceal the fact that it was involuntary, he repeated the motion.

"I expected to come, but Varenka told me that Anna Pavlovna sent word that you were not going."

"That we were n't going?" said Petrof, troubled, and beginning to cough. Then, looking toward his wife, he called hoarsely, "Annetta! Annetta!" while the great veins on his thin white neck stood out like cords.

Anna Pavlovna drew near.

"How did you send word to the princess that we were not going?" he demanded angrily, in a whisper.

"Good-morning, princess," said Anna Pavlovna, with

a constrained smile, totally different from her former effusiveness. "Very glad to make your acquaintance," she added, addressing the prince. "You have been long expected, prince."

"How could you have sent word to the princess that we were not going?" again demanded the painter, in his hoarse whisper, and still more irritated because he could not express himself as he wished.

"Oh, good heavens! I thought that we were not going," said his wife, testily.

"How?... when?"

He coughed, and made a gesture of despair with his hand.

The prince raised his hat, and went away with his daughter.

"Oh! oh!" he said, with a deep sigh. "Oh, these poor creatures!"

"Yes, papa," said Kitty; "and you must know that they have three children, and no servant, and almost no means. He receives a pittance from the Academy," she continued eagerly, so as to conceal the emotion caused by the strange change in Anna Pavlovna, in her behavior to her. "Ah, there is Madame Stahl!" said Kitty, directing his attention to a wheeled-chair, in which was lying a human form, wrapped in gray and blue, propped up by pillows, and shaded by an umbrella. It was Madame Stahl. A solemn and sturdy German laborer was pushing her chair. Beside her walked a light-complexioned Swedish count, whom Kitty knew by sight. Several people had stopped near the wheeled-chair, and were gazing at this lady as if she were some curiosity.

The prince approached her, and Kitty instantly noticed in her father's eyes that ironical gleam which had troubled her before. He went up to Madame Stahl, and addressed her in that excellent French which so few Russians nowadays are able to speak, and was extremely polite and friendly.

"I do not know whether you still recollect me, but it is my duty to bring myself to your remembrance, in order that I may thank you for your kindness to my

daughter," said he, taking off his hat, and holding it in his hand.

"Prince Aleksandr Shcherbatsky!" said Madame Stahl, looking at him with her heavenly eyes, in which Kitty detected a shade of dissatisfaction. "I am very glad to see you; I love your daughter so!"

"Your health is not always good?"

"Oh! I am pretty well used to it now," replied Madame Stahl; and she presented the prince to the Swedish count.

"You have changed very little," said the prince to her, "during the ten or twelve years since I had the honor of seeing you."

"Yes. God gives the cross, and gives also the power to carry it. I often ask myself why my life is so prolonged. Not like that," she said crossly, to Varenka, who had not succeeded in putting her plaid over her shoulders to her satisfaction.

"For doing good, without doubt," said the prince, with laughing eyes.

"It is not for us to judge," replied Madame Stahl, observing the gleam of irony in the prince's face.

"I pray you send me that book, dear count. I will thank you a thousand times," said she, turning to the young Swede.

"Ah!" cried the prince, who had just caught sight of the Muscovite colonel standing near; and, bowing to Madame Stahl, he went away with his daughter and the Muscovite colonel, who had joined him.

"This is our aristocracy, prince!" said the colonel, with sarcastic intent, for he also was piqued because Madame Stahl refused to be friendly.

"Always the same," replied the prince.

"Did you know her before her illness, prince, — that is, before she became an invalid?"

"Yes; she became an invalid after I knew her."

"They say that she has not walked for ten years."

"She does not walk because one leg is shorter than the other. She is very badly put together."

"Papa, it is impossible," cried Kitty.

"Evil tongues say so, my dear; and your friend Varenka ought to see her as she is. Oh, these invalid ladies!"

"Oh, no, papa! I assure you, Varenka adores her," cried Kitty, eagerly; "and besides, she does so much good! Ask any one you please. Every one knows her and Aline Stahl."

"Maybe," replied her father, pressing her arm gently; "but it would be better when people do such things that no one should know about it."

Kitty was silent, not because she had nothing to say, but she was unwilling to reveal her inmost thoughts even to her father.

There was one strange thing, however: decided though she was not to unbosom herself to her father, not to let him penetrate into the sanctuary of her reflections, she nevertheless was conscious that her ideal of holiness, as seen in Madame Stahl, which she had for a whole month carried in her soul, had irrevocably disappeared, as a face seen in a garment thrown down by chance disappears when one really sees how the garment is lying. She retained only the image of a lame woman who, because she was deformed, stayed in bed, and who tormented the patient Varenka because she did not arrange her plaid to suit her. And it became impossible for her imagination to bring back to her the remembrance of the former Madame Stahl.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE prince's gayety and good humor were contagious; his household and acquaintances, and even their German landlord, felt it.

When he came in with Kitty, from the springs, the prince invited the colonel, Marya Yevgenyevna and her daughter, and Varenka, to luncheon, and had the table and chairs brought out under the chestnut trees in the garden, and there the guests were served. The landlord and his domestics were filled with zeal under the influ-

ence of his good spirits. They knew his generosity; and before half an hour was over a sick Hamburg doctor, who had rooms on the upper floor, was looking down with envy on the happy group of hearty Russians sitting under the chestnut trees.

Under the flickering shade of the sun-flecked leaves sat the princess, in a bonnet trimmed with lilac ribbons, presiding over the table spread with a white cloth, whereon were placed the coffee-service, the bread, butter, cheese, and cold game; she was distributing cups and tarts. At the other end of the table sat the prince, eating with good appetite, and talking with great animation. He had spread out in front of him his purchases, — carved boxes, jackstraws, paper-cutters of all kinds, which he had brought back from all the places where he had been; and he was distributing them around to all, including Lieschen the maid, and the landlord, with whom he joked in his comically bad German, assuring him that it was not the waters that had cured Kitty, but his excellent *cuisine*, and particularly his prune soup.

The princess laughed at her husband for his Russian peculiarities; but never, since she had been at the Spa, had she been so gay and lively. The colonel, as always, was amused at the prince's jests; but he agreed with the princess on the European question, which he imagined that he understood thoroughly. The good Marya Yevgenyevna laughed at every good thing that the prince said; and even Varenka, to Kitty's great astonishment, laughed till she was tired, with undemonstrative but infectious hilarity awakened by the prince's jests. This was something Kitty had never known to happen before.

All this delighted Kitty, but she could not free herself from mental agitation; she could not resolve the problem which her father had unintentionally given her by his jesting, humorous attitude toward her friends and the life which offered her so many attractions. Moreover, she could not help puzzling herself with the reasons for the change in her relations with the Petrófs, which had struck her that day so plainly and dis-

agreeably. All the rest were gay, but Kitty could not be gay, and this still more annoyed her. She experienced a feeling analogous to that which she had known in her childhood, when, as a punishment for some offense, she was shut up in her room and heard the gay merriment of her sisters.

"Now, why did you purchase this heap of things?" asked the princess, smiling and offering her husband a cup of coffee.

"You go out for a walk, well! and you come to a shop, and they address you, and say, '*Erlaucht, Excellenz, Durchlaucht!*' Well, when they say *Durchlaucht*,¹ I cannot resist any longer, and my ten thalers vanish."

"It was merely because you were bored," said the princess.

"Certainly I was bored! It was ennui which one does not know how to escape from."

"But how can you be bored? There are so many interesting things to see in Germany now," said Marya Yevgenyevna.

"Yes! I know all which is interesting just at the present time: I know soup with prunes, I know pea-pudding, I know everything."

"Just as you please, prince, but their institutions are interesting," said the colonel.

"Yes! but what is there interesting about them? They are as contented as copper kopeks. They have whipped the world! Now, why should I find anything to content me here? I never conquered anybody; but I have to take off my boots myself, and, what is worse, put them out myself in the corridor. In the morning I get up, and have to dress myself, and go down to the dining-room and drink execrable tea. 'T is n't like that at home. There you can get up when you please; if you are out of sorts, you can grumble; you have all the time you need for remembering things, and you can do whatever you please without hurrying."

"But time is money; you forget that," said the colonel.

¹ *Durchlaucht*, highness.

"That depends. There are whole months which you would sell for fifty kopeks, and half-hours which you would not take any amount of money for. Isn't that so, Katenka? But why are you so solemn?"

"I am not, papa."

"Where are you going? Stay a little longer," said the prince to Varenka.

"But I must go home," said Varenka, rising, and laughing gayly again. After she had excused herself, she took leave of her friends, and went into the house to get her hat.

Kitty followed her. Even Varenka seemed to her friend changed. She was not less good, but she was different from what she had imagined her to be.

"Akh! it is a long time since I have laughed so much," said Varenka, as she was getting her parasol and her satchel. "How charming your papa is!"

Kitty did not answer.

"When shall I see you again?" asked Varenka.

"*Maman* wanted to go to the Petrofs'. Are you going to be there?" asked Kitty, trying to sound Varenka.

"I am going to be there," she replied. "They are expecting to leave, and I promised to help them pack."

"Well, then I will go with you."

"No; why should you?"

"Why not? why not? why not?" asked Kitty, opening her eyes very wide, and holding Varenka by her sunshade. "Wait a moment, and tell me why not."

"Why not? Because your papa has come, and because they are vexed at you."

"No; tell me honestly why you don't like to have me go to the Petrofs'. You don't like it; why is it?"

"I did n't say so," replied Varenka, calmly.

"I beg you to tell me."

"Must I tell you all?"

"All, all," replied Kitty.

"Well! There is really nothing very serious; only Mikhaïl Alekseyevitch — that was Petrof's name — a

short time ago wanted to leave even before this, and now he does not want to go at all," replied Varenka, smiling.

"Well, well!" cried Kitty, looking at Varenka with a gloomy expression.

"Now for some reason Anna Pavlovna imagines that he does not want to go because you are here. Of course this was unfortunate; but you have been the unwitting cause of a family quarrel, and you know how irritable these invalids are."

Kitty grew still more melancholy, and kept silent; and Varenka went on speaking, trying to smooth it over, and put things in a better light, though she foresaw that the result would be either tears or reproaches, she knew not which.

"So it is better for you not to go there ... and you will not be angry ..."

"But it was my fault, it was my fault," said Kitty, speaking rapidly, and snatching Varenka's parasol away from her, and not looking at her.

Varenka was amused at her friend's childish anger, but she was afraid of offending her.

"How is it your fault? I don't understand!"

"My fault because it was all pretense, it was all hypocrisy, and because it did not come from the heart. What business had I to meddle in the affairs of a stranger? And so I have been the cause of a quarrel, and I have been doing what no one asked me to do, simply because it was all hypocrisy, hypocrisy," said she.

"But why do you call it hypocrisy?" asked Varenka, gently.

"Akh! How stupid, how wretched! It was none of my business. ... Hypocrisy!" mechanically opening and shutting the sunshade.

"But it was your idea?"

"So as to seem better to others, to myself, to God,—to deceive every one. No, I will not fall so low again. I may be wicked, but at least I will not be a liar and deceiver!"

"But who is a liar?" asked Varenka, in a reproachful tone. "You speak as if ..."

But Kitty was thoroughly angry, and did not let her finish.

"I am not speaking of you, not of you at all. You are perfection. Yes, yes; I know that you are all perfection. How can I help it?... I am wicked; this would not have occurred, if I had not been wicked. So let me be what I am, but I will not be deceitful. What have I to do with Anna Pavlovna? Let them live as they want to, and I will do the same. I can't be somebody else.... Besides, everything is different...."

"What is 'different'?" asked Varenka, in perplexity.

"Everything! I can only live by my heart, but you live by your principles. I like you all; but you have had in view only to save me, to convert me."

"You are not fair," said Varenka.

"I am not speaking for other people. I only speak for myself."

"Kitty!" cried her mother's voice, "come here and show papa your corals."

Kitty, with a haughty face and not making it up with her friend, took the box with the corals from the table and carried it to her mother.

"What is the matter? why are you so flushed?" asked her father and mother with one voice.

"Nothing; I am coming right back;" and she hurried back to the house.

"She is still there," she thought; "what shall I tell her? Bozhe moi! what have I done? what have I said? Why did I hurt her feelings? What have I done? what shall I say to her?" she asked herself, as she hesitated at the door.

Varenka, with her hat on and her parasol in her hand, was sitting by the table, examining the spring, which Kitty had broken. She raised her head.

"Varenka, forgive me," whispered Kitty, coming up to her. "Forgive me, I don't know what I said. I...."

"Truly, I did not mean to cause you pain," said Varenka, smiling.

Peace was made.

But her father's coming had changed for Kitty the

whole world in which she lived. She did not give up what she had learned, but she confessed that she had been under an illusion by believing that she was what she had dreamed of being. She awoke as it were from a dream. She felt all the difficulty of staying without hypocrisy and boastfulness on the heights to which she had tried to raise herself; moreover, she felt still more vividly all the weight of that world of misfortunes, of illnesses, of those who surrounded her, and she was tormented by the efforts which she had made to interest herself in them; and she began to long to breathe the purer, healthier atmosphere of Russia at Yergushovo, where Dolly and the children had gone, as she learned from a letter that had just come.

But her love for Varenka had not diminished. When she went away, she begged her to come and visit them in Russia.

"I will come when you are married," said she.

"I shall never marry."

"Well, then I shall never come."

"Well, in that case, I shall get married only for your sake. Don't forget your promise," said Kitty.

The doctor's prophecies were realized. Kitty came home to Russia perfectly well; possibly she was not as gay and careless as before, but her calmness was restored. The pains of the past were only a memory.



LEVIN AND KITTY.
Original Drawing by E. Boyd Smith.

ANNA KARÉNINA

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ANNA KARENINA

PART THIRD

CHAPTER I

SERGYEÏ IVANOVITCH KOZNUISHEF wanted a rest after his intellectual labors; and, instead of going abroad as usual, he came, toward the end of May, to visit his brother in the country. In his opinion, country life was best of all, and he came now to his brother's to enjoy it. Konstantin Levin was very glad to welcome him, the more because this summer he did not expect his brother Nikolai. But in spite of his love and respect for Sergyeï Ivanovitch, Konstantin was not at his ease with him in the country. He was not at his ease, he was even annoyed to see how his brother regarded the country. For Konstantin Levin the country was the place for life, — for pleasures, sorrows, labor. For Sergyeï Ivanovitch the country, on the one side, offered rest from labor, on the other, a profitable antidote against corruption, and he took it gladly, convinced of its utility. For Konstantin Levin the country was beautiful because it offered field for works of incontestable utility. For Sergyeï Ivanovitch the country was especially delightful because there was nothing he could do, or needed to do there, at all.

Moreover, Sergyeï Ivanovitch's behavior toward the people somewhat piqued Konstantin. Sergyeï Ivanovitch said that he loved and knew the people; and he often chatted with the muzhiks as he was fully able to do, without pretense and without affectation, and discovered, in his interviews with them, traits of character honorable to the people, so that he felt convinced that

he knew them thoroughly. Such relations with the people displeased Konstantin Levin. For him the peasantry was only the chief factor in associated labor; and though he respected the muzhik, and, as he himself said, drew in with the milk of the woman who nursed him a genuine love for them, still he, as a factor associated with them in the general labors, while sometimes admiring their strength, their good nature, their sense of justice, very often when in the general work of the estate other qualities were needed, flew into a passion with the peasantry for their carelessness, slovenliness, drunkenness, untruthfulness. If he had been asked whether he liked the people, he would really have not known what reply to make. He liked and he did not like the people as the majority of men did. Of course as a good man he liked men more than he disliked them; and so it was with the peasantry. But to like or not to like the peasantry, as something out of the common, was an impossibility to him, because he not only lived with the peasantry, because not only were his interests bound up with those of the peasantry, but also he looked on himself as a part of the people, saw no qualities or faults in the people that he did not himself possess, and could not take his stand contrary to the people. Moreover, although he had long lived in the closest relationship with his muzhiks as their landlord, their mediator, and, what was more, their adviser, — for the muzhiks had faith in him, and came to him from forty versts around to ask his advice, — he passed no definite judgment on them; and to the question, did he know the people, he would have found it as hard to find an answer as to the question, did he like the people.

But to say that he knew the peasantry would have meant in his opinion the same as to say that he knew men. He was constantly admiring and studying all kinds of men, and among them, men from among the peasantry whom he considered to be fine and interesting specimens of humanity, and he was all the time discovering in them new characteristics, and chang-

ing and revising his preconceived theories regarding them.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch was the opposite. Just exactly as he liked and enjoyed the country life for its contrariety to that which he did not like, so he liked the peasantry for their contrariety to that class of men which he did not like, and in exactly the same way he knew the people as beings opposed to men in general. His methodical mind clearly differentiated the definite forms of life among the peasantry, deducing it partly from the life of the peasantry itself, but principally from its contrarieties. He never changed his opinions in regard to the people and his sympathetic relationship to them.

In the discussions which arose between the brothers in consequence of their divergence of views, Sergyeï Ivanovitch always won the victory because he had definite opinions concerning the people, their character, peculiarities, and tastes; while Konstantin Levin, ceaselessly modifying his, was easily convicted of contradicting himself.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch looked on his brother as a splendid fellow, whose heart was *bien placé*, as he expressed it in French, but whose mind, though quick and active, was open to the impressions of the moment, and, therefore, full of contradictions. With the condescension of an elder brother, he sometimes explained to him the real meaning of things; but he could not take genuine pleasure in discussing with him, because his opponent was so easy to vanquish.

Konstantin Levin looked on his brother as a man of vast intelligence and learning, endowed with extraordinary faculties, most advantageous to the community at large; but as he advanced in life, and learned to know him better, he sometimes asked himself, in the secret chambers of his heart, if this devotion to the general interests, which he felt that he himself entirely lacked, was really a good quality, or rather a lack of something — not a lack of good-natured, upright, benevolent wishes and tastes, but the lack of the motive power of life,

which is called "heart," of that impulse which constrains a man to choose one out of all multitudes of paths which life offers to men, and to desire this alone. The better he knew his brother, the more he remarked that Sergyeï Ivanovitch and many other workers for the common good were not drawn by their affections to this work, but that they used their reason to justify themselves in the interest they took in it.

Levin was still further confirmed in this hypothesis by the observation that his brother did not really take much more to heart the questions concerning the common good and the immortality of the soul than those connected with a game of chess or the ingenious construction of a new machine.

Again Levin felt, also, constraint with his brother from the fact that while he was in the country, and especially in the summer-time, he was all the time busy with his work on the estate. The days seemed to him too short for him to accomplish all that he wanted to do, while his brother was taking his ease. But, though Sergyeï Ivanovitch was enjoying his vacation, in other words, was not working at his writing, he was so used to intellectual activity, that he enjoyed expressing in beautiful, concise form the thoughts that occurred to him, and he liked to have some one listen to him. His most habitual and most natural auditor was his brother, and therefore, notwithstanding the friendly simplicity of their relations, Konstantin felt awkward to be alone with him. Sergyeï Ivanovitch liked to lie on the grass, in the sun, stretched out at full length, and to talk lazily.

"You would n't believe," he would say to his brother, "how I enjoy this tufted idleness. I have not an idea in my head; it is empty as a shell."

But Konstantin Levin quickly wearied of sitting down and hearing him talk — especially because he knew that in his absence they were spreading the manure on the unplowed field, and would be up to God knows what mischief, unless he should be on hand to superintend this work; he knew that they would not screw up the cutters in his plows, but would be taking them off and then

say that plows were foolish devices, and that Andreyef's sokha¹ did the work, and the like.

"Don't you ever get weary going about so in this heat?" asked Sergyei Ivanovitch.

"No. Only I must run over to the office for a minute," said Levin; and he hurried across the field.

CHAPTER II

EARLY in June, Agafya Mikhaïlovna, the old nurse and *ekonomka*, or housekeeper, in going down cellar with a pot of salted mushrooms, slipped and fell, and dislocated her wrist.

The district doctor, a loquacious young medical student who had just taken his degree, came, and, after examining the arm, declared that it was not out of joint. During dinner, proud of finding himself in the society of the distinguished Sergyei Ivanovitch Koznuishef, he began to relate all the petty gossip of the district in order to display his enlightened views of things; and he expressed his regrets at the bad condition of provincial affairs.

Sergyei Ivanovitch listened attentively, asking various questions; and animated by the presence of a new hearer, he made keen and shrewd observations, which were received by the young doctor with respectful appreciation, and his spirits rose high, which, as his brother knew, was liable to be the case with him after a lively and brilliant conversation.

After the doctor's departure he expressed his desire to go to the river and fish. He was fond of fishing, and seemed to take pride in showing that he could amuse himself with such a stupid occupation. Konstantin had to go to certain fields and meadows, and offered to take his brother in his cabriolet as far as the river.

¹ The picture by Repin represents Count Tolstoi plowing with the primitive sokha. Levin's peasantry call the plow (*plug*) *vuidumka pustaya*, "empty invention."

It was the time of the year, the very top of the summer, when the prospects of harvest may be estimated, when the labors of the next year's planting begin to be thought of, and the mowing-time has come; when the rye is already eared and sea-green in color, but still not fully formed; when the ears of corn swing lightly in the breeze; when the green oats, with scattered clumps of yellow grass, peep irregularly from the late-sown fields; when the early buckwheat already is up and hides the soil; when the fallow fields, beaten as hard as stone by the cattle and with paths deserted, on which the *sokha*, or primitive plow, has no effect, are half broken up; when the odor of the dry manure, heaped in little hillocks over the fields, mingles at twilight with the perfume of the "honey-grass,"¹ and on the bottom lands, waiting for the scythe, stand the protected meadows like a boundless sea with the darkening clumps of sorrel that has done blooming.

It was the time when there is a brief breathing-spell before the harvest, that great event which the muzhik with eagerness expects each year. The crops promised to be superb; and there was a succession of bright, clear summer days, followed by short, dewy nights.

The two brothers had to go through the woodland to reach the fields. Sergyeï Ivanovitch was all the time admiring the beauty of the forest with its dense canopy of leaves, and he pointed out to his brother, as they rode along, now an old linden almost in flower, dark on its shady side and variegated with yellow stipules; now at the emerald-shining young shoots of that same year; but Konstantin did not himself like to speak or to hear about the beauties of nature. Words, he thought, spoiled the beauty of the thing that he saw. He assented to what his brother said, but allowed his mind to concern itself with other things. After they left the wood, his whole attention was absorbed by a fallow field on a hillock, where in some places the grass was growing yellow, where in others whole squares of it had been cut, and in others raked up into haystacks, and where in

¹ *Holcus mollis*, soft-grass.

still other places the men were plowing. The carts were thronging up toward the field. Levin counted them, and was satisfied with the work which was going on.

His thoughts were diverted, by the sight of the meadows, to the question of haymaking. He always experienced something which went to his very heart at the hay-harvesting. When they reached the meadow Levin stopped his horse. The morning dew was still damp on the thick grass, and Sergyeï Ivanovitch begged his brother, in order that he might not wet his feet, to drive him in his cabriolet as far as a clump of laburnums near which perch were to be caught. Though Levin disliked to trample down his grass, he drove over through the field. The tall grass clung round the wheels and the horse's legs, and scattered its seed on the damp spokes and naves.

Sergyeï sat down under the laburnums, and cast his line, but Levin drove the horse aside, fastened him, and then went off through the vast green sea of the meadow unstirred by a breath of wind. The silky grass with its ripe seeds was almost waist-high in the places that had been overflowed.

As Konstantin Levin crossed the meadow diagonally, he met on the road an old man with one of his eyes swollen, and carrying a swarming-basket full of bees.

"Well? Have you caught them, Fomitch?" he asked.

"Caught them indeed, Konstantin Mitritch! If only I could keep my own! This is the second time this swarm has gone off, but, thanks to the boys! they galloped after 'em!.... They're plowing your fields. They unhitched the horse and dashed off after 'em!"

"Well, what do you say, Fomitch, should we begin mowing or wait?"

"Just as you say! According to our notions we should wait till St. Peter's Day.¹ But you always mow earlier. Well, just as God will have it — the grass is in fine condition. There'll be plenty of room for the cattle."

"And what do you think of the weather?"

¹ The feast of St. Peter and St. Paul is June 29 (O.S.), or July 11.

“Well, all is in the hand of God. Maybe the weather will hold.”

Levin returned to his brother.

Though he had caught nothing, Sergyeï Ivanovitch was undisturbed, and seemed in the best of spirits. Levin saw that he was stimulated by his talk with the doctor, and that he was eager to go on talking. Levin, on the contrary, was anxious to get back to the house as soon as possible to give some orders about hiring mowers for the next day, and to decide the question about the haymaking which occupied all his thoughts. “Well,” said he, “shall we go?”

“What is your hurry? Do let us sit down. But how drenched you are!... No, I have had no luck, but I have enjoyed it all the same. All outdoor sports are beautiful because you have to do with nature. Now just notice how charming that steely water is!” he exclaimed.

“These meadow banks,” he went on to say, “always remind me of an enigma, do you know?—‘The grass says to the river, “We have strayed far enough, we have strayed far enough.”’”

“I don’t know that riddle,” interrupted Konstantin, in a melancholy tone.

CHAPTER III

“Do you know, I was thinking about you,” said Sergyeï Ivanovitch. “It is not well at all, what is going on in your district, if that doctor tells the truth; he is not a stupid fellow. And I have told you all along, and I say to-day, you are wrong in not going to the assembly-meetings and in generally holding aloof from the affairs of the commune. If men of standing don’t take an interest in affairs, God knows how things will turn out. The taxes we pay will be spent in salaries, and not for schools, or hospitals, or midwives, or pharmacies, or anything.”

“But I have tried it,” replied Levin, faintly and

unwillingly. "I can't do anything. What is to be done about it?"

"Now, why can't you do anything? I confess I don't understand it. I cannot admit that it is indifference or lack of intelligence; is n't it simply laziness?"

"It is not that, or the first or the second. I have tried it, and I see that I cannot do anything," said Levin.

He was not paying great heed to what his brother said, but was looking intently across the fields on the other side of the river. He saw something black, but he could not make out whether it was only a horse, or his overseer on horseback.

"Why can't you do anything? You have made an experiment, and it does not turn out to your satisfaction, and you give up. Why not have a little pride about you?"

"Pride?" said Levin, touched to the quick by his brother's reproach. "I don't see what that has to do with it. If at the university they had told me that others understood the integral calculus, but I did not, that would have touched my pride; but here one must be convinced in advance that one needs special aptitude for these things, and first of all that these things are very important."

"What! do you mean to say that they are not important?" asked Sergyeï Ivanovitch, in his turn touched to the quick because his brother seemed to attach so little importance to what so deeply interested him, and more than all because he apparently gave him such poor attention.

"What you wish does not seem to me important, and I cannot feel interested in it," replied Levin, who now saw that the black speck was the overseer, and that the overseer was probably taking some muzhiks from their work. They had canted over their plows. "Can they have finished plowing?" he asked himself.

"Now, listen! nevertheless," said his brother, his handsome intellectual face growing a shade darker. "There are limits to everything. It is very fine to be an

original and outspoken man, and to hate falsehood, — all that I know; but the fact is, what you say has no sense at all, or has a very bad sense. How can you think it unimportant that this people, which you love, as you assert....”

“I never asserted any such thing,” said Konstantin Levin to himself.

“That this people should perish without aid? Coarse peasant women act as midwives, and the people remain in ignorance, and are at the mercy of every letter-writer. But the means is given into your hands to remedy all this; and you don't assist them, because, in your eyes, it is not important.”

And Sergyei Ivanovitch offered him the following dilemma: —

“Either you are not developed sufficiently to see all that you might do, or you do not care to give up your own comfort, or your vanity, I don't know which, in order to do this.”

Konstantin Levin felt that he must make a defense, or be convicted of indifference for the public weal, and this was vexatious and offensive to him.

“Ah! but there is still another thing,” he said resolutely. “I do not see how it is possible....”

“What! impossible to give medical aid if the funds were watched more closely?”

“Impossible it seems to me.... In the four thousand square versts of our district, with our floods, snow-storms, and busy seasons, I don't see the possibility of giving public medical aid. Besides, I don't much believe in medicine, anyway.”....

“Well now, what nonsense! you are unjust.... I could name you a thousand cases.... well, but how about schools?”

“Why schools?”

“What do you say? Can you doubt the advantages of education? If it is good for you, then it is good for every one!”

Konstantin Levin felt that he was morally pushed to the wall; and so he grew irritated, and involuntarily

revealed the chief reason for his indifference to the communal affairs.

"Maybe all this is a good thing," said he; "but why should I put myself out to have medical dispensaries located which I shall never make use of, or schools where I shall never send my children, and where the peasants won't want to send their children, and where I am not sure that it is wise to send them, anyway?"

Sergyei Ivanovitch for a moment was disconcerted by this unexpected way of looking at the matter; but he immediately developed a new plan of attack. He was silent, pulled in one of his lines and wound it up; then with a smile he turned to his brother:—

"Now, excuse me. In the first place, the dispensary has proved necessary. Here, we ourselves have just sent for the communal doctor for Agafya Mikhailovna."

"Well, I still think her wrist was out of joint."

"That remains to be proved. In the next place, the muzhik who can read is a better workman, and more useful to you."

"Oh, no!" replied Konstantin Levin, resolutely. "Ask any one you please, they will tell you that the educated muzhik is far worse as a laborer. He will not repair the roads; and, when they build bridges, he will only steal the planks."

"Now, that is not the point," said Sergyei, frowning because he did not like contradictions, and especially those that leaped from one subject to another, and kept bringing up new arguments without any apparent connection, so that it was impossible to know what to say in reply. "That is not the point. Excuse me. Do you admit that education is a benefit to the peasantry?"

"I do," said Levin, at haphazard, and instantly he saw that he had not said what he thought. He realized that, by making this admission, it would be easy to convict him of speaking nonsense. How it would be brought up against him he did not know; but he knew that he would surely be shown his logical inconsequence, and he awaited the demonstration. It came much sooner than he expected.

"If you admit its value," said Sergyei Ivanovitch, "then, as an honest man, you cannot refuse to delight in this work and sympathize with it, and give it your cooperation."

"But I still do not admit that this activity is good," said Konstantin Levin, his face flushing.

"What? But you just said...."

"That is, I don't say that it is bad, but that it is not possible."

"But you can't know this, since you have not made any effort to try it."

"Well, let us admit that the education of the people is advantageous," said Levin, although he did not in the least admit it. "Let us admit that it is so; still I don't see why I should bother myself with it."

"Why not?"

"Well, if we are going to discuss the question, then explain it to me from your philosophical point of view."

"I don't see what philosophy has to do here," retorted Sergyei Ivanovitch, in a tone which seemed to cast some doubt on his brother's right to discuss philosophy; and this nettled Levin.

"This is why," said he, warmly. "I think that the motive power in all our actions is forever personal happiness. Now, I see nothing in our provincial institutions that contributes to my well-being as a nobleman. The roads are not better, and cannot be made so. My horses carry me, even on bad roads. The doctor and the dispensary are no use to me. The justice of the peace does me no good; I never went to him, and never shall go to him. The schools seem to me not only useless, but, as I have said, are even harmful; and these communal institutions oblige me to pay eighteen kopeks a desyatin, to go to town, to sleep with bugs, and to hear all sorts of vulgar and obscene talk, but my personal interests are not helped."

"Excuse me," said Sergyei Ivanovitch, with a smile. "Our personal interests did not compel us to work for the emancipation of the serfs, and yet we worked for it."

"No," replied Konstantin, with still more animation;

“the emancipation of the serfs was quite another affair. It was for personal interest. We wanted to shake off this yoke that hung on the necks of all of us decent people. But to be a member of the council; to discuss how much the night workman should be paid, and how to lay sewer-pipes in streets where one does not live; to be a juryman, and sit in judgment on a muzhik who has stolen a ham; to listen for six hours to all sorts of rubbish which the defendant and the prosecutor may utter, and, as presiding officer, to ask my old friend, the half-idiotic Aloshka, ‘Do you plead guilty, *Mr. Accused*, of having stolen this ham?’”

And Konstantin, carried away by his subject, enacted the scene between the president and the half-idiotic Aloshka. It seemed to him that this was in the line of the argument.

But Sergyei Ivanovitch shrugged his shoulders.

“*Nu!* what do you mean by this?”

“I only mean that I will always defend with all my powers those rights which touch me, — my interests; that when the policemen came to search us students, and read our letters, I was ready to defend these rights with all my might, to defend my rights to instruction, to liberty. I am interested in the military obligation which concerns the fate of my children, of my brothers, and of myself. I am willing to discuss this because it touches me; but to deliberate on the employment of forty thousand rubles of communal money, or to judge the crack-brained Aloshka, I won’t do it, and I can’t.”

Konstantin Levin discoursed as if the fountains of his speech were unloosed. Sergyei Ivanovitch smiled.

“Supposing to-morrow you were arrested; would you prefer to be tried by the old ‘criminal court’?”¹

“But I am not going to be arrested. I am not going to cut any one’s throat, and this is no use to me. Now, see here!” he continued, again jumping to a matter entirely foreign to their subject, “our provincial institutions, and all that, remind me of the little twigs which on Trinity day we stick into the ground, to imitate a

¹ *Ugolovnaya Palata.*

forest. The forest has grown of itself in Europe; but I cannot on my soul have any faith in our birch sprouts, or water them."

Sergyeï Ivanovitch only shrugged his shoulders again, as a sign of astonishment that birch twigs should be mingled in their discussion, although he understood perfectly what his brother meant.

"Excuse me," said he. "That is no way to reason."

But Konstantin Levin was eager to explain his self-confessed lack of interest in matters of public concern, and he went on to say:—

"I think that there can be no durable activity if it is not founded in individual interest: this is a general, a philosophical truth," said he, laying special emphasis on the word "philosophical," as if he wished to show that he also had the right, as well as any one else, to speak of philosophy.

Again Sergyeï Ivanovitch smiled. "He also," thought he, "has his own special philosophy for the benefit of his inclinations."

"Well, have done with philosophy," he said. "Its chief problem has been in all times to grasp the indispensable bond which exists between the individual interest and the public interest. This is not to the point, however. But I can make your comparison fit the case. The little birch twigs have not been merely stuck in, but have been sowed, planted, and it is necessary to watch them carefully. The only nations which can have a future, the only nations which deserve the name of historic, are those which feel the importance and the value of their institutions, and prize them."

And Sergyeï Ivanovitch transferred the question over into the domain of the historico-philosophical, which Konstantin was by no means able to appreciate, and showed him all the erroneousness of his views.

"As to your distaste for affairs, excuse me if I refer it to our Russian indolence and gentility;¹ and I trust that this temporary error of yours will pass away."

Konstantin was silent. He felt himself routed on

¹ *Barstvo*, Russian rank. The stem appears in the word *barin*, master.

every side, but he felt also that his brother had not understood what he wished to say. He did not know exactly whether it was because he did not know how to express himself clearly, or because his brother did not wish to understand him, or whether he could not understand him. He did not try to fathom this question; but, without replying to his brother, he became absorbed in entirely different thoughts, connected with his own work.

Sergyei Ivanovitch reeled in his last line, he unhitched the horse, and they drove away.

CHAPTER IV

THE thought that was absorbing Levin at the time of his discussion with his brother was this: the year before, having come one day to the hay-field, Levin had fallen into a passion with his overseer. He had employed his favorite means of calming himself—had taken the scythe from a muzhik and begun to mow.

He enjoyed the work so much that he had tried it again and again. He had mowed the whole of the lawn in front of his house, and this year early in the spring he had formulated a plan of spending whole days mowing with the muzhiks.

Since his brother's arrival he had been in doubt: Should he mow or not? He had scruples about leaving his brother alone for whole days at a time, and he was afraid that his brother would make sport of him on account of this. But as they crossed the meadow, and he recalled the impression that the mowing had made on him, he had almost made up his mind that he would mow. Now after his vexatious discussion with his brother, he again remembered his project.

"I must have some physical exercise, or my character will absolutely spoil," he thought, and made up his mind to mow, no matter what his brother or his servants should say.

That very evening Konstantin Levin went to the office, gave some directions about the work to be done, and

sent to the village to hire some mowers for the morrow, so as to attack his field at Kalinovo, which was the largest and best.

"And here; please send my scythe over to Sef, and have him put it in order and bring it back to-morrow; perhaps I will come and mow too," said he, trying to hide his confusion.

The overseer smiled, and said:—

"I will obey you — *slushayu-s.*"

Later, at the tea-table, Levin said to his brother:—

"It seems like settled weather. To-morrow I am going to begin mowing."

"I like this work very much," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"I like it extremely," said Levin. "Last year I myself mowed with the muzhiks, and to-morrow I am going to spend all day at it."

Sergyeï Ivanovitch raised his head, and gazed with astonishment at his brother.

"What did you say? Like the muzhiks, all day long?"

"Certainly; it is very enjoyable," said Levin.

"It is excellent as physical exercise, but can you stand such work?" asked Sergyeï Ivanovitch, without meaning to say anything ironical.

"I have tried it. At first it is hard work, but afterwards you get used to it. I think I shall not leave off."

"Really! but tell me, how do the muzhiks look at it? Naturally they make sport because the barin is queer, don't they?"

"No, I don't think so; but this is such pleasant and at the same time hard work, that they don't think about it."

"But how do you and they do about dinner? You could hardly have a bottle of Lafitte and a roast turkey sent you out there."

"No; I come home while the workmen have their nooning."

The next morning Konstantin Levin got up earlier than usual; but his duties about the house detained

him, and when he came to the mowing-field he found the men had already mowed the first time across.

From the top of the slope the part of the meadow still in the shade, and already mowed, spread out before him, with its long windrows and the little black heaps of kaftans thrown down by the men when they went by the first time.

As he drew nearer he saw also the band of muzhiks, some in their kaftans, some in their shirt-sleeves, moving in a long line, and swinging their scythes in unison. He counted forty-two men of them. They were advancing slowly over the uneven bottom-land of the meadow, where there was an old dike. Many of them Levin knew. There was the old round-shouldered Yermil, in a very clean white shirt, wielding the scythe; there was the young small Vaska, who used to be Levin's coachman; there was Sef, also, a little, thin old peasant,¹ who had taught him how to mow. He was cutting a wide swath without stooping, and handling his scythe as if he were playing with it.

Levin dismounted from his horse, tied her near the road, and went across to Sef, who immediately got a second scythe from a clump of bushes and handed it to him.

"All ready, barin; 't is like a razor, — cuts of itself," said Sef, with a smile, taking off his cap and handing him the scythe.

Levin took it and began to try it. The mowers, having finished their line, were returning one after the other on their track, covered with sweat, but gay and lively. They laughed timidly, and saluted the barin. All of them looked at him, but no one ventured to speak until at last a tall old man, with a wrinkled, beardless face, and dressed in a sheepskin jacket, thus addressed him: —

"Look here, barin, if you put your hand to the rope, you must not let go," said he; and Levin heard the sound of stifled laughter among the mowers.

¹ *Muzhichok*, diminutive of muzhik, as muzhik is diminutive of *muzh*, a man.

"I will try not to be left behind," he said, as he took his place behind Sef, and waited for the signal to begin.

"Tention!" cried the old man.

Sef opened the way, and Levin followed in his track. The grass was short and tough; and Levin, who had not mowed in a long time, and was confused by the watchful eyes of the men, at first made very bad work of it, though he swung the scythe energetically. Voices were heard behind him:—

"He does not hold his scythe right: the sned is too high. See how he stoops like," said one.

"Bears his hand on too much," said another.

"No matter, it goes pretty well," said the head man.

"Look, he goes at a great rate! Cuts a wide swath! He'll get played out. The master is trying it for himself as hard as he can, but look at his row! For such work my brother was beaten once."

The grass became less tough; and Levin, listening and making no reply, trying to mow as well as he could, followed Sef. Thus they went a hundred steps. Sef kept on without any intermission, and without showing the least fatigue; but Levin began by this time to feel terribly and feared that he could not keep it up, he was so tired.

He was just thinking that he was using his last strength and had determined to ask Sef to rest; but at this time the muzhik of his own accord halted, bent over, and, taking a handful of grass, began to wipe his scythe, and to whet it. Levin straightened himself up, and with a sigh of relief looked about him. Just behind was a peasant, and he also was evidently tired, because instantly without catching up to Levin he also stopped and began to whet his scythe. Sef whetted his own scythe and Levin's, and they started again.

At the second attempt it was just the same. Sef advanced a step at every swing of the scythe, without stopping and without sign of weariness. Levin followed him, striving not to fall behind; but each moment it

came harder and harder. But, as before, just as he believed himself at the end of his forces, Sef stopped and whetted his scythe.

Thus they went over the first swath. And this long stretch seemed especially hard for Levin. When the swath was finished and Sef, throwing the scythe over his shoulder, slowly walked back in the tracks made by his heels as he had mowed, and Levin also retraced his steps in the same way, although the sweat stood on his face and dropped from his nose, and all his back was as wet as if he had been plunged in water; still he felt very comfortable. He was especially glad that he knew now that he could keep up with the rest.

His pleasure was marred only by the fact that his swath was not good.

"I will work less with my arms and more with my whole body," he said to himself, carefully comparing Sef's smooth straight swath with his own rough and irregular line.

The first time, as Levin observed, Sef went very rapidly, apparently wishing to test his barin's endurance, and the swath seemed endless. But the succeeding swaths grew easier and easier. Still Levin had to exert all his energies not to fall behind the muzhiks. He had no other thought, no other desire, than to reach the other end of the meadow as soon as the others did, and to do his work as perfectly as possible. He heard nothing but the swish of the scythes, saw nothing but Sef's straight back, plodding on in front of him, and the semicircle described in the grass which fell over, slowly carrying with it the delicate heads of flowers, and then far in front of him the end of the row, where he would be able to get breath.

Not at first realizing what it was or whence it came, suddenly in the midst of his labors he felt a pleasant sensation of coolness on his shoulders. He looked up at the sky while Sef was plying the whetstone, and he saw an inky black cloud. A heavy shower had come up and the raindrops were falling fast. Some of the muzhiks were putting on their kaftans; others, like

Levin himself, were glad to feel the rain on their hot, sweaty shoulders.

The work went on and on. Some of the swaths were long, others were shorter; here the grass was good, there it was poor. Levin absolutely lost all idea of time and knew not whether it was early or late. In his work a change now began to be visible, and this afforded him vast satisfaction. While he was engaged in this labor there were moments during which he forgot what he was doing and it seemed easy to him, and during these moments his swath came out almost as even and perfect as that done by Sef. But as soon as he became conscious of what he was doing and strove to do better, he immediately began to feel all the difficulty of the work and his swath became poor.

After they had gone over the field one more time, he started to turn back again; but Sef halted, and, going to the old man, whispered something to him. Then the two studied the sun.

"What are they talking about? and why don't they keep on?" thought Levin, without considering that the muzhiks had been mowing for more than four hours, and it was time for them to have their morning meal.

"Breakfast, barin," said the old man.

"Time, is it? Well, breakfast, then."

Levin gave his scythe to Sef, and together with the muzhiks, who were going to their kaftans for their bread, he crossed the wide stretch of field, where the mown grass lay lightly moistened by the shower, and went to his horse. Then only he perceived that he had made a false prediction about the weather, and that the rain had wet his hay.

"The hay will be spoiled," he said.

"No harm done, barin; mow in the rain, rake in the sun," said the old man.

Levin unhitched his horse and went home to take coffee.

Sergyei Ivanovitch had just got up; before he was dressed and down in the dining-room, Konstantin was back to the field again.

CHAPTER V

AFTER breakfast, Levin took his place in the line not where he had been before, but between the quizzical old man, who asked him to be his neighbor, and a young muzhik who had been married only since autumn and was now mowing for the first time.

The old man, standing very erect, mowed straight on, with long, regular strides; and the swinging of the scythe seemed no more like labor than the swinging of his arms when walking. His well-whetted scythe cut, as it were, of its own energy through the succulent grass.

Behind Levin came the young Mishka. His pleasant, youthful face, under a wreath of green grass which bound his hair, worked with the energy that employed the rest of his body. But when any one looked at him, he would smile. He would rather die than confess that he found the labor hard.

Levin went between the two.

The labor seemed lighter to him during the heat of the day. The sweat in which he was bathed refreshed him; and the sun, burning his back, his head, and his arms bared to the elbow, gave him force and tenacity for his work. More and more frequently the moments of oblivion, of unconsciousness of what he was doing, came back to him; the scythe went of itself. Those were happy moments. Then, still more gladsome were the moments when, coming to the river where the windrows ended, the old man, wiping his scythe with the moist, thick grass, rinsed the steel in the river, then, dipping up a ladleful of the cool water, gave it to Levin.

"This is my kvas! It's good, is n't it?" he exclaimed, winking.

And, indeed, it seemed to Levin that he had never tasted any liquor more refreshing than this lukewarm water, in which grass floated, and tasting of the rusty tin cup. Then came the glorious slow promenade,

when, with scythe on the arm, there was time to wipe the heated brow, fill the lungs full, and glance round at the long line of haymakers, and the busy work that had been accomplished in field and forest.

The longer Levin mowed, the more frequently he felt the moments of oblivion, when his hands did not wield the scythe, but the scythe seemed to have a self-conscious body, full of life, and carrying on, as it were by enchantment, a regular and systematic work. These were indeed joyful moments.

It was hard only when he was obliged to interrupt this unconscious activity to think about something, when he had to remove a clod or a clump of wild sorrel. The old man did this easily. When he came to a clod, he changed his motion and now with his heel, now with the end of the scythe, pushed it aside with repeated taps. And while doing this he noticed everything and examined everything that was to be seen. Now he picked a strawberry, and ate it himself or gave it to Levin; now snipped off a twig with the end of the scythe; now he discovered a nest of quail from which the mother was scurrying away, or impaled a snake as if with a spear, and, having shown it to Levin, flung it out of the way.

But for Levin and the young fellow behind him these changes of motion were difficult. When once they got into the swing of work, they could not easily change their movements and at the same time observe what was before them.

Levin did not realize how the time was flying. If he had been asked how long he had been mowing, he would have answered, "Half an hour;" and here it was almost dinner-time.

After they finished one row, the old man drew his attention to some little girls and boys, half concealed by the tall grass, who were coming from all sides, through the tall grass and down the roads, bringing to the haymakers their parcels of bread and rag-stoppered jugs of kvas, which seemed too heavy for their little arms.

"See! here come the midgets,"¹ said he, pointing to them; and, shading his eyes, he looked at the sun.

Twice more they went across the field, and then the old man stopped.

"Well, barin, dinner," said he, in a decided tone.

Then the mowers, walking along the riverside, went back through the windrows to their kaftans, where the children were waiting with the dinners. The muzhiks gathered together; some clustered around the carts, others sat in the shade of a laburnum bush, where the mown grass was heaped up.

Levin sat down near them; he had no wish to leave them.

All constraint in the presence of the barin had disappeared. The muzhiks prepared to take their dinner. Some washed themselves, the children went in swimming in the river, others found places to nap in, or undid their bags of bread and uncorked their jugs of kvas.

The old man crumbed his bread into his cup, mashed it with the shank of his spoon, poured water on from his tin basin, and, cutting off still more bread, he salted the whole plentifully; and, turning to the east, he said his prayer.

"Here now, barin, try my bread-crumbs!"² said he, kneeling down before his cup.

Levin found the soaked bread so palatable that he decided not to go home to dinner. He dined with the old man, and talked with him about his domestic affairs, in which he took a lively interest, and in his turn told the old man about such of his plans and projects as would interest him.

He felt far nearer to him than to his brother, and he could not help smiling at the affection which he felt for this simple-hearted man.

When the old man got up from his dinner, offered

¹ *Kozyavki*, ladybugs.

² *Tiurka*, diminutive of *tiura*, a bread-crumble soaked in *kvas*, or beer. The starik used water instead of *kvas*. *Kvas* is a drink made of fermented rye meal or bread with malt.

another prayer, and arranged a pillow of fresh-mown grass, and composed himself for a nap, Levin did the same; and, in spite of the stubborn, sticky flies and insects tickling his heated face and body, he immediately went off to sleep, and did not wake until the sun came out on the other side of the laburnum bush and began to shine in his face. The starik had been long awake, and was sitting up cutting the children's hair.

Levin looked around him, and did not know where he was. Everything seemed so changed. The vast level of the mown meadow with its windrows of already fragrant hay was lighted and glorified in a new fashion by the oblique rays of the afternoon sun. The trimmed bushes down by the river, and the river itself, before invisible but now shining like steel with its windings; and the busy peasantry; and the high wall of grass, where the meadow was not yet mowed; and the young vultures flying high above the bare field, — all this was absolutely new to him.

Levin calculated how much had been mowed, and how much could still be done that day. The work accomplished by the forty-two men was considerable. The whole great meadow, which in the time of serfdom used to take thirty scythes two days, was now almost mowed; only a few corners with short rows were left. But Levin wanted to do as much as possible that day, and he was vexed at the sun which was sinking too early. He felt no fatigue; he only wanted to do more rapid work, and get as much done as was possible.

“Do you think we shall get Mashkin Verkh¹ mowed to-day?” he asked of the old man.

“If God allows; the sun is getting low. Will there be little sips of vodka for *the boys*?”

At the time of the mid-afternoon luncheon, when the men rested again, and the smokers were lighting their pipes, the elder announced to the “boys”: —

“Mow Mashkin Verkh — extra vodka!”

“All right! Come on, Sef! Let's tackle it lively.

¹ Mashka's Hillside.

We'll eat after dark. Come on!" cried several voices; and, even while still munching their bread, they got to work again.

"Well, boys, keep up good hearts!" said Sef, setting off almost on the run.

"Come, come!" cried the old man, hastening after him and easily outstripping him. "I am first. Look out!"

Old and young mowed as if they were racing; and yet, with all their haste, they did not spoil their work, but the windrows lay in neat and regular swaths.

The triangle was finished in five minutes. The last mowers had just finished their line, when the first, throwing their kaftans over their shoulders, started down the road to the Mashkin Verkh.

The sun was just hovering over the tree-tops, when, with rattling cans, they came to the little wooded ravine of Mashkin Verkh.

The grass here was as high as a man's waist, tender, succulent, thick, and variegated with the flower called *Ivan-da-Marya*.

After a short parley, to decide whether to take it across, or lengthwise, an experienced mower, Prokhor Yermilin, a huge, black-bearded muzhik, went over it first. He took it lengthwise, and came back in his track; and then all followed him, going along the hill above the hollow, and skirting the wood. The sun was setting. The light was going behind the forest. The dew was already falling. Only the mowers on the ridge were in the sun; but down in the hollow, where the mist was beginning to rise, and behind the slope, they went in fresh, dewy shade.

The work went on. The grass, cut off with a juicy sound, and falling evenly, lay in high windrows. The mowers came close together from all sides as the rows converged, rattling their drinking-cups, sometimes hitting their scythes together, working with joyful shouts, rallying one another.

Levin still kept his place between the short young man and the elder. The elder, with his sheepskin

jacket loosened, was as gay, jocose, free in his movements as ever.

They kept finding birch-mushrooms in the woods, lurking in the juicy grass and cut off by the scythes. But the elder bent down whenever he saw one, and, picking it, put it in his breast.

"Still another little present for my old woman," he would say.

Easy as it was to mow the tender and soft grass, it was hard to climb and descend the steep sides of the ravine. But the elder did not let this appear. Always lightly swinging his scythe, he climbed with short, firm steps, and his feet shod in huge *lapti*, or bast shoes, though he trembled with his whole body, and his drawers were slipping down below his shirt, he let nothing escape him, not an herb or a mushroom; and he never ceased to joke with Levin and the muzhiks.

Levin went behind him, and more than once felt that he would surely drop, trying to climb, scythe in hand, this steep hillside, where even unencumbered it would be hard to go. But he persevered all the same, and did what was required. He felt as if some interior force sustained him.

CHAPTER VI

THE men had mowed the Mashkin Verkh, they had finished the last rows, and had taken their kaftans, and were gayly going home. Levin mounted his horse and regretfully took leave of his companions. On the hill-top he turned round to take a last look; but the evening's mist, rising from the bottoms, hid them from sight; but he could hear their loud, happy voices and laughter and the sound of their clinging scythes.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch had long finished dinner, and, sitting in his room, was taking iced lemonade, and reading the papers and reviews which had just come from the post, when Levin, with his disordered hair matted down on his brow with perspiration, and with his back

and chest black and wet, came into the room and joined him, full of lively talk.

"Well! we mowed the whole meadow. Akh! How good, how delightful! And how has the day passed with you?" he asked, completely forgetting the unpleasant conversation of the evening before.

"Ye saints! How you look!" exclaimed Sergyeï Ivanovitch, staring at first not over-pleasantly at his brother. "There, shut the door, shut the door!" he cried. "You've certainly let in more than a dozen!"

Sergyeï Ivanovitch could not endure flies; and he never opened his bedroom windows except at night, and he made it a point to keep his doors always shut.

"Indeed, not a one! If I have, I'll catch him!.... If you knew what fun I've had! And how has it gone with you?"

"First-rate. But you don't mean to say that you have been mowing all day? You must be hungry as a wolf. Kuzma has your dinner all ready for you."

"No; I am not hungry. I ate yonder. But I'm going to polish myself up."

"All right, I'll join you later," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, shaking his head and gazing at his brother. "Be quick about it," he added, with a smile, arranging his papers and getting ready to follow; he also suddenly felt enlivened, and was unwilling to be away from his brother. "Well, but where were you during the shower?"

"What shower? Only a drop or two fell. I'll soon be back. And did the day go pleasantly with you? Well, that's capital!"

And Levin went to dress.

About five minutes afterwards the brothers met in the dining-room. Although Levin imagined that he was not hungry, and he sat down only so as not to hurt Kuzma's feelings, yet when he once began eating, he found it excellent. Sergyeï Ivanovitch looked at him with a smile.

"Oh, yes, there's a letter for you," he said. "Kuzma, go and get it. Be careful and see that you shut the door."

The letter was from Oblonsky. Levin read it aloud. It was dated from Petersburg:—

I have just heard from Dolly; she is at Yergushovo; everything is going wrong with her. Please go and see her, and give her your advice,—you who know everything. She will be so glad to see you! She is all alone, wretched. The mother-in-law is still abroad with the family.

“This is admirable! Certainly I will go to see her,” said Levin. “Let us go together. She is a glorious woman; don’t you think so?”

“And they live near you?”

“About thirty versts, possibly forty. But there’s a good road. We can cover it quickly.”

“I shall be delighted,” said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, smiling. The sight of his brother immediately filled him with happiness. “Well there! what an appetite you have!” he added, looking at his tanned, sunburned, glowing face and neck, as he bent over his plate.

“Excellent! You can’t imagine how useful this *régime* is against whims! I am going to enrich medicine with a new term, *arbeitskur*—labor-cure.”

“Well, you don’t seem to need it much, it seems to me.”

“Yes; it is a sovereign specific against nervous troubles.”

“It must be looked into. I was coming to see you now, but the heat was so insupportable that I did not go farther than the wood. I rested awhile, and then I went to the village. I met your nurse there, and sounded her as to what the muzhiks thought about you. As I understand it, they don’t approve of you. She said, ‘Not gentlemen’s work.’ I think that, as a general thing, the peasantry form very definite ideas about what is becoming for the gentry to do, and they don’t like to have them go outside of certain fixed limits.”

“Maybe; but you see I have never enjoyed anything more in all my life, and I do not do anybody any harm, do I?” asked Levin. “And suppose it does n’t please them, what is to be done? Whose business is it?”

"Well, I see you are well satisfied with your day," replied Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"Very well satisfied. We mowed the whole meadow, and I made such friends with an old man — the elder. You can't imagine how he pleased me."

"Well, you are satisfied with your day! So am I with mine. In the first place, I solved two chess problems, and one was a beauty — it opened with a pawn. I'll show it to you. And then — I thought of our last evening's discussion."

"What? Our last evening's discussion?" said Levin, half closing his eyes, and drawing a long breath with a sensation of comfort after his dinner, and really unable to recollect the subject of their discussion.

"I come to the conclusion that you are partly in the right. The discrepancy in our views lies in the fact that you assume personal interest as the motive power of our actions, while I claim that every man who has reached a certain stage of intellectual development must have for his motive the public interest. But you are probably right in saying that materially interested activity would be more to be desired. Your nature is, as the French say, *primesautière*.¹ You want strong, energetic activity, or nothing."

Levin listened to his brother, but he did not understand him at all, and did not try to understand. His only fear was that his brother would ask him some question, by which it would become evident that he was not listening.

"How is this, my dear boy?" asked Sergyeï Ivanovitch, touching him on the shoulder.

"Yes, of course. But, then, I don't set much store on my own opinions," replied Levin, smiling like a guilty child. His thought was, "What was our discussion about? Of course; I am right, and he is right, and all is charming. But I must go to the office and give my orders." He arose, stretching himself and smiling.

Sergyeï Ivanovitch also smiled.

"If you want to go out, let's go together," he said,

¹ Off-hand.

not wanting to be away from his brother, from whom emanated such a spirit of freshness and good cheer.

"If you must go the office, I'll go with you."

"O ye saints!" exclaimed Levin, so loud that Sergeyĭ Ivanovitch was startled.

"What's the matter?"

"Agafya Mikhaĭlovna's hand," said Levin, striking his forehead. "I had forgotten all about her."

"She is much better."

"Well, I must go to her, all the same. I'll be back before you get on your hat."

And he started down-stairs on the run, his heels clattering on the steps.

CHAPTER VII

AT the time Stepan Arkadyevitch was off to Petersburg to fulfil the most natural of obligations, without which the service could not exist, unquestioned by all functionaries, however unimportant for non-functionaries — that of reporting to the ministry, and while fulfilling this obligation, being well supplied with money, was enjoying himself at the races and his friends' datchas, Dolly, with the children, was on her way to the country, in order to reduce the expenses as much as possible. She was going to their country-place at Yergushovo, an estate which had been a part of her dowry. It was where the wood had been sold in the spring, and was situated about fifty versts from Levin's Pokrovsky.

The large old mansion at Yergushovo had long been demolished, and the prince had contented himself with enlarging and repairing one of the wings. Twenty years before, when Dolly was a little girl, this wing was spacious and comfortable, though, in the manner of all wings, it stood sidewise as regarded the avenue and the south. But now this wing was old and out of repair. When Stepan Arkadyevitch went down in the spring to sell the wood, Dolly asked him to look over

the house and have done to it whatever was necessary. Stepan Arkadyevitch, like all guilty husbands, being deeply concerned for his wife's comfort, inspected the house and made arrangements to have everything done that, in his opinion, was necessary. In his opinion it was necessary to have the furniture covered with cretonne, to hang curtains, to clear up the garden, to plant flowers, and to build a bridge across the pond; but he had overlooked many more essential matters, the lack of which afterwards caused Darya Aleksandrovna great annoyance.

Although Stepan strove to be a solicitous husband and father, he never could realize that he had a wife and children. His tastes remained those of a bachelor, and to them he conformed. When he got back to Moscow he proudly assured his wife that everything was in prime order, that the house would be perfection, and he advised her strongly to go there immediately. To Stepan Arkadyevitch his wife's departure to the country was delightful in many ways: it would be healthy for the children, expenses would be lessened, and he would be freer.

Darya Aleksandrovna, on her part, felt that a summer in the country was indispensable for the children, and especially for the youngest little girl, who gained very slowly after the scarlatina. Moreover, she would be freed from petty humiliations, from little duns of the butcher, the fish-dealer, and the baker, which troubled her.

And above all the departure was very pleasant to her for the especial reason that the happy thought had occurred to her to invite her sister Kitty, who was coming home from abroad about the middle of the summer and had been advised to take some cold baths. Kitty wrote her from the Spa that nothing would delight her so much as to spend the rest of the summer with her at Yergushovo, that place that was so full of happy childhood memories for both of them.

The first part of the time country life was very hard for Dolly. She had lived there when she was a child,

and it had left the impression that it was a refuge from all the trials of the city, and if it was not very elegant, — and Dolly was willing to put up with that, — at least, it would be comfortable and inexpensive, and the children would be happy. But now, when she came there as mistress of the house, she found that things were not at all as she had expected.

On the morning after their arrival, it began to rain in torrents, and by night the water was leaking in the corridor and the nursery, so that the little beds had to be brought down into the parlor. It was impossible to find a cook. Among the nine cows in the barn, according to the dairywoman's report, some were going to calve, some had their first calf, still others were too old, and the rest had trouble with their udders, consequently they could not have butter, or even milk for the children. Not an egg was to be had. It was impossible to find a hen. They had for roasting or broiling only tough old purple *roosters*. No women were to be found to do the washing — all were at work on the potatoes.

They could not go driving, because one of the horses was restive and pulled at the pole. There was no chance for bathing, because the bank of the river had been trodden into a quagmire by the cattle, and was visible from the road. They could not even go out walking, because the cattle had got into the garden, through the tumble-down fences, and there was a terrible bull which bellowed, and therefore, of course, tossed people with his horns. In the house, there was no clothes-press. The closet doors either would not shut, or flew open when any one passed. In the kitchen, there were no pots or kettles. In the laundry, there were no tubs, or even any scrubbing-boards for the domestics.

At first, therefore, finding herself plunged into what seemed to her such terrible straits, instead of the rest and peace which she expected, Darya Aleksandrovna was in despair. Though she exerted all her energies, she felt the helplessness of her situation, and could not keep back her tears.

The steward, who had been formerly a *vakhmistr*, or quartermaster in the army, and on account of his good looks and fine presence had been promoted by Stepan Arkadyevitch from his place as Swiss, showed no sympathy with Darya Aleksandrovna's tribulations, but simply said in his respectful way:—

“Nothing can be done, such a beastly peasantry!” and would not raise his hand to help.

The situation seemed hopeless; but in the Oblonsky household, as in all well-regulated homes, there was one humble but still important and useful member, Matriona Filimonovna. She calmed the baruinya, telling her that “all would come out right,”—that was her phrase, and Matvei had borrowed it from her,—and she went to work without fuss and without bother.

She had made the acquaintance of the overseer's wife, and on the very day of their arrival went to take tea with her and the overseer under the acacias, and discussed with them the state of affairs. A club was quickly organized by Matriona Filimonovna under the acacia; and then through this club, which was composed of the overseer's wife, the *starosta*, or village elder, and the bookkeeper, the difficulties, one by one, disappeared, and within a week everything, as Matriona said, “came out all right.” The roof was patched up; a cook was found in a friend of the starosta's; chickens were bought; the cows began to give milk; the garden-fence was repaired; the carpenter made a mangle, and drove in hooks, and put latches on the closets, so that they would not keep flying open; the ironing-board, covered with a piece of soldiers' cloth, was stretched from the dresser across the back of a chair, and the smell of the ironing came up from below.

“There now,” exclaimed Matriona Filimonovna, pointing to the ironing-board, “there is no need of worrying.”

They even built a board bath-house. Lili began to bathe, and Darya Aleksandrovna's hope of a comfortable, if not a peaceful, country life became almost realized. Peaceful life was impossible to Darya Aleksandrovna with six children. If one had an ill turn, another was

sure to follow suit, and something would happen to a third, and the fourth would show signs of a bad disposition, and so it went on. Rarely, rarely came even short periods of rest. But these very anxieties and troubles were the only chances of happiness that Darya Aleksandrovna had. If it had not been for this, she would have been alone with her thoughts about a husband who no longer loved her. But however cruel were the anxieties caused by the fear of illness, by the illnesses themselves, and by the grief a mother feels at the sight of evil tendencies in her children, these same children repaid her for her sorrows by their pleasures and enjoyments. Her joys were so small that they were almost invisible, like gold in sand; and in trying hours she saw only the sorrows, only the sand; but there were also happy moments, when she saw only the joys, only the gold.

Now, in the quiet of the country, she became more and more conscious of her joys. Often, as she looked on them, she made unheard-of efforts to persuade herself that she was mistaken, that she had a mother's partiality; but she could not help saying to herself that she had beautiful children, all six, all of them charming in their own ways, — such children as are rare to find. And she rejoiced in them, and was proud of them.

CHAPTER VIII

TOWARD the beginning of June, when everything was more or less satisfactorily arranged, she received her husband's reply to her complaints about her domestic tribulations. He wrote, asking pardon because he had not remembered everything, and promised to come just as soon as he could. This had not yet come to pass; and at the end of June Darya Aleksandrovna was still living alone in the country.

It was midsummer, Sunday, the feast of St. Peter, and Darya Aleksandrovna took all her children to the holy communion. In her intimate philosophical discussions

with her sister, her mother, or her friends, she often surprised them by the breadth of her views on religious subjects. A strange religious metempsychosis had taken place in her, and she had come out into a faith which had very little in common with ecclesiastical dogmas. But in her family, — not merely for the sake of example, but in answer to the requirements of her own soul, — she conformed strictly to all the obligations of the church, and now she was blaming herself because her children had not been to communion since the beginning of the year; and, with the full approbation and sympathy of Matriona Filimonovna, she resolved to accomplish this duty.

For several days beforehand she had been occupied in arranging what the children should wear: and now their dresses were arranged, all clean and in order; flutings and flounces were added, new buttons were put on, and ribbons were gathered in knots. Only Tania's frock, which had been intrusted to the English governess to alter, caused Dolly great vexation. The English governess, in making the changes, put the seams in the wrong place, cut the sleeves too short, and spoiled the whole garment. It fitted so badly about the shoulders that it was painful to look at her. But it occurred to Matriona Filimonovna to piece out the waist and to make a cape. The damage was repaired, but they almost had a quarrel with the English governess.

By morning all was in readiness; and about ten o'clock — the hour they had asked the father to give them for the communion — the children, in their best clothes and radiant with joy, were gathered on the steps before the calash waiting for their mother.

Thanks to Matriona Filimonovna's watchful care, the overseer's Buroï had been harnessed to the calash in place of the restive Voron, and Darya Aleksandrovna, who had taken considerable pains with her toilet, appeared in a white muslin gown, and took her seat in the vehicle.

Darya Aleksandrovna had arranged her hair and dressed herself with care and with emotion. In former

times she had liked to dress well so as to render herself handsome and attractive; but as she became older, she lost her taste for adornment; she saw how her beauty had faded. But now she once more found satisfaction and a certain emotion in being attractively arrayed. She did not now dress for her own sake, or to enhance her beauty, but so that, as mother of these lovely children, she might not spoil the general impression. And as she cast a final glance at the mirror, she was satisfied with herself. She was beautiful, — not beautiful in the same way as at one time she liked to be at a ball, but beautiful for the purpose which she had now in mind.

There was no one at church except the muzhiks and the household servants; but Darya Aleksandrovna noticed, or thought she noticed, the attention that she and her children attracted as they went along. The children were handsome in their nicely trimmed dresses, and still more charming in their behavior. Alosha, to be sure, was not absolutely satisfactory; he kept turning round, and trying to look at the tails of his little coat, but nevertheless he was wonderfully pretty. Tania behaved like a grown-up lady, and looked after the younger ones. But Lili, the smallest, was fascinating in her naïve wonder at everything that she saw; and it was hard not to smile when, after she had received the communion, she cried out in English, "*Please, some more!*"

After they got home, the children felt the consciousness that something solemn had taken place, and were very quiet.

All went well in the house, till at lunch Grisha began to whistle, and, what was worse than all, refused to obey the English governess; and he was sent away without any tart. Darya Aleksandrovna would not have allowed any punishment on such a day if she had been there; but she was obliged to uphold the governess, and confirm her in depriving Grisha of the tart. This was a cloud on the general happiness.

Grisha began to cry, saying that Nikolinka also had whistled but they did not punish him, and that he was

not crying about the tart, — that was no account, — but because they had not been fair to him. This was very disagreeable; and Darya Aleksandrovna, after a consultation with the English governess, decided to pardon Grisha, and went to get him. But then, as she went through the hall, she saw a scene which brought such joy to her heart, that the tears came to her eyes, and she herself forgave the culprit.

The little fellow was sitting in the drawing-room by the bay-window; near him stood Tania with a plate. Under the pretext of wanting some dessert for her dolls, she had asked the English governess to let her take her portion of the pie to the nursery; but, instead of this, she had taken it to her brother. Grisha, still sobbing over the unfairness of his punishment, was eating the pie, and saying to his sister in the midst of his tears, "Take some too we will eat to together."

Tania was full of sympathy for her brother, and had the sentiment of having performed a generous action, and the tears stood in her eyes, but she accepted the portion and was eating it.

When they saw their mother, they were scared, but they felt assured, by the expression of her face, that they were doing right; they both laughed, and, with their mouths still full of pie, they began to wipe their laughing lips with their hands, and their shining faces were stained with tears and jam.

"Ye saints! my new white gown! Tania! Grisha!" exclaimed the mother, endeavoring to save her gown, but at the same time smiling at them with a happy, beatific smile.

Afterwards the new frocks were taken off, and the girls put on their old blouses and the boys their old jackets; and the *lineïka*, or two-seated drozhky, was brought out, and again, to the overseer's annoyance, Buroï was at the pole, so that they might go out after mushrooms, and to have a bath. It is needless to say that enthusiastic shouts and squeals arose in the nursery, and did not cease until they actually got started for their excursion.

They soon filled a basket with mushrooms; even Lili found some of the birch agarics. Always before Miss Hull had found them and pointed them out to her; but now she herself found a huge birch shliupik, and there was a universal cry of enthusiasm: —

“Lili has found a mushroom!”

Afterwards they came to the river, left the horses under the birch trees, and went to the bath-house. The coachman, Terenti, leaving the animals to switch away the flies with their tails, stretched himself out on the grass in the shade of the birches, and smoked his pipe, and listened to the shouts and laughter of the children in the bath-house.

Though it was rather embarrassing to look after all these children, and to keep them from mischief; though it was hard to remember, and not mix up all these stockings, shoes, and trousers for so many different legs, and to untie, unbutton, and then fasten again, so many tapes and buttons, — still Darya Aleksandrovna always took a lively interest in the bathing, looking on it as advantageous for the children, and never feeling happier than when engaged in this occupation. To fit the stockings on those plump little legs; to take the younger ones by the hand, and dip their naked little bodies into the water; to hear their cries, now joyful, now terrified; to see these breathless faces of those splashing cherubimchiks of hers, with their scared or sparkling eyes wide open with excitement, — all this was a perfect delight to her.

When half of the children were dressed, some peasant women, in Sunday attire, on their way to get herbs, came along, and stopped timidly at the bath-house. Matriona Filimonovna called to one of them, in order to give her a sheet and a shirt to dry that had fallen into the water; and Darya Aleksandrovna talked with the women. At first they laughed behind their hands, not understanding her questions; but little by little their courage returned and they began to chatter, and they quite won Darya Aleksandrovna's heart by their sincere admiration of the children.

"*Ish tui!* ain't she lovely, now? White as sugar!" said one, pointing to Tania, and nodding her head. "But thin"

"Yes; because she has been ill."

"*Vish tui,*" said still another, pointing to the youngest child.

"It seems you don't take him into the water, do you?"

"No," said Darya Aleksandrovna, proudly. "He is only three months old."

"You don't say so!"¹

"And have you any children?"

"I've had four; two are alive, a boy and a girl. I weaned the youngest before Lent."

"How old is she?"

"Well, she is going into her second year."

"Why do you nurse her so long?"

"It's our way: three springs."

And then the woman asked Darya Aleksandrovna about the birth of her baby: did she have a hard time? where was her husband? would he come often?

Darya Aleksandrovna was reluctant to part with the peasant women, so delightful did she find the conversation with them, so perfectly identical were their interests and hers. And it was more pleasant to her than anything else to see how evidently all these women were filled with admiration because she had so many and such lovely children. The women made Darya Aleksandrovna laugh, and offended Miss Hull for the very reason that she was the cause of their unaccountable laughter. One of the young women gazed with all her eyes at the English governess, who was dressing last; and, when she put on the third petticoat, she could not restrain herself any longer, but burst out laughing:—

"*Ish tui!* she put on one, and then she put on another, and she has n't got them all on yet!" and they all broke into loud laughter.

¹ "*Ish tui!*"

CHAPTER IX

DARYA ALEKSANDROVNA, with a kerchief on her head, and surrounded by all her flock of bathers with wet hair, was just drawing near the house when the coachman called out, "Here comes some barin, — Pokrovsky, it looks like."

Darya Aleksandrovna looked out, and, to her great joy, saw that it was indeed Levin's well-known form in gray hat and gray overcoat. She was always glad to see him, but now she was particularly delighted, because he saw her in all her glory. No one could appreciate her splendor better than Levin.

When he caught sight of her, it seemed to him that he saw one of his visions of family life.

"You are like a brooding hen, Darya Aleksandrovna."

"Oh, how glad I am!" said she, offering him her hand.

"Glad! But you did not let me know. My brother is staying with me; I had a little note from Stiva, telling me you were here."

"From Stiva?" repeated Dolly, astonished.

"Yes. He wrote me that you had come into the country, and thought that you would allow me to be of some use to you," said Levin; and, even while speaking, he became confused, and breaking off suddenly, walked in silence by the lineika, pulling off and biting linden twigs as he went. It had occurred to him that Darya Aleksandrovna would doubtless find it painful to have a neighbor offer her the assistance which her husband should have given. In fact, Darya Aleksandrovna was displeased at the way in which Stepan Arkadyevitch had thrust his domestic difficulties upon a stranger. She immediately perceived that Levin felt this, and she felt grateful to him for his tact and delicacy.

"Of course, I understood," said Levin, "that this only meant that you would be glad to see me; and I was glad. Of course, I imagine that you, a city house-keeper, find it uncivilized here; and, if I can be of the least use to you, I am wholly at your service."

"Oh, no!" said Dolly. "At first it was rather hard,

but now everything has been beautifully arranged. I owe it all to my old nurse," she added, indicating Matriona Filimonovna, who, perceiving that they were speaking of her, gave Levin a pleasant, friendly smile. She knew him, and knew that he would make a splendid husband for the young lady, and she wished that it might be so.

"Will you get in? We will squeeze up a little," said she.

"No, I will walk. — Children, which of you will run with me to get ahead of the horses?"

The children were very slightly acquainted with Levin, and did not remember where they had seen him; but they had none of that strange feeling of timidity and aversion which children are so often blamed for showing toward grown-up persons who are not sincere. Pretense in any person may deceive the shrewdest and most experienced of men, but a child of very limited intelligence detects it and is repelled by it, though it be most carefully hidden.

Whatever faults Levin had, he could not be accused of lack of sincerity; and consequently the children showed him the same good-will that they had seen on their mother's face. The two eldest instantly accepted his invitation, and ran with him as they would have gone with their nurse, or Miss Hull, or their mother. Lili also wanted to go with him, and her mother intrusted her to him; so he set her on his shoulder and began to run with her.

"Don't be frightened, don't be frightened, Darya Aleksandrovna," he said, laughing gayly. "I won't hurt her or let her fall."

And when she saw his strong, agile, and, at the same time, prudent and careful movements, the mother felt reassured, and smiled as she watched him, with pleasure and approval.

There in the country, with the children and with Darya Aleksandrovna, whom he liked, Levin entered into that boylike, happy frame of mind which was not unusual with him, and which Darya Aleksandrovna

especially admired in him. He played with the children, and taught them gymnastic exercises; he jested with Miss Hull in his broken English; and he told Darya Aleksandrovna of his undertakings in the country.

After dinner, Darya Aleksandrovna, sitting alone with him on the balcony, began to speak of Kitty.

“Did you know? Kitty is coming here to spend the summer with me!”

“Indeed!” replied Levin, confused; and instantly, in order to change the subject, he added:—

“Then I shall send you two cows, shall I? And if you insist on paying, and have no scruples, then you may give me five rubles a month.”

“No, thank you. We shall get along.”

“Well, then I am going to look at your cows; and, with your permission, I will give directions about feeding them. Everything depends on that.”

And Levin, in order to turn the conversation, explained to Darya Aleksandrovna the whole theory of the proper management of cows, which was based on the idea that a cow is only a machine for the conversion of fodder into milk, and so on.

He talked on this subject, and yet he was passionately anxious to hear the news about Kitty, but he was also afraid to hear it. It was terrible to him to think that his peace of mind, so painfully won, might be destroyed.

“Yes; but, in order to do all this, there must be some one to superintend it; and who is there?” asked Darya Aleksandrovna, not quite convinced.

Now that she carried on her domestic affairs so satisfactorily, through Matriona Filimonovna, she had no desire to make any changes; moreover, she had no faith in Levin’s knowledge about rustic management. His reasonings about a cow being merely a machine to produce milk were suspicious. It seemed to her that such theories would throw housekeeping into discord; it even seemed to her that it was all far simpler, that it was sufficient, to do as Matriona Filimonovna did,—to give Pestrukha and Byelopakha¹ more fodder and drink,

¹ Dapple and White-foot.

and to prevent the cook from carrying dish-water from the kitchen to the cow, — that was clear. But the theories about meal and grass for fodder were not clear, but dubious; but the principal point was, that she wanted to talk about Kitty.

CHAPTER X

“KITTY writes me that she is longing for solitude and repose,” began Dolly, after a moment’s silence.

“Is her health better?” asked Levin, with emotion.

“Thank the Lord, she is entirely well! I never believed that she had any lung trouble.”

“Oh! I am very glad,” said Levin; and Dolly thought that, as he said it, and then looked at her in silence, his face had a pathetic, helpless expression.

“Tell me, Konstantin Dmitritch,” said Darya Aleksandrovna with a friendly, and at the same time a rather mischievous, smile, “why are you angry with Kitty?”

“I? I am not angry with her,” said Levin.

“Yes, you are. Why did n’t you come to see any of us the last time you were in Moscow?”

“Darya Aleksandrovna,” he exclaimed, blushing to the roots of his hair, “I am astonished that, with your kindness of heart, you can think of such a thing! How can you not pity me when you know”

“What do I know?”

“You know that I offered myself, and was rejected.” And as he said this, all the tenderness that he had felt for Kitty a moment before changed in his heart into a sense of anger at the memory of this injury.

“How could you suppose that I knew?”

“Because everybody knows it.”

“That is where you are mistaken. I suspected it, but I knew nothing positive.”

“Ah, well, and so you know now!”

“All that I know is that there was something which keenly tortured her, and that she has besought me never to mention it. If she has not told me, then she

has not told any one. Now, what have you against her? Tell me!"

"I have told you all that there was."

"When was it?"

"When I was at your house the last time."

"But do you know? I will tell you," said Darya Aleksandrovna. "I am sorry for Kitty, awfully sorry. You suffer only in your pride...."

"Perhaps so," said Levin, "but...."

She interrupted him.

"But she, poor little girl, I am awfully sorry for her. Now I understand all!"

"Well, Darya Aleksandrovna, excuse me," said he, rising. "*Prashchaïte* — good-by, Darya Aleksandrovna, da svidanya!"

"No! wait!" she cried, holding him by the sleeve; "wait! sit down!"

"I beg of you, I beg of you, let us not speak of this any more," said Levin, sitting down again, while a ray of that hope which he believed forever vanished flashed into his heart.

"If I did not like you," said Dolly, and the tears came into her eyes, "if I did not know you as I do...."

The hope which he thought was dead awoke more and more, filled Levin's heart, and took masterful possession of it.

"Yes, I understand all now," said Dolly: "you cannot understand this, you men, who are free in your choice; it is perfectly clear whom you love; but a young girl, with that feminine, maidenly reserve which is imposed on her, and seeing you men only at a distance, is constrained to wait, and she is, and must be, so agitated that she will not know what answer to give."

"Yes, if her heart does not speak...."

"No; her heart speaks, but think for a moment: you men decide on some girl, you visit her home, you watch, observe, and you make up your minds whether you are in love or not, and then, when you have come to the conclusion that you love her, you offer yourselves...."

“Well, now! we don't always do that.”

“All the same, you don't propose until your love is fully ripe, or when you have made up your mind between two possible choices. But the young girl cannot make a choice. They pretend that she can choose, but she cannot; she can only answer ‘yes’ or ‘no.’”

“Well! the choice was between me and Vronsky,” thought Levin; and the resuscitated dead love in his soul seemed to die a second time, giving his heart an additional pang.

“Darya Aleksandrovna,” said he, “thus one chooses a gown or any trifling merchandise, but not love. Besides, the choice has been made, and so much the better ... and it cannot be done again.”

“Oh! pride, pride!” said Dolly, as if she would express her scorn for the degradation of his sentiments compared with those which only women are able to comprehend. “When you offered yourself to Kitty, she was in just that situation where she could not give an answer. She was in doubt; the choice was you or Vronsky. She saw him every day; you she had not seen for a long time. If she had been older, it would have been different; if I, for example, had been in her place, I should not have hesitated. He was always distasteful to me, and so that is the end of it.”

Levin remembered Kitty's reply: “*No, this cannot be ...*”

“Darya Aleksandrovna,” said he, dryly, “I am touched by your confidence in me, but I think you are mistaken. But whether I am right or wrong, this pride which you so despise makes it impossible for me ever to think about Katerina Aleksandrovna; you understand? utterly impossible.”

“I will say only one thing more. You must know that I am speaking to you of my sister, whom I love as my own children. I don't say that she loves you, but I only wish to say that her reply at that moment amounted to nothing at all.”

“I don't know,” said Levin, leaping suddenly to his

feet. "If you only realized the pain that you cause me! It is just the same as if you had lost a child, and they came to you and said, 'He would have been like this, like this, and he might have lived, and you would have had so much joy in him. But he is dead, dead, dead.'"

"How absurd you are!" said Darya Aleksandrovna, with a melancholy smile at the sight of Levin's emotion. "Well! I understand it all better and better," she continued pensively. "Then you won't come to see us when Kitty is here?"

"No, I will not. Of course I will not avoid Katerina Aleksandrovna; but, when it is possible, I shall endeavor to spare her the affliction of my presence."

"You are very, very absurd," said Darya Aleksandrovna, looking at him affectionately. "Well, then, let it be as if we had not said a word about it. — What do you want, Tania?" said she in French to her little girl, who came running in.

"Where is my little shovel, mamma?"

"I speak French to you, and you must answer in French."

The child tried to speak, but could not recall the French word for *lopatka*, shovel. Her mother whispered it to her, and then told her, still in French, where she should go to find it. This made Levin feel unpleasant.

Everything now seemed changed in Darya Aleksandrovna's household; even the children were not nearly so attractive as before.

"And why does she speak French with the children?" he thought. "How false and unnatural! Even the children feel it. Teach them French, and spoil their sincerity," he said to himself, not knowing that Darya Aleksandrovna had twenty times asked the same question, and yet, in spite of the harm that it did their simplicity, had come to the conclusion that this was the right way to teach them.

"But why are you in a hurry? Sit a little while longer."

Levin stayed to tea ; but all his gayety was gone, and he felt uncomfortable.

After tea he went out into the anteroom to give orders about harnessing the horses ; and when he came in he found Darya Aleksandrovna in great disturbance, with flushed face, and tears in her eyes. During his short absence an occurrence had ruthlessly destroyed all the pleasure and pride that she took in her children. Grisha and Tania had quarreled about a ball. Darya Aleksandrovna, hearing their cries, ran to them, and found them in a frightful state. Tania was pulling her brother's hair ; and he, with face distorted with rage, was pounding his sister with all his might. When Darya Aleksandrovna saw it, something seemed to snap in her heart. A black cloud, as it were, came down on her life. She saw that these children of hers, of whom she was so proud, were not only ordinary and ill-trained, but were even bad, and inclined to the most evil and tempestuous passions.

This thought troubled her so that she could not speak or think, or even explain her sorrow to Levin.

Levin saw that she was unhappy, and he did his best to comfort her, saying that this was not so very terrible, after all, and that all children quarreled ; but in his heart he said, " No, I will not bother myself to speak French with my children. I shall not have such children. There is no need of spoiling them, and making them unnatural ; and they will be charming. No ! my children shall not be like these."

He took his leave, and rode away ; and she did not try to keep him longer.

CHAPTER XI

TOWARD the end of July, Levin received a visit from the starosta of his sister's estate, situated about twenty versts from Pokrovskoye. He brought the report about the progress of affairs, and about the haymaking.

The chief income from his sister's estate came from the meadows inundated in the spring. In former years the muzhiks rented these hayfields at the rate of twenty rubles a desyatin.¹ But when Levin undertook the management of this estate, and examined the hay-crops, he came to the conclusion that the rent was too low, and he raised it to the rate of twenty-five rubles a desyatin. The muzhiks refused to pay this, and, as Levin suspected, drove away other lessees. Then Levin himself went there, and arranged to have the meadows mowed partly by day laborers, partly on shares. His muzhiks were greatly discontented with this new plan, and did their best to thwart it; but it was attended with success, and even the very first year the yield from the meadows was nearly doubled. The opposition of the peasantry continued through the second and third summers, and the haymaking was conducted on the same conditions.

But this year they had mowed the meadows on thirds, and now the starosta had come to announce that the work was done, and that he, fearing it was going to rain, had summoned the bookkeeper and made the division in his presence, and turned over the eighteen hayricks which were the proprietor's share.

By the unsatisfactory answer to his question, how much hay had been secured from the largest meadow, by the starosta's haste in making the division without orders, by the man's whole manner, Levin was induced to think there was something crooked in the division of the hay, and he concluded that it would be wise to go and look into it.

Levin reached the estate just at dinner-time; and, leaving his horse at the house of his old friend, the husband of his brother's former nurse, he went to find the old man at the apiary, hoping to obtain from him some light on the question of the hay-crop.

The loquacious, beautiful-looking old man, whose name was Parmenuitch, was delighted to see Levin, showed him all about his husbandry, and told him all

¹ About six dollars an acre.

the particulars about his bees, and how they swarmed this year; but when Levin asked him about the hay, he gave vague and unsatisfactory answers. This still more confirmed Levin in his suspicions.

He went to the meadows, and, on examination of the hayricks, found that they could not contain fifty loads each, as the muzhiks said. So in order to give the peasants a lesson he had one of the carts which they had used as a measure to be brought, and ordered all the hay from one of the ricks to be carried into the shed.

The hayrick was found to contain only thirty-two loads. Notwithstanding the starosta's protestations that the hay was measured right, and that it must have got pressed down in the cart; notwithstanding the fact that he called God to witness that it was all done in the most godly manner, — Levin insisted on it that, as the division had been made without his orders, he would not accept the hayricks as equivalent to fifty loads each.

After long parleys, it was decided that the muzhiks should take eleven of these hayricks for their share, but that the master's should be measured over again. The colloquy and the division of the hayricks lasted until the mid-afternoon luncheon hour. When the last of the hay had been divided, Levin, confiding the care of the work to the bookkeeper, sat down on one of the hayricks which was marked by a laburnum stake, and enjoyed the spectacle of the meadows alive with the busy peasantry.

Before him, at the bend of the river beyond the marsh, he saw the peasant women in a variegated line, and heard their ringing voices as they gossiped together, while raking into long brown ramparts the hay scattered over the bright green aftermath. Behind the women came the men with pitchforks turning the windrows into wide, high-swelling hayricks.

Toward the left across the meadow, already cleared of the hay, came the creaking *telyegas*, or peasant carts, and one by one, as the hayricks were lifted on the point of monstrous forks, disappeared, and their places were

taken by the horse-wagons filled to overflowing with the fragrant hay which almost hid the rumps of the horses.

"Splendid hay-weather! It'll soon be all in," said Parmenuitch, as he sat down near Levin. "Tea, not hay! It scatters like seed for the ducks when they pitch it up." Then, pointing to a hayrick which the men were demolishing, the old man went on: "Since dinner, pitched up a good half of it. — Is that the last?" he shouted to a young fellow who, standing on the pole of a cart, and shaking the ends of his hempen reins, was driving by.

"The last, batyushka," shouted back the young fellow, pulling in his horse. Then he looked down with a smile on a happy-looking, rosy-faced woman who was sitting on the hay in the telyega, and whipped up his steed again.

"Who is that? your son?" asked Levin.

"My youngest," said the elder, with an expression of pride.

"What a fine fellow!"

"Not bad."

"Married yet?"

"Yes, three years come next Filippovok."¹

"So? And are there children?"

"How? children? For a whole year I have n't heard anything about it! and it's a shame," said the old man. "Well, this is hay! Just tea!" he repeated, wishing to change the subject.

Levin looked with interest at Vanka Parmenof and his wife. They were loading on a hayrick near by. Ivan Parmenof was standing on the wagon, arranging, storing, and pressing down the fragrant hay which the handsome goodwife handed up to him in great loads, first in armfuls, then with the fork. The young woman worked gayly, industriously, and skilfully. First she arranged it with her fork; then, with elastic and agile motions, she exerted all her strength upon it; and, stooping over, she lifted up the great armful, and standing

¹ St. Philip's Day, November 14.

straight, with full bosom under the white chemise gathered with a red girdle, she piled it high upon the load.

Ivan, working as rapidly as he could, so as to relieve her of every moment of extra work, stretched out his arms wide, and caught up the load which she extended, and trampled it down into the wagon. Then, raking up what was left, the woman shook off the hay that had got into her neck, and, tying a red handkerchief around her broad white brow, she crept under the cart to fasten down the load. Vanka showed her how the ropes should be tied, and at some remark that she made burst into a roar of laughter. In the expression on the faces of both of them could be seen strong young love recently awakened.

CHAPTER XII

THE load was complete, and Ivan, jumping down, took his gentle fat horse by the bridle, and joined the file of telyegas going to the village. The young woman threw her rake on top of the load, and, swinging her arms, joined the other women, who had collected in a group to sing. These women, with rakes on their shoulders and dressed in bright colors, suddenly burst forth into song with loud happy voices as they followed the carts. One wild untrained voice would sing a verse of the *Pyesna*, or folk-song, and when she had reached the refrain, fifty other young, fresh, and powerful voices would take it up simultaneously and repeat it to the end.

The peasant women, singing their folk-song, came toward Levin; and it seemed to him that a cloud, freighted with the thunder of gayety, was moving down upon him. The thunder-cloud drew nearer, it took possession of him,—and the haycock on which he was reclining and the other haycocks and the carts and the whole meadow and the far-off field moved and swayed to the rhythm of this wild song, with its accompaniment of whistles and shrill cries and clapping

of hands. This wholesome gayety filled him with envy; he would have liked to take part in this expression of joyous life; but nothing of the sort could he do, and he was obliged to lie still and look and listen. When the throng with their song had passed out of sight and hearing, an oppressive feeling of melancholy came over him at the thought of his loneliness, of his physical indolence, of the hostility which existed between him and this alien world.

Some of these very muzhiks, even those who had quarreled with him about the hay, or those whom he had injured, or those who had intended to cheat him, saluted him gayly as they passed, and evidently did not and could not bear him any malice, or feel any remorse, or even remembrance that they had tried to defraud him. All was swallowed up and forgotten in this sea of joyous, universal labor. God gave the day, God gave the strength; and the day and the strength consecrated the labor, and yielded their own reward. For whom was the work? What would be the fruits of the work? These were secondary, unimportant considerations.

Levin had often looked with interest at this life, had often experienced a feeling of envy of the people that lived this life; but to-day, for the first time, especially under the impression of what he had seen in the bearing of Ivan Parmenof toward his young wife, he had clearly realized that it depended on himself whether he would exchange the burdensome, idle, artificial, selfish existence which he led, for the laborious, simple, pure, and delightful life of the peasantry.

The elder who had been sitting with him had already gone home; the people were scattered; the neighboring villagers had already reached their houses, but those who lived at a distance were preparing to spend the night in the meadow, and were getting ready for supper.

Levin, without being noticed by the people, still reclined on the haycock, looking, listening, and thinking. The peasantry gathered in the meadow scarcely slept throughout the short summer night. At first gay gos-

sip and laughter were heard while they were eating; then followed songs and jests again.

No trace of all the long, laborious day was left upon them, except of its happiness. Just before the dawn there was silence everywhere. Nothing could be heard but the nocturnal sounds of the frogs ceaselessly croaking in the marsh, and the horses whinnying as they waited in the mist that rose before the dawn. Coming to himself, Levin got up from the haycock, and, looking at the stars, saw that the night had gone.

"Well! what am I going to do? How am I going to do this?" he asked himself, trying to give a shape to the thoughts and feelings that had occupied him during this short night. All that he had thought and felt had taken three separate directions. First, it seemed to him that he must renounce his former mode of life, which was useful neither to himself nor to any one else. This renunciation seemed to him very attractive and was easy and simple.

The second direction that his thoughts and feelings took referred especially to the new life which he longed to lead. He clearly realized the simplicity, purity, and regularity of this new life, and he was convinced that he should find in it that satisfaction, that calmness and mental freedom, which he now felt the lack of so painfully. The third line of thought brought him to the question how he should effect the transition from the old life to the new, and in this regard nothing clear presented itself to his mind.

"I must have a wife. I must engage in work, and have the absolute necessity of work. Shall I abandon Pokrovskoye? buy land? join the commune? marry a peasant woman? How can I do all this?" he again asked himself, and no answer came. "However," he went on, in his self-communings, "I have not slept all night, and my ideas are not very clear. I shall reduce them to order by and by. One thing is certain; this night has settled my fate. All my former dreams of family existence were rubbish, but this — all this is vastly simpler and better."

“How lovely!” he thought, as he gazed at the delicate white curly clouds, colored like mother-of-pearl, which floated in the sky above him. “How charming every thing has been this lovely night! And when did that shell have time to form? I have been looking this long time at the sky, and nothing was to be seen — only two white streaks. Yes! thus, without my knowing it, my views about life have been changed.”

He left the meadow, and walked along the highway that led to the village. A cool breeze began to blow, and it became gray and melancholy. The somber moment was at hand which generally precedes the dawn, the perfect triumph of light over the darkness.

Shivering with the chill, Levin walked fast, looking at the ground.

“What is that? Who is coming?” he asked himself, hearing the sound of bells. He raised his head. About forty paces from him he saw, coming toward him on the highway, on the grassy edge where he himself was walking, a traveling carriage, drawn by four horses. The pole-horses, to avoid the ruts, pressed close against the pole; but the skilful postilion, seated on one side of the box, kept the pole directly over the rut, so that the wheels kept only on the smooth surface of the road.

Levin was so interested in this that, without thinking who might be coming, he only glanced heedlessly at the carriage.

In one corner of the carriage an elderly lady was asleep; and by the window sat a young girl, evidently only just awake, holding with both hands the ribbons of her white bonnet. Serene and thoughtful, filled with a lofty, complex life which Levin could not understand, she was gazing beyond him at the glow of the morning sky.

At the very instant that this vision flashed by him he caught a glimpse of her frank eyes. She recognized him, and a gleam of joy, mingled with wonder, lighted up her face.

He could not be mistaken. Only she in all the world had such eyes. In all the world there was but one

being who could concentrate for him all the light and meaning of life. It was she; it was Kitty. He judged that she was on her way from the railway station to Yergushovo.

And all the thoughts that had occupied Levin through his sleepless night, all the resolutions that he had made, vanished in a twinkling. Horror seized him as he remembered his dream of marrying a *krestyanka* — a peasant wife! In that carriage which flashed by him on the other side of the road, and disappeared, was the only possible answer to his life's enigma which had tormented and puzzled him so long.

She was now out of sight; the rumble of the wheels had ceased, and scarcely could he hear the bells. The barking of the dogs told him that the carriage was passing through the village. And now there remained only the empty fields, the distant village, and himself, an alien and a stranger to everything, walking solitary on the deserted highway.

He looked at the sky, hoping to find there still the sea-shell cloud which he had admired, and which personified for him the movement of his thoughts and feelings during the night. But in the sky there was nothing that resembled the shell. There, at immeasurable heights, that mysterious change had already taken place. There was no trace of the shell, but in its place there extended over a good half of the heavens a carpet of cirrus clouds sweeping on and sweeping on. The sky was growing blue and luminous, and with the same tenderness and also with the same unsatisfactoriness it answered his questioning look.

“No,” he said to himself, “however good this simple and laborious life may be, I cannot bring myself to it. I love *her*.”

CHAPTER XIII

No one except Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's most intimate friends suspected that this apparently cold and sober-minded man had one weakness absolutely contradictory to the general consistency of his character. He could not look with indifference at a child or a woman who was weeping. The sight of tears caused him to lose his self-control, and destroyed for him his reasoning faculties. The manager of his chancery and his secretary understood this, and warned women who came to present petitions not to allow their feelings to overcome them unless they wanted to injure their prospects.

"He will fly into a passion, and will not listen to you," they said. And it was a fact that the trouble which the sight of weeping caused Aleksei Aleksandrovitch was expressed by hasty irritation. "I cannot, I cannot do anything for you. Please leave me," he would exclaim, as a general thing, in such cases.

When, on their way back from the races, Anna confessed her relations with Vronsky, and, immediately afterwards covering her face with her hands, burst into tears, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, in spite of his anger against his wife, was conscious at the same time of that deep, soul-felt emotion welling up which the sight of tears always caused him. Knowing this, and knowing that any expression of it would be incompatible with the situation, he endeavored to restrain any sign of agitation, and therefore he neither moved nor looked at her; hence arose that strange appearance of death-like rigidity in his face which so impressed Anna.

When they reached home, he helped her from the carriage; and, having made a great effort, he left her with ordinary politeness, saying only those words which would not oblige him to follow any course. He simply said that on the morrow he would let her know his decision.

His wife's words, confirming his worst suspicions, caused a keen pain in his heart; and this pain was

made still keener by the strange sensation of physical pity for her, caused by the sight of her tears. Yet, as he sat alone in his carriage, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, to his surprise and pleasure, was conscious of an absolute freedom, not only from that sense of pity, but also from the doubts and the pangs of jealousy which had of late been tormenting him.

He experienced the feelings of a man who has been suffering for a long time from the toothache. After one terrible moment of agony, and the sensation of something enormous — greater than the head itself — which is wrenched out of the jaw, the patient, hardly able to believe in his good fortune, suddenly discovers that the pain that has been poisoning his life so long has ceased, and that he can live and think and interest himself in something besides his aching tooth.

• This feeling Alekseï Aleksandrovitch now experienced. The pain had been strange and terrible. But now it was over. He felt that he could live again, and think of something besides his wife.

“Without honor, without heart, without religion, an abandoned woman! I have always known this and I have always seen it, though out of pity for her I tried to shut my eyes to it,” he said to himself.

And it really seemed to him that he had always seen this. He recalled many details of their past lives; and things which had once seemed innocent in his eyes, now clearly came up as proofs that she had always been corrupt.

“I made a mistake when I joined my life to hers; but my mistake was not my fault, and therefore I ought not to be unhappy. I am not the guilty one,” said he, “but she is. But I have nothing more to do with her. She does not exist for me.”....

All that would befall her as well as his son, toward whom also his feelings underwent a similar change, now ceased to occupy him. The only thing that did occupy him now was the question how to make his escape from this wretched crisis in a manner at once wise, correct, and honorable for himself, and having cleared himself

from the mud with which she had spattered him by her fall, how he would henceforth pursue his own path of honorable, active, and useful life.

"Must I make myself wretched because a wretched woman has committed a crime? All I want is to find the best way out from this situation to which she has brought me. And I will find it," he added, getting more and more indignant. "I am not the first, nor the last."

And not speaking of the historical examples, beginning with La Belle Hélène of Menelaus, which had recently been brought to all their memories by Offenbach's opera, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch went over in his mind a whole series of contemporary episodes, where husbands of the highest position had been obliged to mourn the faithlessness of their wives.

"Daryalof, Poltavsky, Prince Karibanof, Count Paskudin, Dramm, ... yes, even Dramm, honorable, industrious man as he is, ... Semenov, Chagin, Sigonin. Admit that they cast unjust *ridicule* on these men; as for me, I never saw anything except their misfortune, and I always pitied them," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch to himself, although this was not so, and he had never sympathized with misfortune of this sort, and had only plumed himself the more as he had heard of wives deceiving their husbands.

"This is a misfortune which is likely to strike any one, and now it has struck me. The only thing is to know how to find the best way of settling the difficulty."

And he began to recall the different ways in which these men, finding themselves in such a position as he was, had behaved.

"Daryalof fought a duel ..."

Dueling had often been a subject of consideration to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch when he was a young man, and for the reason that physically he was a timid man and he knew it. He could not think without a shudder of having a pistol leveled at him, and never in his life had he practised with firearms. This instinctive horror had in early life caused him often to think about duel.

ing and to imagine himself obliged to expose his life to this danger.

Afterward, when he had attained success and a high social position, he had got out of the way of such thoughts; but his habit of mind now reasserted itself, and his timidity, owing to his cowardice, was so great that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch long deliberated about the matter, turning it over on all sides, and questioning the expediency of a duel, although he knew perfectly well that in any case he would never fight.

“Undoubtedly the state of our society is still so savage,” he said, — “though it is not so in England, — that very many”

And in these *many*, to whom such a solution was satisfactory, there were some for whose opinions Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had the very highest regard. “Looking at the duel from its good side, to what result does it lead? Let us suppose that I send a challenge!”

And Alekseï Aleksandrovitch went on to draw a vivid picture of the night that he would spend after the challenge; and he imagined the pistol aimed at him, and shuddered, and realized that he could never do such a thing.

“Let us suppose that I challenge him to a duel; let us suppose that I learn how to shoot,” he forced himself to think, “that I am standing, that I pull the trigger,” he said to himself, shutting his eyes, “and it happens that I kill him;” and he shook his head, to drive away these absurd notions.

“What sense would there be in causing a man’s death, in order to settle my relations to a sinful woman and her son? Even then I should have to decide what I ought to do with her. But suppose — and this is vastly more likely to happen — that I am the one killed or wounded. I, an innocent man, the victim, killed or wounded? Still more absurd! But, moreover, would not the challenge to a duel on my part be a dishonorable action, certain as I am beforehand that my friends would never allow me to fight a duel? would never permit the life of a government official, who is so indispensable to Russia, to

be exposed to danger? What would happen? This would happen, that I, knowing in advance that the matter would never result in any danger, should seem to people to be anxious to win notoriety by a challenge. It would be dishonorable, it would be false, it would be an act of deception to others and to myself. A duel is not to be thought of, and no one expects it of me. My sole aim should be to preserve my reputation, and not to suffer any unnecessary interruption of my activity."

The service of the State, always important in the eyes of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, now appeared to him of extraordinary importance.

Having decided against the duel, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch began to discuss the question of divorce — a second expedient which had been employed by several of the men whom he had in mind. Calling to mind all the well-known examples of divorce — and there had been many in the very highest circles of society, as he well knew — he could not name a single case where the aim of the divorce had been such as he proposed. The husband in each case had sold or given up the faithless wife; and the guilty party, who had no right to a second marriage, had entered into relations, imagined to be sanctioned, with a new husband.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch saw that, in his case at least, legal divorce, whereby the faithless wife would be repudiated, was impossible. He saw that the complicated conditions of his life precluded the possibility of those coarse proofs which the law demanded for the establishment of a wife's guilt; he saw that the distinguished refinement of his life precluded the public use of such proofs, even if they existed, and that the public use of these proofs would cause him to fall lower in public opinion than the guilty wife.

Divorce could only end in a scandalous lawsuit, which would be a godsend to his enemies and to lovers of gossip, and would degrade him from his high position in society. His principal object, the determination of his position with the least possible confusion, would not be attained by a divorce.

Divorce, moreover, broke off all intercourse between wife and husband, and united her to her paramour. Now in Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's heart, in spite of the scornful indifference which he affected to feel toward his wife, there still remained one very keen sentiment, and that was his unwillingness for her, unhindered, to unite her lot with Vronsky, so that her fault would turn out to her advantage.

This possible contingency was so painful to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch that, merely at the thought of it, he bellowed with mental pain; and he got up from his seat, changed his place in the carriage, and for a long time, darkly scowling, wrapped his woolly plaid around his thin and chilly legs.

"Besides formal divorce," he said to himself, as, growing a little calmer, he continued his deliberations, "it would be possible to act as Karibanof, Paskudin, and that gentle Dramm have done; that is to say, I could separate from my wife." But this measure had almost the same disadvantages as the other: it was practically to throw his wife into Vronsky's arms.

"No; it is impossible — impossible," he said aloud, again trying to wrap himself up in his plaid. "I cannot be unhappy, but neither she nor he ought to be happy."

The feeling of jealousy which had tormented him while he was still ignorant had passed away when by his wife's words the aching tooth had been pulled; but this feeling was replaced by a different one, — the desire not only that she should not triumph, but that she should receive the reward for her sin. He did not express it, but in the depths of his soul he desired that she should be punished for the way in which she had destroyed his peace and honor.

After once more passing in review the conditions of the duel, the divorce, and the separation, and once more rejecting them, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch came to the conclusion that there was only one way to escape from his trouble, and that was to keep his wife under his protection, shielding his misfortune from the eyes of the world, employing all possible means to break off the

illicit relationship, and, above all — though he did not avow it to himself — punishing his wife's fault.

“I must let her know that, in the cruel situation into which she has brought our family, I have come to the conclusion that the *status quo* is the only way that seems advisable for both sides, and that I will agree to preserve it under the strenuous condition that she on her part fulfil my will, and break off all relations with her paramour.”

For the bolstering of this resolution when once he had finally adopted it, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch brought up one convincing argument: “Only by acting in this manner do I conform absolutely with the law of religion,” said he to himself; “only by this reasoning do I refuse to send away the adulterous woman; and I give her the chance of amending her ways, and likewise, — painful as it will be to me, — I consecrate a part of my powers to her regeneration and salvation.”

Though Aleksei Aleksandrovitch knew that he could have no moral influence over his wife, and that the attempts which he should make to reform his wife would have no other outcome than falsehood; although during the trying moments that he had been living, he had not for an instant thought of finding his guidance in religion, — yet now, when he felt that his determination was in accordance with religion, this religious sanction of his resolution gave him full comfort and a certain share of satisfaction. He was consoled with the thought that in such a trying period of his life no one would have the right to say that he had not acted in conformity to the religion whose banner he bore aloft in the midst of coolness and indifference.

As he went over in his mind the remotest contingencies, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch even saw no reason why his relations with his wife should not remain pretty much as they had always been. Of course, it would be impossible for him to feel great confidence in her; but he saw no reason why he should ruin his whole life, and suffer personally, because she was a bad and faithless wife.

“Yes, time will pass,” he said to himself, “time which solves all problems; and our relations will be brought into the old order, so that I shall not feel the disorder that has broken up the current of my life. She must be unhappy, but I am not to blame, and so I do not see why I must be unhappy too.”

CHAPTER XIV

ALEKSEĪ ALEKSANDROVITCH during his drive back to Petersburg not only fully decided on the line of conduct which he should adopt, but even composed in his head a letter to be sent to his wife. When he reached his Switzer's room, he glanced at the official papers and letters which had been brought from the ministry, and ordered them to be brought into the library.

“Shut the door, and let no one in,” said he in reply to a question of the Swiss, emphasizing the last words — *nye prinimat'* — let no one in — with some satisfaction, which was an evident sign that he was in a better state of mind.

Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch walked up and down the library once or twice, and then, coming to his huge writing-table, on which his lackey, before going out, had placed six lighted candles, he cracked his fingers and sat down, and began to examine his writing-materials. Then, leaning his elbow on the table, he bent his head to one side, and after a moment of reflection he began to write without the slightest hesitancy. He wrote in French without addressing her by name, employing the pronoun *vous*, which has less coldness than the corresponding Russian word, *вы*, has. He wrote:—

At our recent interview, I expressed the intention of communicating to you my resolution concerning the subject of our conversation. Having carefully taken everything into consideration, I am writing now with the view of fulfilling my promise. This is my decision: whatever your conduct may have been, I do not acknowledge that I have the right to break the bonds which a Power Supreme has consecrated. The family cannot

be broken up through a caprice, an arbitrary act, even through the crime of one of the parties; and our lives must remain unchanged. This must be so for my sake, for your sake, for the sake of our son. I am fully persuaded that you have been repentant, that you still feel repentant for the deed that obliges me to write you; that you will coöperate with me in destroying root and branch the cause of our estrangement and in forgetting the past.

In case this be not so, you yourself must understand what awaits you and your son. In regard to all this I hope to have a more specific conversation at a personal interview. As the summer season is nearly over, I beg of you to come back to Petersburg as soon as possible — certainly not later than Tuesday. All the necessary measures for your return hither will be taken. I beg you to take notice that I attach a very particular importance to your attention to my request.

A. KARENIN.

P.S. I inclose in this letter money, which you may need at this particular time.

He reread his letter, and was satisfied with it — especially with the fact that he had thought of sending the money. There was not an angry word, not a reproach, neither was there any condescension in it. The essential thing was the golden bridge for their reconciliation. He folded his letter, smoothed it with a huge paper-cutter of massive ivory, inclosed it in an envelop together with the money, and rang the bell, feeling that sense of satisfaction which the use of his well-ordered, perfect epistolary arrangements always gave him.

“Give this letter to the courier for delivery to Anna Arkadyevna at the datcha to-morrow,” said he, and arose.

“I will obey your excellency.¹ Will you have tea here in the library?”

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch ordered tea brought to him in the library; and then, still playing with the paper-cutter, he went toward his arm-chair, near which were a shaded lamp and a French work on cuneiform inscriptions which he had begun.

¹ *Vashe prevaskhodityelstvo.*

Above the chair, in an oval gilt frame, hung a portrait of Anna, the excellent work of a distinguished painter. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch looked at it. The eyes, as inscrutable as they had been on the evening of their attempted explanation, looked down at him ironically and insolently. Everything about this remarkable portrait seemed to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch insupportably insolent and provoking, from the black lace on her head and her dark hair, to the white, beautiful hand and the ring-finger covered with jeweled rings.

After gazing at this portrait for a moment, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch shuddered, his lips trembled, and with a "brr" he turned away. Hastily sitting down in his arm-chair, he opened his book. He tried to read, but he could not regain the keen interest which he had felt before in the cuneiform inscriptions. His eyes looked at the book, but his thoughts were elsewhere. He was thinking, not of his wife, but of a complication which had recently arisen in important matters connected with his official activity, and which at present formed the chief interest of his service. He felt that he was more deeply than ever plunged into this complicated affair, and that he could without self-conceit claim that the idea which had originated in his brain was bound to disentangle the whole difficulty, to confirm him in his official career, put down his enemies, and thus enable him to do a signal service to the State. As soon as his servant had brought his tea, and left the room, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch got up and went to his writing-table. Pushing to the center of it a portfolio which contained papers relating to this affair, he seized a pencil from the stand, and, with a faintly sarcastic smile of self-satisfaction, buried himself in the perusal of the documents relative to the complicated business under consideration.

The complication was as follows: The distinguishing trait of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch as a government official,—the one characteristic trait peculiar to him alone, though it must mark every progressive chinovnik,—the trait which had contributed to his success

no less than his eager ambition, his moderation, his uprightness, and his self-confidence, was his detestation of "red tape," and his sincere desire to avoid, as far as he could, unnecessary writing, and to go straight on in accomplishing needful business with all expedition and economy. It happened that, in the famous Commission of the 14th of June, a project was mooted for the irrigation of the fields in the government of Zará, which formed a part of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's jurisdiction; and this project offered a striking example of the few results obtained by official correspondence and expenditure.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch knew that it was a worthy object. The matter of the irrigation of the fields in the government of Zará had come to him by inheritance from his predecessor in the ministry, and, in fact, had already cost much money and brought no results. When Alekseï Aleksandrovitch entered the ministry, he had perceived this, and had wanted immediately to put his hand to this work; but at first he did not feel himself strong enough and perceived that it touched too many interests and was imprudent, and afterward, having become involved in other matters, he entirely forgot about it.

The fertilization of the Zará fields, like all things, went in its own way by force of inertia. Many people got their living through it, and one family in particular, a very agreeable and musical family—all of the daughters of which played on stringed instruments. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch knew this family, and had been nuptial godfather¹ when one of the elder daughters was married.

The opposition to this affair, raised by his enemies in another branch of the ministry, was unjust, in the opinion of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, because in every ministry there are similar cases which by a well-known rule of official etiquette no one ever bothers himself about. But now, since they had thrown down the gauntlet, he

¹ *Posazhonnui otyets*,— a man who takes the father's place in the Russian wedding ceremony.

had boldly accepted the challenge and asked for the appointment of a special commission for examining and verifying the labors of the commissioners on the fertilization of the Zarái fields; and this did not prevent him from also keeping these gentlemen busy in other ways. He had also demanded a special commission for investigating the status and organization of the foreign populations.

This last question had likewise been raised by the Commission of June 14, and was energetically supported by Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, on the ground that no delay should be allowed in relieving the deplorable situation of these alien tribes.

In committee this matter gave rise to the most lively discussions among the ministries. The ministry hostile to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch proved that the position of the foreign populations was perfectly flourishing; that to meddle with them would be to injure their well-being; and that, if any fault could be found in regard to the matter, it was due to the neglect of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and his ministry, in not carrying out the measures prescribed by law.

Now Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had made up his mind to demand: first, the appointment of a new committee, whose duty should be to study on the spot the condition of the foreign populations; secondly, in case their condition should be found such as the official data in the hands of the committee represented, that a new scientific commission should be sent to study into the causes of this sad state of things, with the aim of settling it from the (*a*) political, (*b*) administrative, (*c*) economical, (*d*) ethnographical, (*e*) physical, and (*f*) religious point of view; thirdly, that the hostile ministry should be required to furnish the particulars in regard to the measures taken during the last ten years to relieve the wretched situation in which these tribes were placed; and fourthly and finally, that this ministry should explain the fact that they had acted in absolute contradiction to the fundamental and organic law, Volume T, page 18, with reference to Article 36,

as was proved by an act of the committee under numbers 17,015 and 18,308 of the 17th of December, 1863, and the 19th of June, 1864.

A flush of animation covered Aleksei Aleksandro-vitch's face as he rapidly wrote down for his own use a digest of these thoughts. After he had covered a sheet of paper, he rang a bell, and sent a messenger to the director of the chancelry, asking for a few data which were missing. Then he got up, and began to walk up and down the room, looking again at the portrait with a frown and a scornful smile. Then he resumed his book about the cuneiform inscriptions, and found that his interest of the evening before had come back to him. He went to bed about eleven o'clock; and as he lay, still awake, he passed in review the affair with his wife, and it no longer appeared to him in the same gloomy aspect.

CHAPTER XV

THOUGH Anna had obstinately and angrily contradicted Vronsky when he told her that her position was impossible, yet in the bottom of her heart she felt that it was false and dishonorable, and she longed with all her soul to escape from it. When, in a moment of agitation, she avowed all to her husband as they were returning from the races, notwithstanding the pain which it cost her, she felt glad. After Aleksei Aleksandro-vitch left her, she kept repeating to herself that she was glad, that now all was explained, and that henceforth there would be at least no more need of falsehood and deception. It seemed to her indubitable that now her position would be henceforth determined. It might be bad, but it would be definite, and there would be an end to lying and equivocation. The pain which her words had cost her husband and herself would have its compensation, she thought, in the fact that now all would be definite.

That very evening Vronsky came to see her, but she

did not tell him what had taken place between her husband and herself, although it was needful to tell him, in order that the affair might be definitely settled.

The next morning, when she awoke, her first memory was of the words that she had spoken to her husband; and they seemed to her so odious, that she could not imagine now how she could have brought herself to say such strange brutal words, and she could not conceive what the result of them would be. But the words were irrevocable, and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had departed without replying.

“I have seen Vronsky since, and I did not tell him. Even at the moment he went away, I wanted to hold him back and to tell him; but I postponed it because I felt how strange it was that I did not tell him at the first moment. Why did I have the desire, and yet not speak?”

And, in reply to this question, the hot flush of shame kindled in her face. She realized that it was shame that kept her from speaking. Her position, which the evening before had seemed to her so clear, suddenly presented itself as very far from clear, as inextricable. She began to fear the dishonor about which she had not thought before. When she considered what her husband might do to her, the most terrible ideas came to her mind. It occurred to her that at any instant the steward¹ might appear to drive her out of house and home, and that her shame might be proclaimed to all the world. She asked herself where she could go if they drove her from home, and she found no answer.

When she thought of Vronsky, she imagined that he did not love her, and that he was already beginning to tire of her, and that she could not impose herself on him, and she felt angry with him. It seemed to her that the words which she spoke to her husband, and which she incessantly repeated to herself, were spoken so that everybody could hear them, and had heard them. She could not bring herself to look in the faces of those with whom she lived. She could not bring herself to

¹ *Upravlyayushchy.*

ring for her maid, and still less to go down and meet her son and his governess.

The maid came, and stood long at the door, listening; finally she decided to go to her without a summons. Anna looked at her questioningly, and in her terror she blushed. The maid apologized for coming, saying that she thought she heard the bell. She brought a gown and a note. The note was from Betsy. Betsy reminded her that Liza Merkalova and the Baroness Stolz with their adorers, Kaluzhsky and the old man Stremof, were coming to her house that morning for a game of croquet. "Come and look on, please, as a study of manners. I shall expect you," was the conclusion of the note.

Anna read the letter, and sighed profoundly.

"Nothing, nothing, I need nothing," said she to Annushka, who was arranging the brushes and toilet articles on her dressing-table. "Go away. I will dress myself immediately, and come down. I need nothing."

Annushka went out; yet Anna did not begin to dress, but sat in the same attitude, with bent head and folded hands; and occasionally she would shiver, and begin to make some gesture, to say something, and then fall back into listlessness again. She kept saying, "*Bozhe moi! Bozhe moi!*"¹ but the words had no meaning in her mind. The thought of seeking a refuge from her situation in religion, although she never doubted the faith in which she had been trained, seemed to her as strange as to go and ask help of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch himself. She knew beforehand that the refuge offered by religion was possible only by the absolute renunciation of all that constituted for her the meaning of life. She suffered, and was frightened besides, by a sensation that was new to her experience hitherto, and which seemed to her to take possession of her inmost soul. She seemed to feel double, just as sometimes eyes, when weary, see double. She knew not what she feared, what she desired. She knew not whether she feared and desired what had passed or what was to come, and what she desired she did not know.

¹ Literally, "My God."

"Oh! what am I doing?" she cried, suddenly feeling a pain in both temples; and she discovered that she had taken her hair in her two hands, and was pulling it. She got up, and began to walk the floor.

"The coffee is served, and *Mamzel* and Serozha are waiting," said Annushka, coming in again, and finding her mistress in the same condition as before.

"Serozha? what is Serozha doing," suddenly asked Anna, remembering, for the first time that morning, the existence of her son.

"He has been naughty, I think," said Annushka, with a smile.

"How naughty?"

"You had some peaches in the corner cupboard; he took one, and ate it on the sly, it seems."

The thought of her son suddenly called Anna from the impassive state in which she had been sunk. She remembered the partly sincere, though somewhat exaggerated, *rôle* of devoted mother, which she had taken on herself for a number of years, and she felt with joy that in this relationship she had a standpoint independent of her relation to her husband and Vronsky. This standpoint was — her son. In whatever situation she might be placed, she could not give him up. Her husband might drive her from him, and put her to shame; Vronsky might turn his back on her, and resume his former independent life, — and here again she thought of him with a feeling of anger and reproach, — but she could not leave her son. She had an aim in life; and she must act, act so as to safeguard this relation toward her son, so that they could not take him from her. She must act as speedily as possible before they took him from her. She must take her son and go off. That was the one thing which she now had to do. She must calm herself, and get away from this tormenting situation. The very thought of an action having reference to her son, and of going away with him anywhere, anywhere, already gave her consolation.

She dressed in haste, went down-stairs, and with firm

steps entered the drawing-room, where, as usual, she found lunch ready, and Serozha and the governess waiting for her. Serozha, all in white, was standing near a table under the mirror, with the expression of concentrated attention which she knew so well, and in which he resembled his father. Bending over, he was busy with some flowers which he had brought in.

The governess had a very stern expression. Serozha, as soon as he saw his mother, uttered a sharp cry, which was a frequent custom of his, — “Ah, mamma!” Then he stopped, undecided whether to throw down the flowers and run to his mother, and let the flowers go, or to finish his bouquet and take it to her.

The governess bowed, and began a long and circumstantial account of the naughtiness that Serozha had committed; but Anna did not hear her. She was thinking whether she should take her with them.

“No, I will not,” she decided; “I will go alone with my son.”

“Yes, that was very naughty,” said Anna; and, taking the boy by the shoulder, she looked with a gentle, not angry, face at the confused but happy boy, and kissed him. “Leave him with me,” said she to the wondering governess; and, not letting go his arm, she sat down at the table where the coffee was waiting.

“Mamma I I did n’t” stammered Serozha, trying to judge by his mother’s expression what fate was in store for him for having pilfered the peach.

“Serozha,” she said, as soon as the governess had left the room, “that was naughty. You will not do it again, will you?.... Do you love me?”

She felt that the tears were standing in her eyes. “Why can I not love him?” she asked herself, studying the boy’s frightened and yet happy face. “And can he join with his father to punish me? Will he not have pity on me?”

The tears began to course down her face; and, in order to hide them, she rose up quickly, and hastened, almost ran, to the terrace.

Clear, cool weather had succeeded the stormy rains

of the last few days. In spite of the warm sun which shone on the thick foliage of the trees, it was cool in the shade.

She shivered both from the coolness and from the sentiment of fear which in the cool air seized her with new force.

“Go, go and find Mariette,” said she to Serozha, who had followed her; and then she began to walk up and down on the straw carpet which covered the terrace. “Will they not forgive me?” she asked herself. “Will they not understand that all this could not possibly have been otherwise?”

As she stopped and looked at the top of the aspens waving in the wind, with their freshly washed leaves glittering brightly in the cool sunbeams, it seemed to her that they would not forgive her, that all, that everything, would be as pitiless toward her as that sky and that foliage. And again she felt that mysterious sense in her inmost soul that she was in a dual state.

“I must not, must not think,” she said to herself. “I must have courage. Where shall I go? When? Whom shall I take? Yes! to Moscow by the evening train, with Annushka and Serozha and only the most necessary things. But first I must write to them both.”

She hurried back into the house to her boudoir, sat down at the table, and wrote her husband:—

After what has passed, I cannot longer remain in your house. I am going away, and I shall take my son. I do not know the laws, and so I do not know with which of his parents the child should remain; but I take him with me, because I cannot live without him. Be magnanimous; let me have him.

Up to this point she wrote rapidly and naturally; but this appeal to a magnanimity which she had never seen in him, and the need of ending her letter with something affecting, brought her to a halt.

“I cannot speak of my fault and my repentance, because....” Again she stopped, unable to find the right words to express her thoughts. “No,” she said, “nothing more is necessary;” and, tearing up this

letter, she began another, from which she left out any appeal to his generosity, and sealed it.

She had to write a second letter, to Vronsky.

"I have confessed to my husband," she began; and she sat long wrapped in thought, without being able to write more. That was so coarse, so unfeminine! "And then, what can I write to him?" she asked herself. Again the crimson of shame mantled her face as she remembered how calm he was, and she felt so vexed with him that she tore the sheet of paper with its one phrase into little bits. "I cannot write," she said to herself; and, closing her desk, she went up-stairs, told the governess and the domestics that she was going to Moscow that evening, and instantly began to make her preparations.

CHAPTER XVI

IN all the rooms of the villa, the men-servants, the gardeners, the lackeys, were hurrying about laden with various things. Cupboards and commodes were cleared of their contents. Twice they had gone to the shop for packing-cord; on the floor lay piles of newspapers. Two trunks, traveling-bags, and a bundle of plaids had been carried into the anteroom. A carriage and two cabs were waiting at the front door. Anna, who in the haste of packing had somewhat forgotten her inward anguish, was standing by her table in her boudoir and packing her bag, when Annushka called her attention to the rumble of a carriage approaching the house.

Anna looked out of the window, and saw on the steps Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's messenger-boy ringing the front-door bell.

"Go and see what it is," said she, and then sat down in her chair and, folding her hands on her knees, waited with calm resignation. A lackey brought her a fat packet directed in Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's handwriting.

"The messenger was ordered to wait an answer," said he.

"Very well," she replied; and as soon as he left the room she opened the packet with trembling fingers. A roll of fresh, new bank-notes, in a wrapper, fell out first. She unfolded the letter and began to read it at the end. "All the necessary measures for your return hither will be taken. I attach a very particular importance to your attention to my request," she read.

She ran it through hastily backwards, a second time, read it all through, and then she read it again from beginning to end. When she had finished it, she felt chilled; and had the consciousness that some terrible and unexpected misfortune was crushing her.

That very morning she had regretted her confession to her husband, and desired nothing so much as that she had not spoken those words. And this letter treated her words as if they had not been spoken, gave her what she desired. And yet it seemed to her more cruel than anything that she could have imagined.

"Right, he is right!" she murmured. "Of course he is always right; he is a Christian, he is magnanimous! Yes, the low, vile man! No one understands, no one knows him but me; and I cannot explain it. People say, 'He is a religious, moral, honorable, intellectual man.' But they have not seen what I have seen; they do not know how for eight years he has crushed my life, crushed everything that was vital in me; how he has never once thought of me as a living woman who needed love. They don't know how at every step he has insulted me, and yet remained self-satisfied. Have I not striven, striven with all my powers, to find a justification of my life? Have I not done my best to love him, to love his son when I could not love my husband? But the time came when I found I could no longer deceive myself, that I am a living being, that I am not to blame, that God has made me so, that I must love and live. And now what? He might kill me, he might kill *him*, and I could endure it, I could forgive it. But no, he

"Why should I not have foreseen what he would do? He does exactly in accordance with his despicable char-

acter; he stands on his rights. But I, poor unfortunate, am sunk lower and more irreclaimably than ever toward ruin. '*You may surmise what awaits you and your son,*'" she repeated to herself, remembering a sentence in his letter. "It is a threat that he means to rob me of my son, and doubtless their wretched laws allow it. But, do I not see why he said that? He has no belief in my love for my son; or else he is deriding,—as he always does, in his sarcastic manner,—is deriding this feeling of mine, for he knows that I will not abandon my son—I cannot abandon him; that without my son, life would be unsupportable, even with him whom I love; and that to abandon my son, and leave him, I should fall like the worst of women. This he knows, and knows that I should never have the power to do so.

"*Our lives must remain unchanged,*" she continued, remembering another sentence in the letter. "This life was a torture before; but of late it has grown worse than ever. What will it be now? And he knows all this,—knows that I cannot repent because I breathe, because I love; he knows that nothing except falsehood and deceit can result from this: but he must needs prolong my torture. I know him, and I know that he swims in perjury like a fish in water. But no; I will not give him this pleasure. I will break this network of lies in which he wants to enwrap me. Come what may, anything is better than lies and deception.

"But how? Bozhe moř! Bozhe moř! Was there ever woman so unhappy as I?....

"No, I will break it! I will break it!" she cried, springing to her feet and striving to keep back the tears. And she went to her writing-table to begin another letter to him. But in the lowest depths of her soul she felt that she had not the power to break the network of circumstances,—that she had not the power to escape from the situation in which she was placed, false and dishonorable though it was.

She sat down at the table; but, instead of writing, she folded her arms on the table, and bowed her head on them, and began to weep like a child, with heaving

breast and convulsive sobs. She wept because her visions about an explanation, about a settlement of her position, had vanished forever. She knew that now all things would go on as before, and even worse than before. She felt that her position in society, which she had slighted, and even that morning counted as dross, was dear to her; that she should never have the strength to abandon it for the shameful position of a woman who has deserted her husband and son and joined her lover; she felt that in spite of all her efforts she should never be stronger than herself. She never would know what freedom to love meant, but would be always a guilty woman, constantly under the threat of detection, deceiving her husband for the disgraceful society of an independent stranger, with whose life she could never join hers. She knew that this would be so, and yet at the same time it was so terrible that she could not acknowledge, even to herself, how it would end. And she wept, unrestrainedly as a child who has been punished sobs.

The steps of a lackey approaching brought her to herself; and, hiding from him her face, she pretended to be writing.

"The courier would like his answer," said the lackey.

"His answer? Oh, yes!" said Anna. "Let him wait. I will ring."

"What can I write?" she asked herself. "How decide by myself alone? What do I know? What do I want? Whom do I love?"

Again it seemed to her that in her soul she felt the dual nature. She was alarmed at this feeling, and seized on the first pretext for activity that presented itself so that she might be freed from thoughts about herself.

"I must see Alekseï" (thus in thought she called Vronsky); "he alone can tell me what I must do. I will go to Betsy's. Perhaps I shall find him there."

She completely forgot that on the evening before, when she told him that she was not going to the Prin-

ness Tverskaya's, he said that in that case he should not go there either.

She went to the table again, and wrote her husband:—

I have received your letter.

A.

She rang, and gave it to the lackey.

"We are not going," said she to Annushka, who was just coming in.

"Not going at all?"

"No; but don't unpack before to-morrow, and have the carriage wait. I am going to the princess's."

"What gown shall you wear?"

CHAPTER XVII

THE croquet party to which the Princess Tverskaya invited Anna was to consist of two ladies and their adorers. These two ladies were the leading representatives of a new and exclusive Petersburg clique, called, in imitation of an imitation, *les sept merveilles du monde*, the seven wonders of the world. Both of them belonged to the highest society, but to a circle absolutely hostile to that in which Anna moved. Moreover, old Stremof, one of the influential men of the city, and Liza Merkalof's lover, was in the service of Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's enemies. From all these considerations Anna did not care to go to Betsy's, and her refusal called forth the hints in the Princess Tverskaya's note; but now she decided to go, hoping to find Vronsky there.

She reached the Princess Tverskaya's before the other guests.

Just as she arrived Vronsky's lackey, with his well-combed side-whiskers, like a *kammer-junker*, was at the door. Raising his cap, he stepped aside to let her pass. Anna recognized him and only then remembered that Vronsky had told her that he was not coming. Undoubtedly he had sent him with his excuses.

As she was taking off her wraps in the anteroom she heard the lackey, who rolled his R's like a *kammerjunker*, say, "From the count to the princess," at the same time he delivered his note.

She wanted to ask him where his barin was. She wanted to go back and write him a note, asking him to come to her, or to go and find him herself. But she could not follow out any of these plans, for the bell had already announced her presence, and one of the princess's lackeys was waiting at the door to usher her into the rooms beyond.

"The princess is in the garden. Word has been sent to her. Would you not like to step out into the garden?" said a second lackey in the second room.

Her position of uncertainty, of darkness, was just the same as at home. It was even worse, because she could not make any decision, she could not see Vronsky, and she was obliged to remain in the midst of a company of strangers diametrically opposed to her present mood. But she wore a toilet which she knew was very becoming. She was not alone, she was surrounded by that solemn atmosphere of indolence so familiar; and on the whole it was better to be there than at home. She was not obliged to think what she would do. Things would arrange themselves.

Betsy came to meet her in a white toilet absolutely stunning in its elegance; and Anna greeted her, as usual, with a smile. The Princess Tverskaya was accompanied by Tushkievitch and a young relative who, to the great delight of the provincial family to which she belonged, was spending the summer with the famous princess.

Apparently there was something unnatural in Anna's appearance, for Betsy immediately remarked it.

"I did not sleep well," replied Anna, looking furtively at the lackey, who was coming, as she supposed, to bring Vronsky's note to the princess.

"How glad I am that you came!" said Betsy. "I am just up, and I should like to have a cup of tea before the others come. And you," she said, addressing Tush-

kievitch, "had better go with Maska and try the *kroket-gro-und*, which has just been clipped. You and I will have time to have a little confidential talk while taking our tea. We'll have a cozy chat, won't we?" she added in English, addressing Anna with a smile, and taking her hand, in which she held a sunshade.

"All the more willingly because I cannot stay long. I must call on old Vrede; I have been promising for a hundred years to come and see her," said Anna, to whom the lie, though contrary to her nature, seemed not only simple and easy, but even pleasurable. Why she said a thing which she forgot the second after, she herself could not have told; she said it at haphazard, so that, in case Vronsky were not coming, she might have a way of escape, and try to find him elsewhere; and why she happened to select the name of old Freilina Vrede rather than any other of her acquaintances was likewise inexplicable. But, as events proved, out of all the possible schemes for meeting Vronsky, she could not have chosen a better.

"No, I shall not let you go," replied Betsy, scrutinizing Anna's face. "Indeed, if I were not so fond of you, I should be tempted to be vexed with you; anybody would think that you were afraid of my company compromising you. — Tea in the little parlor, if you please," said she to the lackey, blinking her eyes as was habitual with her; and, taking the letter from him, she began to read it.

"Alekseï disappoints us,"¹ said she in French. "He writes that he cannot come," she added, in a tone as simple and unaffected as if it had never entered her mind that Vronsky was of any more interest to Anna than as a possible partner in a game of croquet. Anna knew that Betsy knew all; but, as she heard Betsy speak of Vronsky now, she almost brought herself to believe for a moment that she knew nothing.

"Ah!" she said indifferently, as if it was a detail which did not interest her. "How," she continued, still smiling, "could your society compromise any one?"

¹ *Alexis nous fait faux bond.*

This manner of playing with words, this hiding a secret, had a great charm for Anna, as it has for all women. And it was not the necessity of secrecy, or the reason for secrecy, but the process itself, that gave the pleasure.

"I cannot be more Catholic than the Pope," she said. "Stremof and Liza Merkalof, they are the cream of the cream of society. They are received everywhere. But *I*" — she laid special stress on the *I* — "*I* have never been severe and intolerant. I simply have not had time."

"No. But perhaps you prefer not to meet Stremof? Let him break lances with Alekseï Aleksandrovitch in committee-meetings; that does not concern us. But in society he is as lovely a man as I know, and a passionate lover of croquet. But you shall see him. And you must see how admirably he conducts himself in his ridiculous position as Liza's aged lover. He is very charming. Don't you know Safo Stoltz? She is the latest, absolutely the latest style."

While Betsy was saying all this, Anna perceived, by her joyous, intelligent eyes, that she saw her embarrassment and was trying to put her at her ease. They had gone into the little boudoir.

"By the way, I must write a word to Alekseï."

And Betsy sat down at her writing-table, hastily penned a few lines, and inclosed them in an envelop. "I wrote him to come to dinner. One of the ladies who is going to be here has no gentleman. See if I am imperative enough. Excuse me if I leave you a moment. Please seal it and direct it," said she at the door, "I have some arrangements to make."

Without a moment's hesitation, Anna took Betsy's seat at the table, and, without reading her note, added these words: —

I must see you without fail. Come to the Vrede's Garden. I will be there at six o'clock.

She sealed the letter; and Betsy, coming a moment later, despatched it at once.

The two ladies took their tea at a little table in the cool boudoir, and had indeed a *cozy chat* as the princess had promised, until the arrival of her guests. They expressed their judgments on them, beginning with Liza Merkalof.

"She is very charming, and she has always been congenial to me," said Anna.

"You ought to like her. She adores you. Yesterday evening, after the races, she came to see me, and was in despair not to find you. She says that you are a genuine heroine of a romance, and that if she were a man, she would commit a thousand follies for your sake. Stremof told her she did that, even as she was."

"But please tell me one thing I never could understand," said Anna, after a moment of silence, and in a tone which clearly showed that she did not ask an idle question but that what she wanted explained was more important to her than would appear. "Please tell me, what are the relations between her and Prince Kaluzhsky, the man they call Mishka? I have rarely seen them together. What are their relations?"

A smile came into Betsy's eyes, and she looked keenly at Anna.

"It's a new kind," she replied. "All these ladies have adopted it. They've thrown their caps behind the mill. But there are ways and ways of throwing them."

"Yes, but what are her relations with Kaluzhsky?"

Betsy, to Anna's surprise, broke into a gale of irresistible laughter, which was an unusual thing with her.

"But you are trespassing on the Princess Miagkaya's province; it is the question of an *enfant terrible*," said Betsy, trying in vain to restrain her gayety, but again breaking out into that contagious laughter which is the peculiarity of people who rarely laugh. "But you must ask them," she at length managed to say, with the tears running down her cheeks.

"Well! you laugh," said Anna, in spite of herself joining in her friend's amusement; "but I never could understand it at all, and I don't understand what part the husband plays."

"The husband? Liza Merkálóf's husband carries her plaid for her, and is always at her beck and call. But the real meaning of the affair no one cares to know. You know that in good society people don't speak and don't even think of certain details of the toilet; well, it is the same here."

"Are you going to Rolanlaki's *fête*?" asked Anna, to change the conversation.

"I don't think so," replied Betsy; and, not looking at her companion, she carefully poured the fragrant tea into little transparent cups. Then, having handed one to Anna, she rolled a cigarette, and, putting it into a silver holder, she began to smoke.

"You see, I am in a fortunate position," she began seriously, holding her cup in her hand. "I understand you, and I understand Liza. Liza is one of these naïve, childlike natures, who cannot distinguish between ill and good, — at least, she was so when she was young, and now she knows that this simplicity is becoming to her. Now perhaps she purposely fails to understand the distinction," said Betsy, with a sly smile. "But all the same, it becomes her. You see, it is quite possible to look on things from a tragic standpoint, and to get torment out of them; and it is possible to look on it simply, and even gayly. Possibly you are inclined to look on things too tragically."

"How I should like to know others as well as I know myself!" said Anna, with a serious and pensive look. "Am I worse than others, or better? Worse, I think."

"You are an *enfant terrible*, an *enfant terrible*," was Betsy's comment. "But here they are!"

CHAPTER XVIII

STEPS were heard, and a man's voice, then a woman's voice and laughter, and immediately after the expected guests came in: Safo Stoltz, and a young man called Vaska, whose face shone with exuberant health. It was evident that rich blood-making beef, burgundy, and truffles

had accomplished their work. Vaska bowed to the two ladies and glanced at them, but only for a second. He followed Safo into the drawing-room, and he followed her through the drawing-room, as if he had been tied to her, and he kept his brilliant eyes fastened on her as if he wished to devour her. Safo Stoltz was a blond with black eyes. She wore shoes with enormously high heels, and she came in with slow, vigorous steps, and shook hands with the ladies energetically, like a man.

Anna had never before met with this new celebrity, and was struck, not only by her beauty, but by the extravagance of her toilet and the boldness of her manners. On her head was a veritable scaffolding of false and natural hair of a lovely golden hue, and of a height corresponding to the mighty proportions of her protuberant and very visible bosom. Her dress was so tightly pulled back, that at every movement it outlined the shape of her knees and thighs; and involuntarily the question arose: Where, under this enormous, tottering mountain, did her neat little body, so exposed above, and so tightly laced below, really end?

Betsy made haste to introduce her to Anna.

"Can you imagine it? We almost ran over two soldiers," she instantly began to relate, winking, smiling, and kicking back her train, which she in turn threw too far over to the other side. "I was coming with Vaska oh, yes! You are not acquainted." And she introduced the young man by his family name, laughing heartily at her mistake in calling him Vaska before strangers. Vaska bowed a second time to Anna, but said nothing to her. He turned to Safo.

"The wager is lost. We came first," said he, smiling. "You must pay."

Safo laughed still more gayly.

"Not now, though," said she.

"All right; I'll take it by and by."

"Very well, very well! Oh, by the way!" she suddenly cried out to the hostess. "I forgot stupid that I was! I bring you a guest; here he is."

The young guest whom Safo presented, after having

forgotten him, was a guest of such importance that, notwithstanding his youth, all the ladies rose to receive him.

This was Safo's new adorer; and, just as Vaska did, he followed her every step.

Immediately after came Prince Kaluzhsky and Liza Merkalof with Stremof. Liza was a rather thin brunette, with an Oriental, indolent type of countenance, and with ravishing, and as everybody said, inscrutable eyes. The style of her dark dress was absolutely in keeping with her beauty. Anna noticed it, and approved. Liza was as quiet and unpretentious as Safo was loud and obstreperous.

But Liza, for Anna's taste, was vastly more attractive. Betsy, in speaking of her to Anna, had ridiculed her affectation of the manner of an innocent child; but when Anna saw her, she felt that this was not fair. Liza was really an innocent, gentle, and irresponsible woman, a little spoiled. To be sure, her morals were the same as Safo's. She also had in her train, as if sewed to her, two adorers, one young, the other old, who devoured her with their eyes. But there was something about her better than her surroundings; she was like a diamond of the purest water surrounded by glass. The brilliancy shone out of her lovely, enigmatical eyes. The wearied and yet passionate look of her eyes, surrounded by dark circles, struck one by its absolute sincerity. Any one looking into their depths would think that he knew her completely; and to know her was to love her. At the sight of Anna, her whole face suddenly lighted up with a happy smile.

"Oh! How glad I am to see you!" she said, as she went up to her. "Yesterday afternoon at the races I wanted to get to you, but you had just gone. I was so anxious to see you yesterday especially! Too bad, was n't it?" said she, gazing at Anna with a look which seemed to disclose her whole soul.

"Yes! I never would have believed that anything could be so exciting," replied Anna, with some color.

The company now began to get ready to go to the lawn.

"I am not going," said Liza, sitting down near Anna. "You are n't going, are you? What pleasure can any one find in croquet?"

"But I am very fond of it," said Anna.

"There! how is it that you don't get *ennuyée*? To look at you is a joy. You live, but I vegetate."

"How vegetate? Why! they say you have the gayest society in Petersburg," said Anna.

"Perhaps those who are not of our circle are still more *ennuyée*. But we, it seems to me, are not happy, but are bored, terribly bored."

Safo lighted a cigarette, and went to the lawn with the two young men. Betsy and Stremof stayed at the tea-table.

"How bored?" asked Betsy. "Safo says she had a delightful evening with you yesterday."

"Oh! how unendurable it was!" said Liza. "They all came to my house with me after the races, and it was all so utterly monotonous. It is forever one and the same thing. They sat on the divans the whole evening. How could that be delightful? No; but what do you do to keep from being bored?" she asked again of Anna. "It is enough to look at you! You are evidently a woman who can be happy or unhappy, but never *ennuyée*. Now explain what you do."

"I don't do anything," said Anna, confused by such a stream of questions.

"That is the best way," said Stremof, joining the conversation.

Stremof was a man fifty years old, rather gray, but well preserved, very ugly, but with a face full of character and intelligence. Liza Merkalof was his wife's niece, and he spent with her all his leisure time. Though he was an employee in the service of Alekseï Aleksandro-vitch's political enemies, he endeavored, now that he met Anna in society, to act the man of the world, and be exceedingly amiable to his enemy's wife.

"The very best way is to do nothing," he continued, with his wise smile. "I have been telling you this long time," turning to Liza Merkalof, "that, if you don't want

to be bored, you must not think that it is possible to be bored; just as one must not be afraid of not sleeping if he is troubled with insomnia. This is just what Anna Arkadyevna told you."

"I should be very glad if I had said so," said Anna, "because it is not only clever, it is true."

"But will you tell me why it is not hard to go to sleep, and not hard to be free from *ennui*?"

"To sleep, you must work; and to be happy, you must also work."

"But how can I work when my labor is useful to no one? But to make believe, — I neither can nor will."

"You are incorrigible," said he, not looking at her, but turning to Anna again. He rarely met her, and could not well speak to her except in the way of small talk; but he understood how to say light things gracefully, and he asked her when she was going back to Petersburg, and whether she liked the Countess Lidya Ivanovna. And he asked these questions in a manner which showed his desire to be her friend, and to express his consideration and respect.

Tushkievitch came in just then and explained that the whole company was waiting for the croquet players.

"No, don't go, I beg of you," said Liza, when she found that Anna was not intending to stay. Stremof added his persuasions.

"It is too great a contrast," said he, "between our society and old Vrede's; and then, you will be for her only an object for slander, while here you will only awaken very different sentiments, quite the opposite of slander and ill-feeling."

Anna remained for a moment in uncertainty. This witty man's flattering words, the childlike and naïve sympathy shown her by Liza Merkalof, and all this agreeable social atmosphere, so opposed to what she expected elsewhere, caused her a moment of hesitation. Could she not postpone the terrible moment of explanation? But remembering what she had to expect alone at home if she should not come to some decision, remembering the pain that she had felt when she

pulled her hair with both hands, not knowing what she did, so great was her mental anguish, she took leave, and went.

CHAPTER XIX

VRONSKY, in spite of his worldly life and his apparent frivolity, was a man who detested confusion. Once, when still a lad in the School of Pages, he found himself short of money, and met with a humiliating refusal when he tried to borrow. He vowed that henceforth he would not expose himself to such a humiliation again, and he kept his word. In order to keep his affairs in order, he made, more or less often, according to circumstances, but at least five times a year, an examination of his affairs. He called this "straightening his affairs," or, in French, *faire sa lessive*.

The morning after the races Vronsky woke late, and without stopping to shave, or take his bath, put on his *kitel*, or soldier's linen frock, and, placing his money and bills and paper on the table, proceeded to the work of settling his accounts. Petritsky, knowing that his comrade was likely to be irritable when engaged in such occupation, quietly got up, and slipped out without disturbing him.

Every man acquainted, even to the minutest details, with all the complications of his surroundings, involuntarily supposes that the complications and tribulations of his life are a personal and private grievance peculiar to himself, and never thinks that others are subjected to the same complications of their personal troubles he himself is. Thus it seemed to Vronsky. And not without inward pride, and not without reason, he felt that, until the present time, he had done well in avoiding the embarrassments to which every one else would have succumbed. But he felt that now it was necessary for him to examine into his affairs, so as not to be embarrassed.

First, because it was the easiest to settle, Vronsky investigated his pecuniary status. He wrote in his

fluent, delicate hand a schedule of all his debts, and adding them up found that the total amounted to seventeen thousand rubles, and some odd hundreds, which he let go for the sake of clearness. Counting up his ready money and his bank-book, he had only eighteen hundred rubles, with no hope of more until the new year. Looking over the schedule of his debts, Vronsky classified them, putting them into three categories: first, the urgent debts, or, in other words, those that required ready money, so that, in case of requisition, there might not be a moment of delay. These amounted to four thousand rubles, — fifteen hundred for his horse, and twenty-five hundred as a guaranty for his young comrade, Venevsky, who had, in Vronsky's company, lost this amount in playing with a sharper. Vronsky, at the time, had wanted to hand over the money, since he had it with him; but Venevsky and Yashvin insisted on paying it, rather than Vronsky, who had not been playing. This was all very well; but Vronsky knew that in this disgraceful affair, in which his only participation was going as Venevsky's guaranty, it was necessary to have these twenty-five hundred rubles ready to throw at the rascal's head, and not to have any words with him. Thus, he had to reckon the category of urgent debts as four thousand rubles.

In the second category were eight thousand rubles of debts, and these were less imperative. These were what he owed on his stable account, for oats and hay, to his English trainer, and other incidentals. At a pinch, two thousand would suffice to leave him perfectly easy in mind. The remaining debts were to his tailor, and other furnishers; and they could wait. In conclusion, he found that he needed, for immediate use, six thousand rubles, and he had only eighteen hundred.

For a man with an income of a hundred thousand rubles, — as people supposed Vronsky to have, — it would seem as if such debts as these could not be very embarrassing; but the fact was that he had not an income of a hundred thousand rubles. The large paternal estate, producing two hundred thousand rubles a year,

had been divided between the two brothers. But when the elder brother, laden with debts, married the Princess Varia Tchirkof, the daughter of a Dekabrist,¹ who brought him no fortune, Alekseï yielded him his share of the inheritance, reserving only an income of twenty-five thousand rubles. He told his brother that this would be sufficient for him until he married, which he thought would never happen. His brother, who was in command of one of the most expensive regiments in the service and only just married, could not refuse this gift.

His mother, who possessed an independent fortune, kept twenty-five thousand rubles for herself and gave her younger son a yearly allowance of twenty thousand rubles; and Alekseï spent the whole of it. Recently the countess, angry with him on account of his departure from Moscow and his disgraceful liaison, had ceased to remit to him any money. So that Vronsky, who was accustomed to living on a forty-five thousand ruble footing, and having this year only twenty-five thousand, found himself in some extremity. He could not apply to his mother to help him out of his difficulty, for her letter which he had received the day before angered him by the insinuations which it contained: she was ready, it said, to help him along in society, or to advance him in his career, but not in this present life which was scandalizing all the best people.

His mother's attempt to bribe him wounded him in the tenderest spot in his heart, and he felt more coldly towards her than ever.

He could not retract his magnanimous promise given to his brother; although he felt now, in view of his rather uncertain relationship with Madame Karenin, that his magnanimous promise had been given too hastily, and that, even though he were not married, the hundred thousand rubles might stand him in good stead. But it was impossible to retract. The impossibility of taking back what he had given was made clear to him, especially when he remembered his brother's wife, when

¹The Dekabrists were the revolutionists of December, 1825, who were banished at the time of the accession of the Emperor Nicholas.

he remembered how this gentle, excellent Varia had always made him understand that she should not forget his generosity, and never cease to appreciate it. It would be as impossible as to strike a woman, to steal, or to lie.

There was only one possible and practicable thing, and Vronsky adopted it without a moment's hesitation: to borrow ten thousand rubles of a usurer, — there was no difficulty about this, — to reduce his expenses as much as he could, and to sell his race-horses. Having decided to do this, he immediately wrote a letter to Rolandaki, who had many times offered to buy his stud. Then he sent for his English trainer and the usurer, and devoted the money which he had on hand to various accounts. Having finished this business, he wrote a cold and sharp reply to his mother; and then, taking from his portfolio Anna's last three letters, he re-read them, burned them, and, remembering his last conversation with her, fell into deep meditation.

CHAPTER XX

Vronsky's life had been especially happy, because he had a special code of rules, which infallibly determined all he ought to do and ought not to do.

This code embraced a very small circle of duties, but the rules allowed no manner of question, and as Vronsky never had occasion to go outside of this circle, he had never been obliged to hesitate about what he had to do. These rules prescribed unfailingly that it was necessary to pay gambling debts, but not his tailor's bills; that it was not permissible to tell lies, except to women; that it was not right to deceive any one except a husband; that insults could be committed, but never pardoned.

All these precepts might be wrong and illogical, but they were indubitable; and, in fulfilling them, Vronsky felt that he was calm, and had the right to hold his head high. Only very recently, however, and during the progress of his intimacy with Anna, Vronsky began to

perceive that his code did not fully determine all conditions, and the future promised to present difficulties and doubts through the labyrinth of which he could not find the guiding thread.

Hitherto his relations with Anna and her husband had been, on his part, simple and clear; they were in harmony with the code that guided him.

She was a perfect lady, and she had given him her love; he loved her, and therefore she had a right to his respect, even more than if she had been his legal wife. He would have cut off his hand sooner than permit himself a word or an allusion that might wound her, or that would seem to fail in that respect on which, as a woman, she ought to count.

His relations with society were also clear. All might know or suspect his relations with her, but no one should dare to speak of it. At the first hint, he was prepared to cause the speaker to hold his peace, and to respect the non-existent honor of the woman whom he loved.

Still more clear were his relations to the husband: from the first moment when Anna gave him her love he considered his right and his only imprescriptible. The husband was merely a superfluous and meddlesome person. Without doubt, he was in a pitiable position; but what could be done about it? The only right that was left him was to demand satisfaction with arms in their hands, and for this Vronsky was wholly willing.

In the last few days, however, new complications had arisen in their relationship, and Vronsky was alarmed at his uncertainty. Only the evening before, Anna had confessed that she was pregnant; and he felt that this news and what she expected from him demanded something that was not defined by the code of rules by which he ruled his life. Indeed, he was taken unawares, and at the first moment, when she told him her situation, his heart bade him take her from her husband. He said this, but now on reflection he saw clearly that it would be better not to do so; but at the same time he was alarmed and perplexed.

“If I urge her to leave her husband, it would mean — unite her life with mine. Am I ready for that? How can I elope with her when I have no money? Let us admit that I could manage that. But how can I take her away while I am connected with the service? If I should decide upon this, I should have to get money, and throw up my commission.”

And he fell into thought. The question of resigning, or not, brought him face to face with another interest of his life known only to himself, though it formed the principal spur to his action.

Ambition had been the dream of his childhood and youth, a dream which he did not confess even to himself, but which was nevertheless a passion so strong that now it fought with his love. His first advances in society, and in his military career, had been brilliant, but two years before he had made a serious blunder. Wishing to show his independence, and to cause a sensation, he refused a promotion offered him, with the hope that his refusal would put a still higher value upon him. But it seemed that he was too confident, and since then he had been neglected. Finding himself reduced *volens volens* to the position of an independent man, he accepted it, behaving with perfect propriety and wisdom, as if he had nothing to complain of, and counted himself slighted by no one, but asked only to be left in peace to amuse himself as he pleased.

In reality, as the year went on, and even before he went to Moscow, this pleasure had begun to pall on him. He felt that this independent position of a man capable of doing anything, but caring to do nothing, was beginning to grow tame, that many people were beginning to think that he was incapable of doing anything, instead of being a good, honorable young fellow.

His relations with Madame Karenin, by making such a sensation and attracting attention to him, for a time calmed the gnawings of the worm of ambition; but lately this worm had begun to gnaw with renewed energy. Serpukhovskoï — the friend of his childhood, belonging to his own circle, a chum of his in the School

of Pages, who had graduated with him, who had been his rival in the class-room and in gymnasium, in his pranks and in his dreams of ambition — had just returned from Central Asia, where he had been promoted two *tchins* and won honors rarely given to such a young general.

He had only just come to Petersburg, and people were talking about him as a new rising star of the first magnitude.

Just Vronsky's age, and his intimate friend, he was a general, and was expecting an appointment which would give him great influence in the affairs of the country; while Vronsky, though he was independent and brilliant, and loved by a lovely woman, was only a *rotmistr*, or cavalry captain, whom they allowed to remain as independent as he pleased.

"Of course," he said to himself, "I am not envious of Serpukhovskoï and could not be; but his promotion proves that a man like me needs only to bide his time in order to make a rapid rise in his profession. Three years ago he was in the same position as I am now. If I left the service, I should burn my ships. If I stay in the service, I lose nothing; she herself told me that she did not want to change her position. And I, who am sure of her love, cannot be envious of Serpukhovskoï."

And, slowly twisting his mustache, he arose from the table, and began to walk up and down the room. His eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy; and he was conscious of that calm, even, and joyous state of mind which he always felt after he had cleared up any situation. All was now clear and orderly as ever. He shaved, took a cold-water bath, dressed, and prepared to go out.

CHAPTER XXI

"I WAS coming for you," said Petritsky, entering the room. "Your cleaning up took a long time to-day, didn't it? Are you through?"

"All through," said Vronsky, smiling only with his

eyes, and continuing to twist the ends of his mustache deliberately, as if, after this work of regulation were accomplished, any rash and quick motion might destroy it.

"You always come out of this operation as from a bath," said Petritsky. "I come from Gritska's," — so they called their regimental commander, — "they are waiting for you."

Vronsky looked at his comrade without replying; his thoughts were elsewhere.

"Ah! then that music is at his house?" he remarked, hearing the well-known sounds of waltzes and polkas, played by a military band. "What is the celebration?"

"Serpukhovskoï has come."

"Ah!" said Vronsky, "I did not know it."

The smile in his eyes was brighter than ever.

Having once decided for himself that he was happy in his love, he had elected to sacrifice his ambition to his love. Having at least taken on himself to play this part, he could feel neither envy at Serpukhovskoï, nor vexation because he, returning to the regiment, had not come first to see him. Serpukhovskoï was a good friend of his, and Vronsky was glad for him.

"Ah! I am very glad."

The regimental commander, Demin, lived in a large seignorial mansion. All the company had assembled on the lower front balcony. What first struck Vronsky's eyes as he reached the door were the singers of the regiment, in summer uniform, grouped around a keg of vodka, and the healthy, jovial face of the regimental commander as he stood surrounded by his officers. He had come out on the front step of the balcony, and was screaming louder than the band, which was playing one of Offenbach's quadrilles. He was giving some orders and gesticulating to a group of soldiers on one side. A group of soldiers, the *vakhmistr*, or sergeant, and a few non-commissioned officers, reached the balcony at the same instant with Vronsky. The regimental commander, who had been to the table, returned with a glass

of champagne to the front steps, and proposed the toast, —

“To the health of our old comrade, the brave general, Prince Serpukhovskoï. Hurrah!”

Behind the regimental commander came Serpukhovskoï, smiling, with a glass in his hand.

“You are always young, Bondarenko,” said he to the sergeant, a ruddy-cheeked soldier, who stood directly in front of him.

Vronsky had not seen Serpukhovskoï for three years. He had grown older, and wore whiskers, but he was the same well-built man, striking not so much for his good looks as for the nobility and gentleness of his face and his whole bearing. The only change that Vronsky noted in him was the slight but constant radiance which can generally be seen in the faces of people who have succeeded and made everybody else believe in their success. Vronsky had seen it in other people, and now he detected it in Serpukhovskoï.

As he descended the steps he caught sight of Vronsky, and a smile of joy irradiated his face. He nodded to him, lifting his wine-cup as a greeting, and at the same time to signify that first he must drink with the sergeant, who, standing perfectly straight, had puckered his lips for the kiss.

“Well, here he is!” cried the regimental commander; “but Yashvin was telling me that you were in one of your bad humors.”

Serpukhovskoï, having kissed the young sergeant’s moist, fresh lips, wiped his mouth with his handkerchief, and came to Vronsky.

“Well, how glad I am!” he said, shaking hands, and drawing him on one side.

“Bring him along,” cried the regimental commander to Yashvin, pointing to Vronsky, and descending to join the soldiers.

“Why weren’t you at the races yesterday? I expected to see you,” said Vronsky to Serpukhovskoï, studying his face.

“I did come, but too late. Excuse me,” he said;

and, turning to his aide, "Please have this distributed with my thanks; only have it get to the men."

And he hurriedly took out of his pocket-book three hundred-ruble notes, and the color came into his face.

"Vronsky, will you have something to eat or drink?" asked Yashvin. "Hey! bring something to the count here. There, now, drink this."

The feasting at the regimental commander's lasted a long time. They drank a great deal. They toasted Serpukhovskoï, and carried him on their shoulders. They cheered also the regimental commander. Then the regimental commander and Petritsky danced a Russian dance, while the regimental singers made the music; and when he was tired, he sat down on a bench in the court, and tried to prove to Yashvin Russia's superiority over Prussia, especially in cavalry charges; and the gaiety calmed down for a moment. Serpukhovskoï went into the house to wash his hands, and found Vronsky in the toilet-room. Vronsky was splashing the water. He had taken off his kitel, and was sousing his head and his handsome neck under the tap of the basin, and rubbing them with his hands. When he had finished his ablutions, he sat down by Serpukhovskoï. They sat together on a divanchik, and a conversation very interesting to both parties arose between them.

"I have learned all about you through my wife," said Serpukhovskoï. "I am glad that you see her so often."

"She is a friend of Varia's, and they are the only women in Petersburg that I care to see," said Vronsky, with a smile. He smiled because he foresaw on what subject the conversation would turn, and it was pleasing to him.

"The only ones?" repeated Serpukhovskoï, also smiling.

"Yes; and I, too, know all about you, but not through your wife only," said Vronsky, cutting the allusion short by the suddenly stern expression of his face; "and I am very glad at your success, but not the least surprised. I expected even more."

Serpukhovskoï smiled again. This flattering opinion of him pleased him, and he saw no reason to hide it.

"I, on the contrary, I confess frankly, expected less. But I am glad, very glad. I am ambitious; it is my weakness, and I confess it."

"Perhaps you would n't confess it if you were n't successful," suggested Vronsky.

"I don't think so," replied Serpukhovskoï, smiling again. "I will not say that life would not be worth living without it, but it would be tiresome. Of course I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that I have some of the qualifications necessary to the sphere of activity which I have chosen, and that in my hands power of any sort soever would be better placed than in the hands of many whom I know," said Serpukhovskoï, with the radiant expression of success; "and therefore, the nearer I am to this, the more contented I feel."

"Perhaps this is true for you, but not for everybody. I used to think so, and yet I live, and no longer find that ambition is the only aim of existence."

"Here we have it! Here we have it!" cried Serpukhovskoï, laughing. "I began by saying that I heard about you, about your refusal.... of course I approved of you. There is a way for everything; and I think that your action itself was well, but you did not do it in the right way."

"What is done, is done; and you know I never go back on what I have done. Besides, I am very well fixed."

"Very well — for a time. But you will not be contented so forever. I do not refer to your brother. He is a very good fellow — just like this host of ours. Hark! hear that?" he added, hearing the shouts and hurrahs. "He may be happy, but this will not satisfy you."

"I don't say that I am satisfied."

"Well, this is not the only thing. Such men as you are necessary!"

"To whom?"

“To whom? to society; to Russia. Russia needs men, she needs a party; otherwise all is going, and will go, to the dogs.”

“What do you mean? — Bertenef’s party against the Russian communists?”

“No,” said Serpukhovskoï, with a grimace of vexation that he should be accused of any such nonsense. “*Tout ça est une blague!* — All that is fudge! This always has been, and always will be. There aren’t any communists. But intriguing people must needs invent some malignant dangerous party. It’s an old joke. No, a powerful party is needed, of independent men, like you and me.”

“But why,” — Vronsky named several influential men, — “but why are n’t they among the independents?”

“Simply because they had not, through birth, an independent position, or a name, and have not lived near the sun, as we have. They can be bought by money or flattery. And to maintain themselves, they must fix on a certain course, and follow it, though they do not attach any importance to it, and even though it may be bad. They have only one object in view — the means of securing a home at the expense of the crown and certain salaries. *Cela n’est pas plus fin que ça,*¹ when you look at their cards. Maybe I am worse or more foolish than they, though I don’t see why I should be. But I have, and you have, the one inestimable advantage, that it is harder to buy us. And such men are more than ever necessary now.”

Vronsky listened attentively, not only because of the meaning of his words, but because of their connection with the case of Serpukhovskoï himself, who was about to engage in the struggle with power, and was entering into that official world, with its sympathies and antipathies, while he was occupied only with the interests of his squadron. Vronsky perceived how strong Serpukhovskoï might be, with his unfailing aptitude for invention, his quickness of comprehension, his intellect, and fluent speech, so rarely met with in the circle in

¹ That is all that it amounts to.

which he lived. And, though his conscience reproached him, he felt a twinge of envy.

"All that I need for this is the one essential thing," said he, — "the desire for power. I had it, but it is gone."

"Excuse me; I don't believe you," said Serpukhovskoï, smiling.

"No, it is true, true — *now* — to be frank with you," persisted Vronsky.

"Yes, true *now*, — that is another affair; this *now* will not last forever."

"Maybe."

"You say *maybe*; and I tell you *certainly* not," continued Serpukhovskoï, as if he divined his thought. "And this is why I wanted to see you. You acted as you felt was necessary. I understand that; but it is not necessary for you to stick to it.¹ All I ask of you is *carte blanche* for the future. I am not your patron.... and yet why should I not take you under my protection? Have you not often done as much for me? I hope that our friendship stands above that. There!" said he, smiling at him tenderly, like a woman. "Give me *carte blanche*. Come out of your regiment, and I will help you along so that it won't be known."

"But understand that I want nothing," said Vronsky, "except that all should be as it has been."

Serpukhovskoï arose, and stood facing him.

"You say that all must be as it has been. I understand what you mean; but listen to me. We are of the same age; maybe you have known more women than I." His smile and his gesture told Vronsky to have no fear that he would not touch gently and delicately on the tender spot. "But I am married; and, believe me, as some one or other wrote, he who knows only his wife, and loves her, understands all women better than if he had known a thousand."

"We're coming directly," cried Vronsky to an officer who looked into the room and said he was sent by the regimental commander.

¹ *Perseverirovat.*

Vronsky now felt curious to hear and to know what Serpukhovskoï would say to him.

“And this is my idea: Women are the principal stumbling-block in the way of a man’s activity. It is hard to love a woman, and to do anything else. There is only one way to love with comfort, and without hindrance; and that is, to marry. And how can I explain to you what I mean,” continued Serpukhovskoï, who was fond of metaphors, — “wait, wait! yes! how can you carry a burden and do anything with your hands until the burden is tied on your back? And so it is with marriage. And I found this out when I married. My hands suddenly became free. But to carry this *fardeau* without marriage, your hands will be so full that you can’t do anything. Look at Mazankof, Krupof. They ruined their careers through women.”

“But what women!” said Vronsky, remembering the Frenchwoman and the actress for whom these two men had formed attachments.

“The higher the woman is in the social scale, the greater the difficulty. It is just the same as — not to carry your *fardeau* in your hands, but to tear it from some other man.”

“You have never loved,” murmured Vronsky, looking straight ahead, and thinking of Anna.

“Perhaps; but you think of what I have told you. And one thing more: women are all more material than men. We make something immense out of love, but they are all *terre-à-terre* — of the earth, earthy.”

“Will be there immediately!” he said, addressing the lackey who was coming into the room. But the lackey was not a messenger for him, as he supposed. The lackey brought Vronsky a note.

“A man brought this from the Princess Tverskaya.”

Vronsky hastily read the note, and grew red in the face.

“I have a headache. I am going home,” said he to Serpukhovskoï.

“Well, then, *proshchai!* farewell; will you give me *carte blanche?*”

“We will talk about it by and by. I will call on you in Petersburg.”

CHAPTER XXII

It was already six o'clock; and in order not to miss his appointment, or to go with his own horses, which everybody knew, Vronsky engaged Yashvin's hired carriage, and told the izvoshchik to drive with all speed. It was a spacious old carriage, with room for four. He sat in one corner, stretched his legs out on the empty seat, and began to think.

The confused consciousness of the order in which he had regulated his affairs; the confused recollection of the friendship and flattery of Serpukhovskoi, who assured him that he was an indispensable man; and most of all, the expectation of the coming interview, — conspired to give him a keen sense of the joy of living. This impression was so powerful that he could not keep from smiling. He stretched his legs, threw one knee over the other, felt for the contusion that his fall had given him the evening before, and drew several long breaths with full lungs.

"Good, very good," said he to himself. Oftentimes before he had felt a pleasure in the possession of his body, but never had he so loved it, or loved himself, as now. It was even pleasurable to feel the slight soreness in his leg, pleasurable was the *mouse-like* sensation of motion on his breast when he breathed.

This same bright, fresh, August day, which so impressed Anna with its hopelessness, stimulated, vitalized him, and cooled his face and neck, which still burned from the reaction after his bath. The odor of brillianine from his mustaches seemed pleasant to him in this fresh atmosphere. Everything that he saw from the carriage-window seemed to him in this cool, pure air, in this pale light of the dying day, fresh, joyous, and healthful, like himself. And the housetops shining in the rays of the setting sun, the outlines of the fences and the edifices along the way, and the shapes of occasional pedestrians and carriages hurrying hither and thither, and the motionless green of the trees, and the lawns,

and the fields with their straight-cut rows of potato-hills, and the oblique shadows cast by the houses and the trees, and even by the potato-hills,—all was as beautiful as an exquisite landscape just from the master's hand, and freshly varnished.

"Make haste, make haste!" he shouted, pushing up through the window a three-ruble note to the driver, who turned round and looked down at him.

The izvoshchik's hand arranged something about the lantern, then the crack of the knout was heard, and the carriage whirled rapidly over the even pavement.

"I need nothing, nothing, but this pleasure," he thought, as his eyes rested on the knob of the bell, fastened between the windows, and he imagined Anna as she seemed when last he saw her. "The farther I go, the more I love her.—Ah! here is the garden of the Vrede datcha. Where shall I find her? How? Why did she make this appointment? and why did she write on Betsy's note?"

This struck him for the first time, but he had no time to think about it. He stopped the driver before they reached the driveway, and, getting out of the carriage, he went up the walk which led to the house. There was no one on the avenue; but looking toward the right he saw her. Her face was covered with a veil; but with a joyful glance, he recognized her immediately, by her graceful motion as she walked, by the slope of her shoulders, and the pose of her head, and he felt as if an electric shock had passed through him. With new strength he felt the joy of life and of action, even from the movements of his limbs to the involuntary motion of respiration, and something made his lips twitch.

When he came near her, she eagerly seized his hand.

"You are not angry because I asked you to come? I absolutely needed to see you," she said; and the serious and stern closing of the lips, which he saw under the veil, quickly put an end to his jubilant spirits.

"I angry? but how did you come? when?"

"No matter about that," said she, taking Vronsky's arm. "Come; I must have a talk with you."

He perceived that something had happened, and that their interview would not be joyful. While with her, he could not control his will. Though he did not know what her agitation portended, yet he felt that it had taken possession of him also.

"What is it? What is the matter?" he asked, pressing her arm, and trying to read her thoughts by her face.

She went a few steps in silence, so as to get her breath; then she suddenly halted.

"I did not tell you last evening," she began, breathing fast and painfully, "that, on the way home with Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, I confessed to him everything I said that I could not be his wife that and I told him all."

He listened, involuntarily leaning toward her, as if he wished to lighten for her the difficulty of this confidence; but as soon as she finished speaking, he suddenly drew himself up, and his face assumed a haughty and stern expression.

"Yes! yes! that was better, a thousand times better, I understand how hard it must have been," he said.

But she did not heed his words, she read his thoughts by the expression of his face. She could not know that the expression of his face arose from the first thought that came into his mind—the thought that a duel could not now be avoided. Never had a thought of a duel entered her head, and therefore she interpreted the momentary expression of sternness in a quite different way.

Since the arrival of her husband's letter, she felt in the bottom of her heart that all would remain as before; that she should not have the strength to sacrifice her position in the world, to abandon her son and join her lover. The morning spent with the Princess Tverskaya confirmed her in this. But this interview with Vronsky seemed to her to be of vital importance. She hoped that it might change their relations and save her. If, on hearing this news, he had said decidedly, passionately, without a moment's hesitation, "Leave all, and come

with me," she would even have abandoned her son, and gone with him. But what she told him did not produce on him at all the impression which she had expected; he seemed, if anything, vexed and angry.

"It was not hard for me at all. It came of its own accord," she said, with a touch of irritation; "and here" — she drew her husband's letter from her glove.

"I understand, I understand," interrupted Vronsky, taking the letter, but not reading it, and trying to calm Anna. "The one thing I wanted, the one thing I prayed for to put an end to this situation, so that I could devote my whole life to your happiness."

"Why do you say that to me?" she asked. "Can I doubt it? If I doubted"

"Who are those coming?" asked Vronsky, abruptly, seeing two ladies coming in their direction. "Perhaps they know us." And he hastily drew Anna with him down a side alley.

"Akh! it is all the same to me," she said.

Her lips trembled, and it seemed to Vronsky that her eyes looked at him from under her veil with strange hatred.

"As I said, in all this affair, I cannot doubt you. But here is what he wrote me. Read it."

And again she halted. Again, as when he first learned of Anna's rupture with her husband, Vronsky, beginning to read this letter, involuntarily abandoned himself to the impression awakened in him by the thought of his relations to the deceived husband. Now that he had the letter in his hand, he imagined the challenge, which he would receive that day or the next, and the duel itself, at the moment when, with the same cool and haughty expression which now set his face, he would stand in front of his adversary, and, having discharged his weapon in the air, would wait the outraged husband's shot. And at this very instant Serpukhovskoi's words and what he himself had felt that day flashed through his mind, "Better not tie yourself down;" and she knew that he could not express his thought before her.

After he read the note, he raised his eyes to her, and there was indecision in his look. She instantly perceived that he had thought this matter over before. She knew that whatever he said to her, he would not say all that he thought. And she realized that her last hope had vanished. This was not what she had desired.

"You see what sort of a man he is," said she, with faltering voice. "He"

"Excuse me, but I am glad of this," said Vronsky, interrupting. "For God's sake, let me speak," he quickly added, beseeching her with his look to give him time to explain his words. "I am glad, because this cannot, and never could go on as he imagines."

"Why can't it?" demanded Anna, holding back her tears, and evidently attaching no importance to what he said. She felt that her fate was already settled.

Vronsky meant that after the duel, which he felt was inevitable, this situation must be changed; but he said something quite different.

"It cannot go on so. I hope that now you will leave him. I hope" — he stumbled and grew red — "that you will allow me to take charge of our lives, and regulate them. To-morrow" he began to say.

She did not allow him to finish.

"And my son!" she cried. "Do you see what he writes? I must leave him; but I cannot and I will not do that."

"But, for God's sake, which is better, — to leave your son, or to continue this humiliating situation?"

"For whom is it a humiliating situation?"

"For all of us, and especially for you."

"You say humiliating!.... Don't say that. For me that word has no meaning," said she, with trembling voice. She could not bear now to have him tell her a falsehood. Her love for him was trembling in the balance, and she wished to love him. "You must know that for me, on that day when I first loved you, everything was transformed. For me there was one thing, and only one thing, — your love. If it is mine, then I feel myself so high, so firm, that nothing can be humili-

ating to me. I am proud of my position, because.... proud that.... proud...." She did not say why she was proud. Tears of shame and despair choked her utterance. She stopped, and began to sob.

He also felt that something rose in his throat. For the first time in his life he felt ready to cry. He could not have said what affected him so. He was sorry for her, and he felt that he could not help her; and, more than all, he knew that he was the cause of her unhappiness, that he had done something abominable.

"Then a divorce is impossible?" he asked gently.

She shook her head without replying. "Then, could you not take your son, and leave him?"

"Yes; but all this depends on him. Now I must go to him," she said dryly. Her presentiment that all would be as before was verified.

"I shall be in Petersburg Tuesday, and everything will be decided."

"Yes," she repeated. "But we shall not speak any more about that."

Anna's carriage, which she sent away with the order to come back for her at the railing of the Vrede Garden, was approaching. Anna took leave of Vronsky, and went home.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE Commission of the 2d of June usually held its sittings on Monday.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch entered the committee-room, bowed to the members and the president as usual, and took his place, laying his hand on the papers made ready for him. Among the number were the data which he needed, and the outline of the proposition that he intended to make. These notes, however, were not necessary. His grasp of the subject was complete, and he did not need to refresh his memory as to what he was going to say. He knew that when the time came, and he should see his adversary vainly endeavoring to put

on an expression of indifference, his speech would come of itself in better shape than he could now determine. He felt that the meaning of his speech was so great that every word would have its importance. Meantime, as he listened to the reading of the report, he had a most innocent and inoffensive expression. No one, seeing his white hands, with their swollen veins, his delicate, long fingers doubling up the two ends of the sheet of white paper lying before him, and his expression of weariness, as he sat with head on one side, would have believed it possible that, in a few moments, from his lips would proceed a speech which would raise a terrible tempest, cause the members of the Commission to outdo one another in screaming, and oblige the president to call them to order.

When the report was finished, Alekseï Aleksandrovitsh, in his weak, shrill voice, said that he had a few observations to make in regard to the situation of the foreign tribes. Attention was concentrated on him. Alekseï Aleksandrovitsh cleared his throat, and, not looking at his adversary, but, as he always did at the beginning of his speeches, addressing the person who sat nearest in front of him, who happened to be a little, meek old man, without the slightest importance in the Commission, began to deliver his views.

When he reached the matter of the fundamental and organic law, his adversary leaped to his feet, and began to reply. Stremof, who was also a member of the Commission, and also touched to the quick, arose to defend himself; and the session proved to be excessively stormy. But Alekseï Aleksandrovitsh triumphed, and his proposition was accepted. The three new commissions were appointed, and the next day in a certain Petersburg circle this session formed the staple topic of conversation. Alekseï Aleksandrovitsh's success far outstripped his anticipations.

The next morning, which was Tuesday, Alekseï Aleksandrovitsh, on awaking, recalled with pleasure his victory of the day before; and he could not repress a smile, although he wanted to appear indifferent, when the di-

rector of the chancelry, wishing to flatter him, told him of the rumors which had reached his ears in regard to the proceedings of the Commission.

Occupied as he was with the director of the chancelry, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch absolutely forgot that the day was Tuesday, the day set by him for Anna Arkadyevna's return; and he was surprised and disagreeably impressed when a domestic came to announce that she had come.

Anna reached Petersburg early in the morning. A carriage had been sent for her in response to her telegram, and so Alekseï Aleksandrovitch might have known of her coming. But when she came, he did not go to receive her. She was told that he had not yet gone out, but was busy with the director of the chancelry. She bade the servant announce her arrival, and then went to her boudoir, and began to unpack her things, expecting that he would come to her. But an hour passed, and he did not appear. She went to the dining-room, under the pretext of giving some orders, and spoke unusually loud, thinking that he would join her there. But still he did not come, though she heard him come to the door of his library, accompanying the director of the chancelry. She knew that it was his habit about this time to go to his office; and she wanted to see him before that, so that their plan of action might be decided.

She passed through the "hall," and, finally making up her mind, went to him. She stepped into the library. Dressed in his uniform, apparently ready to take his departure, he was sitting at a little table, leaning his elbows on it, and wrapped in melancholy thought. She saw him before he noticed her, and she knew that he was thinking of her.

When he caught sight of her, he started to get up, hesitated, and then, for the first time since Anna had known him, he blushed. Then, quickly rising, he advanced toward her, not looking at her eyes, but at her forehead and hair. He came to her, took her by the hand, and invited her to sit down.

"I am very glad that you have come," he stammered,

sitting down near her, and evidently desiring to talk with her. Several times he began to speak, but hesitated.

Although she was prepared for this interview, and had made up her mind to defend herself, and accuse him, she did not know what to say to him, and she felt sorry for him. And so the silence lasted some little time.

"Is Serozha well?" at length he asked; and, without waiting for an answer, he added, "I shall not dine at home to-day; I have to leave immediately."

"I intended to start for Moscow," said Anna.

"No; you did very, very well to come home," he replied, and again was silent.

Seeing that it was beyond his strength to begin the conversation, she herself began:—

"Aleksē Aleksandrovitch," said she, looking at him, and not dropping her eyes under his gaze, which was still concentrated on her head-dress, "I am a guilty woman; I am a wicked woman; but I am what I have been,—what I told you I was,—and I have come to tell you that I cannot change."

"I did not ask you about this," he replied instantly, with sudden resolution, and, with an expression of hate, looking straight into her eyes. "I presuppose that." Under the influence of anger, he apparently regained control of all his faculties. "But as I told you then, and wrote you,"—he spoke in a sharp, shrill voice,— "I now repeat, that I am not obliged to know this. I ignore it. Not all women are so good as you are, to hasten to give their husbands such very *pleasant* news." He laid a special stress on the word *priyatnoye*, "pleasant." "I will ignore it for the present, as long as the world does not know,—as long as my name is not dishonored. I, therefore, only warn you that our relations must remain as they always have been, and that only in case of your *compromising* yourself, shall I be forced to take measures to protect my honor."

"But our relations cannot remain as they have been," she said with timid accents, looking at him in terror.

As she once more saw his undemonstrative gestures, heard his mocking voice with its sharp, childish tones,

all the pity that she had begun to feel for him was driven away by the aversion that he inspired, and she had only a feeling of fear, which arose from the fact that she did not see any light in regard to their relations.

"I cannot be your wife, when I" she began.

He laughed with a cold and wicked laugh.

"It must needs be that the manner of life which you have chosen is reflected in your ideas. I have too much esteem or contempt.... or rather I esteem your past, and despise your present.... too much for me to accept the interpretation which you put on my words."

Anna sighed, and bowed her head.

"Besides, I do not understand how you, having so much independence," he continued, growing excited, "and telling your husband up and down of your infidelity, and not finding anything blameworthy in it, as it seems, how you can find anything blameworthy either in the fulfilment of a wife's duties to her husband."

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch! What do you require of me?"

"I require that I may never meet this man here, and that you comport yourself so that neither the *world* nor our *servants* can accuse you that you do not see him. It seems to me that this is little. And in doing this, you will enjoy the rights of an honorable wife, though you do not fulfil the obligations. This is all that I have to say to you. Now it is time for me to go. I shall not dine at home."

He got up, and went to the door. Anna also arose. He silently bowed, and allowed her to pass.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE night spent by Levin on the hayrick was not without its lesson. His way of farming became repugnant to him, and entirely lost its interest. Notwithstanding the excellent crops, never, or at least it seemed to him that never, had there been such failure, and such unfriendly relations between him and the muzhiks, as

this year; and now the reasons for this failure, and this animosity, were perfectly clear to him. The pleasure which he found in work itself, the resulting acquaintance with the muzhiks, the envy which seized him when he saw them and their lives, the desire to lead such a life himself, which on that night had been not visionary but real, now that he had thought over all the details necessary to carry out his desire, — all this taken together had so changed his views in regard to the management of his estate, that he could not take the same interest in it as before, and he could not help seeing how these unpleasant relations with the laborers met him at every new undertaking.

The herd of improved cows, like Pava; all the fertilized lands plowed with European plows; nine equal fields set round with young trees; the ninety desyatins, covered with dressing well plowed in; the deep drills and other improvements, — all was excellent as far as it concerned only himself or himself and the people who were in sympathy with him.

But now he clearly saw — and his work, his treatise on rural economy, in which the principal element was found to be the laborer, helped him to this conclusion — that his present way of carrying on his estate was only a cruel and wicked struggle between him and the laborers, in which on one side, on his side, was a constant effort to change everything to what he thought a better model, while on the other side was the natural order of things.

In this struggle, he saw that on his side there were effort and lofty purpose, and on the other no effort or purpose, and that the result was that the estate went from bad to worse; beautiful tools were destroyed, beautiful cattle and lands ruined. The principal objection was the energy absolutely wasted in this matter; but he could not help thinking now, when his thought was laid bare, that the aim of his energies was itself unworthy. In reality, where lay this quarrel? He insisted on having every penny of his own, — and he could not help insisting on it, because he was

obliged to use his energies to the utmost, otherwise he would not have wherewithal to pay his laborers, — and they insisted on working lazily and comfortably, in other words, as they had always done.

It was for his interests that every laborer should do his very best; above all, should strive not to break the winnowing-machines, the horse-rakes, the threshing-machines, so that he might accomplish what he was doing.

But the laborer wanted to do his work as easily as possible, with long breathing-spaces, with plenty of time for resting, and — what was more — without being bothered to think.

This year Levin had this experience at every step. He sent men to mow the clover-fields, selecting the poorer portions to be done first, where the intermixture of grass and wormwood made the crop unfit for seed; and they mowed his best fields, — those reserved for seed, — justifying themselves by saying that they had done what the overseer ordered, and trying to console him with the assurance that it would make splendid fodder. But he knew that they did this because these fields were the easiest ones to mow.

He sent out the hay-making machine, but the muzhiks broke it on the first few rows because the driver, sitting on the box-seat, disliked having the arms of the machine waving over his head; and they tried to console him by saying: —

“Oh, it’s all right; the women will do the work easy enough.”

The new plows were condemned as good for nothing, because the muzhik did not think to raise the blade on turning a corner, but wrenched it round through the soil, thus tearing up the land and straining the horses. And here again they urged Levin to have patience with them.

The horses strayed into the wheat, for the reason that no one would act regularly as night watchman, the muzhiks, in spite of strict orders to the contrary, insisting on taking the duty in turns; and Vanka, who

had been at work all day, fell asleep during his watch. When accused, he acknowledged his fault and only said: "Do what you please with me."

Three of the best calves were poisoned. They were allowed to get into the clover aftermath without giving them water; the result was that they were blown out and died. But the muzhiks would not believe that it was the clover that did the harm; and they tried to console Levin by informing him that one of his neighbors had lost one hundred and twelve head within three days in the same way.

All these mishaps took place, not because any one wished ill either to Levin or to his estate; on the contrary, he knew that the muzhiks loved him, and called him "a simple-minded gentleman," — *prostoi barin*, — which was the highest praise. But these mishaps happened simply because the muzhiks liked to work merrily and carelessly; and his interests were not only strange and incomprehensible to them, but even fatally clashed with what they thought their own true interests.

For a long time Levin had felt that there was something unsatisfactory in his methods. He saw that his canoe was leaking, but he could not find the leaks; and he did not search for them, perhaps on purpose to deceive himself. Nothing would be left him if he should allow his illusions to perish. But now he could no longer deceive himself. Not only had his system of management become uninteresting, but had begun actually to disgust him, and he felt he could no longer continue it.

Besides all this, Kitty Shcherbatsky was within thirty versts of him, and he wanted to see her, and could not.

Darya Aleksandrovna Oblonskaya, when he called on her, invited him to come:—to come with the express purpose of renewing his offer to her sister, who, as she pretended to think, now cared for him. Levin himself, after he caught the glimpse of Kitty Shcherbatsky, felt that he had not ceased to love her; but he could not go to the Oblonskys', because he knew that she was

there. The fact that he had offered himself, and she had refused him, put an unsurmountable barrier between them.

"I cannot ask her to be my wife simply because she cannot be the wife of the man she wanted," he said to himself.

The thought of this made him cold and hostile toward her.

"I have not the strength to go and talk with her without a sense of reproach, to look at her without angry feelings; and she would feel even more incensed against me, and justly so. And besides, how can I go there now, after what Darya Aleksandrovna told me? How can I help showing that I know what she told me? That I go with magnanimity, — to pardon her, to be reconciled to her! I, in her presence, play the *rôle* of a pardoning and honor-conferring lover to her! — Why did Darya Aleksandrovna tell me that? If I had met her accidentally, then perhaps everything might have been arranged of itself; but now it is impossible, impossible!"

Darya Aleksandrovna sent him a note, asking the loan of a side-saddle for Kitty. "They tell me you have a saddle," she wrote: "I hope that you will bring it yourself."

This was too much for him. How could a sensible woman of any delicacy so lower her sister? He wrote ten notes, and tore them all up, and then sent the saddle without any reply. To write that he would come was impossible, because he could not come: to write that he could not come because he was busy, or was going away somewhere, was still worse. So he sent the saddle without any reply; and, with the consciousness that he was doing something disgraceful, on the next day, leaving the now disagreeable charge of the estate to the overseer, he set off to a distant district where there were magnificent snipe-marshes to see his friend Sviazhsky, who had lately invited him to fulfil an old project of making him a visit. The snipe-marshes in the district of Sufof had long been an attraction to Levin, but on account of his

farm-work he had kept postponing his visit there. Now he was glad to escape from the neighborhood of the Shcherbatskys, and especially from his estate, and to go on a hunting-expedition, which for all his tribulations was as a sovereign remedy.

CHAPTER XXV

IN the district of Surof there were neither railways nor post-roads; and Levin took his own horses, and went in a *tarantas* or traveling-carriage.

When he was halfway, he stopped to get a meal at the house of a rich muzhik. The host, who was a bald, robust old man, with a great red beard, growing gray on the cheeks, opened the gate, crowding up against the post to let the troïka enter. Pointing the coachman to a place under the shed in his large, neat, and orderly new courtyard, with charred *sokhas* or wooden-plows, the old man invited Levin to enter the room. A neatly clad young girl, with galoshes on her bare feet, stooping down, was washing up the floor in the new entry. When she saw Levin's dog, she was startled, and screamed, but immediately laughed at her own terror when she found that the dog would not bite. With her bare arm she pointed Levin to the living-room, then stooping down again, she hid her handsome face, and continued her scrubbing.

"Will you have the samovar?" she asked.

"Yes, please."

The living-room was large, with a Dutch stove and a partition. Under the sacred images stood a table ornamented with colored designs, a bench, and two chairs. Near the doorway was a cupboard with dishes. The window-shutters were closed; there were few flies; and it was so neat that Levin took care that Laska, who had been flying over the road, and was covered with splashes of mud, should not soil the floor, and bade her lie down in the corner near the door. After glancing into the living-room, Levin went to the back of the house.

A good-looking girl in galoshes, swinging her empty pails on the yoke, ran to get him water from the well.

“Lively there,” gayly shouted the old man to her; and then he turned to Levin. “So, sir, you are going to see Nikolai Ivanovitch Sviazhsky? He often stops with us,” he began to say in his garrulous style, as he leaned on the balustrade of the steps. But just as he was in the midst of telling about his acquaintance with Sviazhsky, again the gate creaked on its hinges, and the workmen came in from the fields with their harrows and wooden-plows. The horses attached to them were fat and in good condition. The laborers evidently belonged to the family: two were young fellows, and wore colored cotton shirts, and caps. The other two were hired men, and wore shabby shirts: one was an old man, the other middle-aged.

The old peasant, starting down from the porch, went to the horses and began to unharness them.

“Where have you been plowing?”

“In the potato-fields. We’ve finished with one.... You, Fyodot, don’t bring the gelding, but leave him at the trough; we’ll harness another.”

“Say, batyushka, shall I tell ’em to take out the plow-shares, or to bring ’em?” asked a big-framed, healthy-looking lad, evidently the old peasant’s son.

“Put ’em in the drags,” replied the old man, coiling up the reins and throwing them on the ground. “Put things in order; then we’ll have dinner.”

The handsome girl in galoshes came back to the house with her brimming pails swinging from her shoulders. Other women appeared from different quarters, — some young and comely, others old and ugly, with children and without children.

The samovar began to sing on the stove. The workmen and the men of the household, having taken out their horses, came in to dinner. Levin, sending for his provisions from the tarantas, begged the old peasant to take tea with him.

“Well, I have already drunk my tea,” said the old

peasant, evidently flattered by the invitation. "However, for company's sake...."

At tea Levin learned the whole history of the old man's domestic economy. Ten years before, he had rented of a lady one hundred and twenty desyatins, and the year before had bought them; and he had rented three hundred more of a neighboring landowner. A small portion of this land, and that the poorest, he sublet; but forty desyatins he himself worked, with the help of his sons and two hired men. The old peasant complained that all was going bad; but Levin saw that he complained only for form's sake, and that his affairs were flourishing. If they had been bad he would not have bought land for five hundred rubles, or married off his three sons and his nephew, or built twice after his izba was burned, and each time better. Notwithstanding the old peasant's complaints, it was evident that he felt pride in his prosperity, pride in his sons, in his nephew, his daughters, his horses, his cows, and especially in the fact that he owned all this domain.

From his conversation with the old man, Levin learned that he believed in modern improvements. He planted many potatoes; and his potatoes, which Levin saw in the storehouse, he had already dug and brought in, while on Levin's estate they had only begun to dig them. He used the "ploog" on the potato-fields, as he called the plow which he got from the proprietor. He sowed wheat. The little detail that the old peasant sowed rye, and fed his horses with it, especially struck Levin. How many times Levin, seeing this beautiful fodder going to waste on his own estate, had wished to harvest it; but he found it impossible to accomplish it. The muzhik used it, and could not find sufficient praise for it.

"How do the women do it?"

"Oh! they pile it up on one side, and then the cart comes for it."

"But with us proprietors everything goes wrong with the hired men," said Levin, filling his teacup and offering it to him.

"Thank you," replied the old man, taking the cup, but refusing the sugar, pointing to the lumps which lay in front of him.

"How can you get along with hired men?" said he. "It is ruinous. Here's Sviazhsky, for example. We know what splendid land.... but they don't get decent crops, all from lack of care."

"Yes; but how do you do with your workmen?"

"It's all among ourselves. We watch everything. Lazybones, off they go! We work with our own hands."

"Batyushka, Finogen wants you to give him the tar-water," said the woman in galoshes, looking in through the door.

"So it is, sir," said the old man, rising; and, having crossed himself many times before the *ikons* or sacred pictures, he once more thanked Levin, and left the room.

When Levin went into the dark izba to give orders to his coachman, he found all the "men-folks" sitting down to dinner. The peasant women were on their feet helping. The healthy-looking young son, with his mouth full of *kasha*-gruel, got off some joke, and all broke into loud guffaws; and more hilariously than the others laughed the woman in galoshes, who was pouring *shchi*, or cabbage soup, into a cup.

It well might be that the jolly face of the woman in the galoshes coöperated powerfully with the whole impression of orderliness which this peasant home produced on Levin; but the impression was so strong that Levin could never get rid of it; and all the way from the old man's to Sviazhsky's, again and again he thought of what he had seen at the farm-house as something deserving special attention.

CHAPTER XXVI

SVIAZHISKY was *predvodityel* or marshal of the nobility in his district. He was five years older than Levin, and had been married some time. His sister-in-law was an inmate of his family, and to Levin she was a very attractive young lady; and Levin knew that Sviazhsy and his wife would be very glad for him to marry her. He knew this infallibly, as marriageable young men usually know such things, and he knew also that though he dreamed of marriage, and was sure that this fascinating young lady would make a charming wife, he would sooner have been able to fly to heaven than to marry her, even if he had not been in love with Kitty Shcherbatsky. And this knowledge poisoned his pleasure in his prospective visit.

On receiving Sviazhsy's letter, with its invitation to go hunting, Levin had immediately thought about this; but in spite of it, decided that such views in regard to him on the part of Sviazhsy were entirely gratuitous, and he decided to accept the invitation. Moreover he had in the depths of his soul a strong curiosity to see this girl once more, and experiment on the effect that she would produce on him.

Sviazhsy's domestic life was in the highest degree pleasant, and Sviazhsy himself was the very best type of the proprietor devoted to the affairs of the province, and this fact always interested Levin.

He was one of those men that always excited Levin's amazement, whose opinions, very logical, although never self-formed, take one direction, while their lives, perfectly defined and confident in their course, take another, absolutely independent of each other and almost always in opposition. Sviazhsy was a thorough-going liberal. He despised the nobility, charged the majority of the nobles with secretly, and from motives of cowardice, opposing emancipation; and he regarded Russia as a rotten country like Turkey, and its government so wretched that he did not permit himself seriously to criticize its acts; and

yet he had accepted public office, and attended faithfully to his duties. He never even went out without donning his official cap, with its red border and cockade. He declared that human existence was endurable only abroad, where he was going to live at the first opportunity; but at the same time he carried on in Russia a very complicated estate¹ in the most perfect style, and was interested in all that was going on in Russia, and was fully up with the times. The Russian muzhik, in his eyes, stood between man and monkey; but, when the elections came, he gave his hand to the peasants by preference, and listened to them with the utmost attention. He believed neither in God nor in the devil; but he showed great concern in the questions concerning ameliorating the condition of the clergy, and the diminution of the revenues, and moreover he labored with especial zeal to have his village church kept in repair.

In regard to the complete emancipation of woman and especially her right to work, he sided with the most extreme supporters of this doctrine, but he lived with his wife in such perfect harmony that though they had no children every one admired them, and he took entire direction of the family affairs, so that his wife did nothing, and could do nothing, except in coöperation with him, in order to pass the time as agreeably as possible.

If Levin had not been naturally disposed to see the best side of people the analysis of Sviazhsky's character would have caused him no trouble or question; he would have said to himself: "Fool or Good-for-nothing," and that would have been the end of it. But he could not say fool — *durak* — because Sviazhsky was undoubtedly not only very clever, but also a very cultivated and an extraordinarily simple-hearted man, entirely free from conceit; there was no subject which he did not know; but he displayed his knowledge only when it was needed. Still less could he say that he was a good-for-nothing, be-

¹ *Khozyaistvo* includes household economy, the outside interests, farming, mills, — everything connected with an estate. The master of an estate is called *khozyain*, the mistress *khozyaïka*, — terms often used for host and hostess.

cause Sviazhsky was unquestionably an honorable, excellent, sensible man, who was always doing his work cheerfully and alertly, and had apparently never intentionally done anything wrong or could do anything wrong.

Levin tried to comprehend and could not understand him and always looked at him and his life as a living enigma.

He and Levin had been friends and therefore Levin allowed himself to study Sviazhsky, and tried to trace his view of life to the very source. But this was always an idle task. Every time Levin made the effort to penetrate a little farther into the hidden chambers of Sviazhsky's mind he discovered that the man was somewhat confused; a sort of terror showed itself in his eyes, as if he feared that Levin was going to entrap him; and he would give him a good-natured and jolly rebuff.

Now, after his disenchantment on the subject of farm management, Levin was especially glad to be at Sviazhsky's. To say nothing of the fact that he was always pleasantly impressed by the sight of these doves so contented with themselves and all they possessed, and their comfortable nest, he had a great longing, now that he was so dissatisfied with his own life, to discover the secret of his having such clear, decided, and cheerful views of life. Moreover, Levin knew that he should meet at Sviazhsky's the proprietors of the neighborhood, and he was especially desirous to talk with them, to hear about their experiences in farm management, about their crops, their ways of hiring service, and the like, which, as Levin knew well, it was the fashion to regard as very trifling topics of conversation, but which seemed to him more important than anything else.

"Perhaps these things were not important during the days of serfdom or in England. In both those cases conditions are definitely fixed; but with us at the present time when everything has been overturned and the new order is only just begun, the question how to regulate these conditions is the only important one in Russia." Such was Levin's conviction.

The hunting which Sviazhsky gave him was poorer than Levin had expected: the marshes were dry, and the woodcock scarce. Levin walked all day, and bagged only three birds; but in compensation he brought back with him as always from hunting a ravenous appetite, capital spirits, and that intellectual excitement which violent physical exercise always gave him. Even while he was out hunting, while, as it would seem, his thoughts were not busy about anything, he kept remembering the old man and his family, and the impression remained with him that there was some peculiar tie between himself and that family.

In the evening, at the tea-table in the company of two proprietors, who had come on some business with the marshal, the interesting conversation that he had looked forward to soon began. At the tea-table Levin sat next the hostess and had to keep up a conversation with her and her sister who sat opposite him. His hostess was a moon-faced lady of medium stature and light complexion, all radiant with smiles and dimples. Levin endeavored, through her, to unravel the enigma which her husband's character offered him; but he could not get full control of his thoughts, because opposite him sat the pretty sister-in-law in a gown worn, as it seemed to him, for his especial benefit, with a square corsage cut rather low in front, and giving a glimpse of a very white bosom. This *décolleté* gown, in spite of the fact that the bosom was very white, or perhaps from the very reason that it was very white, stopped the free flow of his thought. He could not help imagining, though of course erroneously, that this display was made for his benefit, and yet he felt that he had no right to look at it, and he tried not to look at it; but he was conscious of being to blame for her wearing such a gown. It seemed to Levin that he was deceiving some one, that he ought to make some kind of an explanation, but that it was an utter impossibility to do it, and so he kept blushing and felt ill at ease, and his constraint communicated itself to the pretty young lady. But the hostess seemed not to notice it, and kept up a lively conversation.

"You say that my husband does not take an interest in Russian affairs?" she asked. "On the contrary, he was happy when he was abroad, but not so happy as he is here. Here he feels that he is in his sphere. He has so much to do, and he has the faculty of interesting himself in everything. Oh! you have not been to see our school, have you?"

"Yes, I have, — that little house covered with ivy?"

"Yes; that is Nastia's work," said she, glancing at her sister.

"Do you yourself teach?" asked Levin, trying to look at Nastia's face, but feeling that, in spite of himself, he would see the low corsage.

"Yes, I teach, and intend to keep on teaching; but we have an excellent schoolmistress. And we have gymnastics."

"No, thank you, I will not take any more tea," said Levin. He felt that he was committing a solecism; but he could not keep up the conversation, and he rose in confusion. "I am very much interested in what they are saying," he added, and went to the other end of the table, where the host was talking with the two landed proprietors. Sviazhsky was sitting with his side toward the table, twirling his cup around with one hand, and with the other stroking his long beard, lifting it up to his nose and dropping it again as if he were smelling of it. His bright black eyes were fixed with keen amusement on one of the proprietors, a man with a white mustache, who was complaining bitterly about the peasantry. Levin saw that Sviazhsky had an answer ready for the worthy gentleman's comical complaints, and could reduce his arguments to powder if his official position did not compel him to respect the proprietor's.

The proprietor with the white mustache was evidently a narrow-minded country gentleman, an inveterate opponent of the emancipation, and an old-style farmer. Levin could see the signs of it in his old-fashioned, shiny coat, in his keen, angry eyes, in his well-balanced Russian speech, in his authoritative, slow, and studied

manner, and his imperious gestures with his large, handsome, sunburnt hands, on one of which for sole ornament was an old-fashioned wedding-ring.

CHAPTER XXVII

“IF it only were n't a pity to abandon what has been done, — cost so much labor, — it would be better to give up, sell out, go abroad, and hear ‘La Belle Hélène,’ like Nikolai Ivanovitch,” the old proprietor was saying, while his intelligent face lighted up with a pleasant smile.

“There now! but still you don't sell out,” said Nikolai Ivanovitch Sviazhsky; “so you must be well off, on the whole.”

“I am well off in one way, because I have a home of my own, with board and lodging. Besides, one always hopes that the peasantry will improve. But would you believe it, — this drunkenness, this laziness! Everything goes to destruction. No horses, no cows. They starve to death. But try to help them, — take them for farmhands: they manage to ruin you; yes, even before a justice of the peace!”¹

“But you, too, can complain to the justice of the peace,” said Sviazhsky.

“What! I complain? Not for the world! All such talk shows that complaints are idle. Here, at the mill, they took their handsel, and went off. What did the justice of the peace do? Acquitted them. Your only chance is to go to the communal court, — to the starshina. The starshina will have the man thrashed for you. He settles things in the old-fashioned way. If it were not for him you had better sell out, fly to the ends of the world!”

¹ In the Russian *mir*, or commune, the *starshina*, or elder, is the chief elected every three years. Before the emancipation of the serfs, in 1861, each commune had its *volostnoi sud*, or district court, the decisions of which were often very ridiculous. Among the reforms instituted by the Emperor Alexander II. was the so-called *mirovoisudya*, justice or arbiter of the peace, — more properly, judge of the peace, — an innovation which at first caused much opposition among the peasantry. See Wallace's “Russia” and Leroy Beaulieu's “L'Empire des Tsars.” — ED.

The proprietor was evidently trying to tease Sviazhsky; but Sviazhsky not only did not lose his temper, but was much amused.

"Well, we carry on our estates without these measures," said he, smiling. "I and Levin and he."

He pointed to the other proprietor.

"Yes; but ask Mikhaïl Petrovitch how his affairs are getting along. Is that a rational way?"¹ demanded the proprietor, especially accenting the word "rational."

"My way is very simple," said Mikhaïl Petrovitch, "thank the Lord! My whole business lies in seeing that the money is ready for the autumn taxes. The muzhiks come, and say, 'Batyushka, help us, father.' Well, all these muzhiks are neighbors; I pity 'em. Well, I advance 'em the first third. Only I say, 'Remember, children, I help you; and you must help me when I need you, — sowing the oats, getting in the hay, harvesting.' Now, I get along with them as with my own family. To be sure, there are some among them who have n't any conscience."

Levin, who knew of old about these patriarchal traditions, exchanged glances with Sviazhsky; and, interrupting Mikhaïl Petrovitch, he said, "How would you advise?" addressing the old proprietor with the gray mustache. "How do you think one's estate ought to be managed?"

"Well, manage it just as Mikhaïl Petrovitch does, — either give half the land to the muzhiks, or go shares with them. That is possible; but, all the same, the wealth of the country is growing less and less. Places on my lands which in the time of serfage, under good management, produced ninefold, now produce only threefold. Emancipation has ruined Russia."

Sviazhsky looked at Levin with smiling eyes, and even made a scarcely noticeable gesture to express his disdain, but Levin did not find the old proprietor's words ridiculous; he understood them better than he understood Sviazhsky. Much that the old man said in his complaint, that Russia was ruined by the emancipation,

¹ *Ratsionalnoye khozyaïstvo.*

seemed to him true; for him it was novel and unanswerable. The proprietor evidently expressed his honest thought, — a thought which arose, not from any desire to show an idle wit, but from the conditions of his life, which had been spent in the country, where he could see the question practically from every side.

“The fact is, please to acknowledge,” continued the old proprietor, who evidently wished to show that he was not an enemy of civilization, “all progress is accomplished by force alone. Take the reforms of Peter, of Catherine, of Alexander; take European history itself; still more so for progress in agriculture. The potato, for instance, — to introduce potatoes into Russia required force. We have not always plowed with iron plows; perhaps they have been introduced into our domains, but it required force. Now, until recently, when we had control over our serfs, we proprietors could conduct our affairs with all sorts of improvements: drying-rooms and winnowing-machines and dung-carts — all sorts of tools — we could introduce, because we had the power; and the muzhiks at first would oppose, and then would imitate us. But now, by the abrogation of serfage, they have taken away our authority; and so our estates,¹ now that everything is reduced to the same level, must necessarily sink back to the condition of primitive barbarism. This is my view of it.”

“Yes, but why? If that were rational, then you could keep on with your improvements by aid of hired labor,” said Sviazhsky.

“We have no power. How could I? allow me to ask.”

“This — this is the working-force, the chief element in the problem before us,” thought Levin.

“With hired men.”

“Hired men will not work well, or work with good tools. Our laborers know how to do only one thing, — to drink like pigs, and, when they are drunk, to ruin everything you intrust them with. They water your horses to death, destroy your best harnesses, take the

¹ *K'hozyaistvo.*

tires off your wheels and sell them to get drink, and stick bolts into your winnowing-machines so as to render them useless. Everything that is not done in their way is nauseous to them. And thus the affairs of our estates go from bad to worse. The lands are neglected, and go to weeds, or else are abandoned to the muzhiks. Instead of producing millions of tchetverts¹ of wheat, you can raise only a few hundred thousand. The public wealth is diminishing. If they were going to free the serfs, they should have done it gradually."

And he developed his own scheme of emancipation whereby all these difficulties would have been avoided.

This plan did not interest Levin, but when the gentleman had finished he returned to his first proposition, with the hope of inducing Sviazhsky to tell what he seriously thought about it. He said, addressing Sviazhsky:—

"It is very true that the level of our agriculture is growing lower and lower, and that in our present relations with the peasantry, it is impossible to carry on our estates rationally," he said.

"I am not of that opinion," said Sviazhsky, seriously. "I only see that we are not up to the point of managing our estates, and that on the contrary, since serfage was abolished, agriculture has decayed; I argue that in those days it was very wretched, and very low. We never had any machines, or good oxen or decent supervision. We did not even know how to make up our accounts. Ask a proprietor: he could not tell you what a thing cost, or what it would bring him."

"Italian book-keeping!" said the old proprietor ironically. "Reckon all you please, and get things mixed as much as you please, there will be no profit in it."

"Why get things mixed up? Your miserable flail, your Russian topchachek, will break all to pieces; my steam-thresher will not break to pieces. Then your wretched nags; how are they? A puny breed that you can pull by the tails, comes to nothing; but our Percherons are vigorous horses, they are worth something.

¹ A tchetvert is 5.775 English bushels.

And so with everything. Our agriculture always needed to be helped forward."

"Yes! but it would need some power, Nikolaï Ivanitch. Very well for you; but when one has one son at the university, and several others at school, as I have, he can't afford to buy Percherons."

"There are banks on purpose."

"To have my last goods and chattels sold under the hammer. No, thank you!"

"I don't agree that it is necessary or possible to lift the level of agriculture much higher," said Levin. "I am much interested in this question; and I have the means, but I cannot do anything. And as for banks, I don't know whom they profit. Up to the present time, whatever I have spent on my estate, has resulted only in loss. Cattle — loss; machines — loss."

"That is true," said the old proprietor with the gray mustache, laughing with hearty satisfaction.

"And I am not the only man," continued Levin. "I call to mind all those who have made experiments in the 'rational manner.' All, with few exceptions, have come out of it with losses. Will you admit that your farming is profitable?" he asked, and at that instant he detected in Sviazhsky's face that transient expression of embarrassment which he noticed when he wanted to penetrate farther into the inner chambers of Sviazhsky's mind.

However, the question was not entirely fair play on Levin's part. His hostess had told him at tea that they had just had a German expert up from Moscow, who, for five hundred rubles' fee, agreed to put the book-keeping of the estate in order; and he found that there had been a net loss of more than three thousand rubles. She could not remember exactly how much, but the German accountant had calculated it to within forty kopeks.

The old proprietor smiled when he heard Levin's question about the profits of Sviazhsky's management. It was evident that he knew about the state of his neighbors' finances.

"Maybe it is unprofitable," replied Sviazhsky. "This

only proves that either I am a poor manager, or I sink my capital to increase the revenue."

"Oh! revenue!" cried Levin, with horror. "Maybe there is such a thing as revenue in Europe, where the land is better for the labor spent on it; but with us, the more labor spent on it, the worse it is — that is because it exhausts it — so there is no revenue."

"How, no revenue? It is a law."

"Then we are no exceptions to the law. The word *renta*, revenue, has no clearness for us, and explains nothing, but rather confuses. No; tell me how the doctrine of revenue can be

"Won't you have some curds? — Masha, send us some curds or some raspberries," said Sviazhsky to his wife. "Raspberries have lasted unusually late this year."

And, with his usual jovial disposition of soul, Sviazhsky got up and went out, evidently assuming that the discussion was ended, while for Levin it seemed that it had only just begun.

Levin was now left with the old proprietor, and continued to talk with him, endeavoring to prove to him that all the trouble arose from the fact that we did not try to understand our laborers' habits and peculiarities. But the old proprietor, like all people accustomed to think alone and for himself, found it difficult to enter into the thought of another, and clung firmly to his own opinions. He declared that the Russian muzhik was a pig, and loved swinishness, and that it needed force or else a stick to drive him out of his swinishness; but we are such liberals that we have suddenly swapped off the thousand-year-old stick for these lawyers and jails, where the good-for-nothing, stinking muzhik gets fed on good soup, and has his pure air by the cubic foot.

"Why," asked Levin, wishing to get back to the question, "do you think that it is impossible to reach an equilibrium which will utilize the forces of the laborer, and render them productive?"

"That will never come about with the Russian people; there is no force," replied the proprietor.

"Why could not new conditions be found?" asked

Sviazhsky, who had been eating his curds, and smoking a cigarette, and now approached the two disputants. "All the needful forms are ready for use, and well learned. That relic of barbarism, the primitive commune where each member is responsible for all, is falling to pieces of its own weight; the right of holding serfs has been abolished; now there remains only free labor, and its forms are at hand, — the day-laborer, the journeyman, the ordinary farmer, — and you can't get rid of this."

"But Europe is discontented with these forms."

"Yes, and perhaps discontent will find new ones, and will progress probably."

"This is all I say about that," said Levin. "Why should we not seek for them on our side?"

"Because it would be much the same as our pretending to invent new methods of constructing railways. Our methods are all ready; all we have to do is to apply them."

"But if they do not suit us? if they are hurtful?" Levin insisted.

And again he saw the frightened look in Sviazhsky's eyes.

"Well! this: we throw up our caps, we follow wherever Europe leads! All this I know; but tell me, are you acquainted with all that is going on in Europe about the organization of labor?"

"No; I know very little."

"This question is now occupying the best minds in Europe. Schulze-Delitzsch¹ and his school then all this prodigious literature on the labor question the tendencies of Lassalle, the most radical of all of them the Mülhausen organization this all is a fact, you surely must know."

¹ Hermann Schulze-Delitzsch, who founded the first People's Bank, and in the German Parliament labored for constitutional reform, was born in Prussian Saxony, August 29, 1808, died at Potsdam, April 29, 1883. At the time of his death the United Bank Organization of which he was manager had thirty-five hundred branches, with fifty million dollars' capital, and about a hundred millions of deposits. He was an opponent of Lassalle's socialism. — ED.

"I have an idea of it, but it's very vague."

"No, you only say so; you know all this as well as I do. I don't set up to be a professor of social science, but these things interest me; and I assure you, if they interest you, you should go into them."

"But where do they lead you?"

"Beg pardon."

The two proprietors got up; and Sviazhsky, again arresting Levin in his disagreeable habit of looking into the inner chambers of his mind, went out to bid his guests good-by.

CHAPTER XXVIII

LEVIN spent the evening with the ladies, and found it unendurably stupid. His mind was stirred, as never before, at the thought that the dissatisfaction he felt in the administration of his estate was not peculiar to himself, but was a general condition into which affairs in Russia had evolved, and that an organization of labor, whereby the work would be carried on in such a manner as he saw at the muzhik's on the highway, was not an illusion, but a problem to be solved. And it seemed to him that he could settle this problem, and that he must attempt to do it.

Levin bade the ladies good-night, promising to go with them the following morning for a ride to visit some interesting spots in the Crown woods. Before going to bed he went to the library, to get some of the books on the labor question which Sviazhsky had recommended.

Sviazhsky's library was an enormous room, lined with book-shelves, and having two tables, one a massive writing-table, standing in the center of the room, and the other a round one, laden with recent numbers of journals and reviews, in different languages, arranged about a lamp. Near the writing-table was a cabinet, *stoïka*, containing drawers inscribed with gilt lettering for the reception of various documents.

Sviazhsky got the volumes, and sat down in a rocking chair.

"What is that you are looking at?" he asked of Levin, who was standing by the round table, and turning the leaves of a review.

Levin held up the review.

"Oh, yes! that is a very interesting article indeed. It argues," he continued with gay animation, "that the principal culprit in the partition of Poland was not Frederic after all. It appears" and he gave with the clearness characteristic of him a digest of these new and important discoveries. Although Levin was now more interested in the question of farm management than in anything, he asked himself, as he listened to his friend:—

"What is he in reality? and why, why does the partition of Poland interest him?"

When Sviazhsky had finished, Levin could not help saying:—

"Well, and what of it?"

But he had nothing to say. It was interesting simply from the fact that it "argued."

But Sviazhsky did not explain, and did not think it necessary to explain, why it was interesting to him.

"Well, but the irascible old proprietor interested me very much," said Levin, sighing. "He's sensible, and a good deal of what he says is true."

"Ah! don't speak of it! he is a confirmed slaveholder at heart, like the rest of them."

"With you at their head"

"Yes, only I am trying to lead them in the other direction," replied Sviazhsky, laughing.

"His argument struck me very forcibly," said Levin. "He is right when he says that our affairs, that is, the 'rational management,'¹ cannot succeed; that the only kind that can succeed is the money-lending system like that of the other proprietor, or, in other words, the one that is simplest. Who is to blame for this?"

"We ourselves, of course. But then it is not true

¹ *Ratsionalnoe khozyaistvo.*

that it does not succeed. It succeeds with Vasilitchikof."

"The mill"

"But still I don't know what surprises you about it. The peasantry stand on such a low plane of development, both materially and morally, that it is evident they'll oppose everything that is strange to them. In Europe the 'rational management' succeeds because the people are civilized. In the first place, we must civilize our peasantry, — that's the point."

"But how will you civilize them?"

"To civilize the people, three things are necessary, — schools, schools, and schools."

"But you yourself say that the peasantry stand on a low plane of material development. What good will schools do in that respect?"

"Do you know, you remind me of a story of the advice given to a sick man: 'You had better try a purgative.' He tried it; he grew worse. 'Apply leeches.' He applied them; he grew worse. 'Well, then, pray to God.' He tried it; he grew worse. So it is with you. I say political economy; you say you're worse for it. I suggest socialism; worse still. Education; still worse."

"Yes. But how can schools help?"

"They will create other needs."

"But this is just the very thing I could never understand," replied Levin, vehemently. "In what way will schools help the peasantry to better their material condition? You say that schools — education — will create new needs. So much the worse, because they will not have the ability to satisfy them; and I could never see how a knowledge of addition and subtraction and the catechism could help them to better themselves materially. Day before yesterday I met a peasant woman with a baby at the breast, and I asked her where she was going. She said she had been 'to the babka's';¹ the child had a crying fit, and I took him to be cured."

¹ *Babka*, a peasant grandmother, a popular name for the midwife. It is the diminutive of *baba*, a peasant woman, especially a muzhik's wife.

I asked, 'How did the babka cure the crying fit?' 'She set him on the hen-roost, and muttered something.'"

"Well there!" cried Sviazhsky, laughing heartily. "You yourself confess it. In order to teach them that they can't cure children by setting them on hen-roosts, you must"

"Ah no!" interrupted Levin, with some vexation. "Your remedy of schools for the people I only compared to the babka's method of curing. The peasantry are poor and uncivilized; this we see as plainly as the woman saw her child's distress because he was crying. But that schools can raise them from their wretchedness is as inconceivable as the hen-roost cure for sick children. You must first remedy the cause of the poverty."

"Well! In this at least you agree with Spencer, whom you do not like. He says that civilization can result from increased happiness and comfort in life, from frequent ablutions, but not by learning to read and cipher."

"There now! I am very glad, or rather very sorry, if I am in accord with Spencer. But this I have felt for a long time: schools cannot help; the only help can come from some economical organization, whereby the peasantry will be richer, will have more leisure. Then schools also will come."

"Nevertheless, schools are obligatory now all over Europe."

"But how would you harmonize this with Spencer's ideas?" asked Levin.

But into Sviazhsky's eyes again came the troubled expression; and he said with a smile:—

"No, this story of the crying fit was capital! Is it possible that you heard it yourself?"

Levin saw that there was no connection between this man's life and his thoughts. Evidently it was perfectly indifferent to him where his conclusions led him. Only the process of reasoning was what appealed to him; and it was disagreeable to him when this process of reasoning led him into some stupid, blind alley. This

was what he did not like, and he avoided it by leading the conversation to some bright and agreeable topic.

All the impressions of this day, including those which arose from his visit to the old muzhik, and which seemed somehow to give a new basis to his thoughts, troubled Levin profoundly. This genial Sviashsky who kept his thoughts for general use and evidently had entirely different principles for the conduct of his life, keeping them hidden from Levin, while at the same time he and the majority of men — the throng whose name is legion — seemed to be ruled by the general consensus of opinions by means of ideas strange to him; the testy old proprietor, perfectly right in his judicious views of life, but wrong in despising one entire class in Russia, and that perhaps the best; his own discontent with his activity, and the confused hope of setting things right at last, — all this excited and disturbed him.

Levin retired to his room, and lay down on his springy mattress, which unexpectedly exposed his arms and legs every time he moved; but it was long before he could get to sleep. His conversation with Sviashsky, though many good things were said, did not interest him; but the old proprietor's arguments haunted him. He involuntarily remembered every word that he said, and his imagination supplied the answer.

“Yes, I ought to have replied to him, ‘You say that our management is not succeeding because the muzhik despises all improvements, and that force must be applied to them. But if our estates were not retrograding, even where these improvements are not found, you would be right; but advance is made only where the laborer works in conformity with his own customs, as at the old man's by the roadside. Our general dissatisfaction with our management proves that either we or the laborers are at fault. We have long been losing, both by our own methods and by European methods, by neglecting the qualities of the laboring force. Let us be willing to acknowledge that the laboring force is not ideal as a force, but is the Russian muzhik with his instincts, and we shall then be able to manage our estates

in conformity with this.' I should have said to him. 'Imagine that you were carrying on an estate like that of my old man by the roadside, that you had found a way of interesting your laborers in the success of their work, and had found that by means of improvements such as they would acknowledge to be improvements, you had succeeded in doubling or trebling your returns without exhausting the soil; then suppose you make a division and give a half to your working force. The residue which you would have would be larger, and that which would come to the working force would be larger.' But to do this, there must be a coming down from anything like ideal management and the laborers must be interested in the success of the management. How can it be done? This is a question of details, but there is no doubt that it is possible."

This idea kept Levin in a state of agitation. Half the night he did not sleep, thinking of the details connected with carrying out his new plans and schemes. He had not intended to leave so soon, but now he decided to go home on the morrow. Moreover, the memory of the young lady with the open dress came over him with a strange sense of shame and disgust. But the main thing that decided him was his desire to lay before his muzhiks his new project before the autumn harvests, so that they might reap under the new conditions. He decided to reform his whole method of administration.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE carrying out of Levin's plan offered many difficulties; but he persevered, and finally succeeded in persuading himself without self-deception that the enterprise was worth the labor even though he should not succeed in doing all that he wanted to do. One of the principal obstacles which met him was the fact that his estate was already in running order, and that it was impossible to come to a sudden stop and begin anew, but that he had to remodel his machine while it was going.

When he reached home in the evening, he summoned his overseer, and explained to him his plans. The overseer received with undisguised satisfaction all the details of this scheme as far as they showed that all that had been done hitherto was absurd and unproductive. The overseer declared that he had long ago told him so, but that no one would listen to him. But when it came to Levin's proposition to share the profits of the estate with the laborers, on the basis of an association, the overseer put on an expression of the deepest melancholy, and immediately began to speak of the necessity of bringing in the last sheaves of wheat, and commencing the second plowing; and Levin felt that now was not a propitious time.

On conversing with the muzhiks about his project of dividing with them the products of the earth, he found that here his chief difficulty lay in the fact that they were too much occupied with their daily tasks to comprehend the advantages and disadvantages of his enterprise.

A simple-minded muzhik, Ivan the herdsman, seemed to comprehend and to approve Levin's proposal to share with him in the profits of the cattle; but whenever Levin went on to speak of the advantages that would result, Ivan's face grew troubled, and, without waiting to hear Levin out, he would hurry off to attend to some work that could not be postponed, — either to pitch the hay from the pens, or to draw water, or to clear away the manure.

Another obstacle consisted in the inveterate distrust of the peasants, who would not believe that a proprietor could have any other aim than to get all he could out of them. They were firmly convinced, in spite of all he could say, that his real purpose was hidden. They, on their side, in expressing their opinions had much to say; but they carefully guarded against telling what their actual object was.

Levin came to the conclusion that the irate proprietor was right in saying that the peasants demanded, as the first and indispensable condition for any arrangement,

that they should never be bound to any of the new agricultural methods, or to use the improved tools. They agreed that the new-fashioned plow worked better, that the weed-extirpator was more successful; but they invented a thousand reasons why they should not use them; and, although he had made up his mind that there must be a coming down from anything like ideal management, he felt deep regret to give up improvements the advantages of which were so evident. But in spite of all these difficulties, he persevered; and by autumn the new arrangement was in working order, or at least seemed to be.

At first Levin intended to give up his whole domain¹ just as it was to the muzhiks — the laborers — and oversee on the new conditions of association. But very soon he found that this was impracticable; and he made up his mind to divide the management of the estate. The cattle, the garden, the kitchen-garden, the hay-fields, and some lands fenced off into several lots were to be reckoned as special and separate divisions.

Ivan, the simple-minded herdsman, who seemed to Levin better fitted than any one else, formed an *artel*, or association, composed of members of his family, and took charge of the cattle-yard. A distant field, which for eight years had been lying fallow, was taken by the shrewd carpenter Feodor Rezunof, who joined with him seven families of muzhiks; and the muzhik Shuraef entered into the same arrangements for superintending the gardens. All the rest was left as it had been; but these three divisions constituted the beginning of the new arrangement, and they kept Levin very busy.

It was true that matters were not carried on in the cattle-yard any better than before, and that Ivan was obstinate in his opposition to giving the cows a warm shelter, and to butter made of sweet cream, asserting that cows kept in a cold place required less feed, and that butter made of sour cream was made quicker; and he demanded his wages as before, and he was not at

¹ *Khozyaïstvo*.

all interested in the fact that the money that he received was not his wages but his share of the profits of the association.

It was true that Rezunof and his associates did not give the field a second plowing, as they had been advised to do, and excused themselves on the ground that they had no time. It was true that the muzhiks of this company, although they had agreed to take this work under the new conditions, called this land, not common land, but shared land, and the muzhiks and Rezunof himself said to Levin: "If you would take money for the land it would be less bother to you and that would let us out."

Moreover, these muzhiks kept putting off under various pretexts the building of the cattle-yard and barn, and did not get it done till winter, though they had agreed to build it immediately.

It was true that Shuraef tried to exchange for a trifle with the muzhiks the products of the gardens which he had undertaken to manage. He evidently had a wrong notion and a purposely wrong notion of the conditions under which he had taken the land.

It was true that often in talking with the muzhiks and explaining to them all the advantages of the undertaking, Levin was conscious that all they heard was the sound of his voice, that they were firmly convinced that they were too shrewd to let him deceive them. He was especially conscious of this when talking with the cleverest of the muzhiks, Rezunof. He noticed in the man's eye a gleam which betrayed evident scorn for Levin and a firm conviction that if any one was to be cheated it was not he — Rezunof.

But, in spite of all these drawbacks, Levin felt that he was making progress, and that if he rigorously kept his accounts and persevered he should be able to show his associates at the end of the year that the new order of things could bring excellent results.

All this business, together with his work in connection with the rest of his estate, which still remained in his own hands, and together with his work in the library

on his new book, so filled his time during the summer that he scarcely ever went out, even to hunt.

Toward the end of August he learned through the man that brought back the saddle that the Oblonskys had returned to Moscow. By not having replied to Darya Aleksandrovna's letter, by his rudeness which he could not remember without a flush of shame, he felt that he had burnt his ships and he never again could go to them. In exactly the same way he owed apologies to Sviazhsky for having left his house without bidding him good-by. Neither would he again dare to go to Sviazhsky's. But now all this was a matter of indifference to him. He was more interested and absorbed in his new scheme of managing his estate than in anything that he had ever attempted.

He finished the books which Sviazhsky had lent him, and others on political economy and socialism, which he had sent for. In the books on political economy, in Mill, for example, which he studied first with eagerness, hoping every minute to find a solution of the questions which occupied him, he found laws deduced from the position of European husbandry; but he could not see how these laws could be profitably applied to Russian conditions. He found a similar lack in the books of the socialist writers. Either they were beautiful but impracticable fancies, such as he dreamed when he was a student, or modifications of that situation of things applicable to Europe, but offering no solution for the agrarian question in Russia.

Political economy said that the laws by which the wealth of Europe was developed and would develop were universal and fixed; socialistic teachings said that progress according to these laws would lead to destruction; but neither school gave him any answer or as much as a hint on the means of leading him and all the Russian muzhiks and agriculturists, with their millions of hands and of desyatins, to more successful methods of reaching prosperity.

As he was already involved in this enterprise, he conscientiously read through everything that bore on the

subject and decided in the autumn to go abroad and study the matter on the spot, so that he might not have with this question the experience that had so often met him with various questions in the past. How many times in a discussion he had just begun to understand his opponent's thought and to expound his own, when suddenly the question would be asked: "But Kaufmann, Jones, Du Bois, Mitchell? You have not read them? Read them, they have worked out this question."

He saw clearly now that Kaufmann and Mitchell could not tell him anything. He knew what he wanted. He saw that Russia possessed an admirable soil and admirable workmen, and that in certain cases, as with the muzhik by the roadside, the land and the laborers could produce abundantly, but that in the majority of cases when capital was spent upon them in the European manner, they produced little, and that this resulted entirely from the fact that the laborers like to work, and work well only in their own way, and that this contrast was not the result of chance, but was permanent and based on the very nature of the people. He thought that the Russian people, which was destined to colonize and cultivate immense unoccupied spaces, would consciously, until all these lands were occupied, hold to these methods as necessary to them, and that these methods were not so bad as they were generally considered. And he wanted to demonstrate this theoretically in his book, and practically on his estate.

CHAPTER XXX

TOWARD the end of September the lumber was brought for the construction of a barn on the artel land, and the butter was sold, and showed a profit. The new administration, on the whole, worked admirably in practice, or at least it seemed so to Levin.

But in order to explain the whole subject into a clear

light theoretically, and to finish his treatise, which Levin imagined was likely not only to revolutionize political economy, but even to annihilate this science, and to make the beginnings of a new one, treating of the relations of the peasantry to the soil, he felt that it was necessary to go abroad, and to learn, from observation on the spot, all that was going on in that direction, and to find conclusive proofs that all that was done there was not the right thing.

He was only waiting for the delivery of the wheat to get his money, and make the journey. But the autumn rains set in, and portions of the wheat and potatoes were not as yet garnered. All work was at a standstill, and it was impossible to deliver the wheat. The roads were impracticable, two mills were washed away by the freshet, and the weather kept growing worse and worse.

But on the morning of October 12 the sun came out; and Levin, hoping for a change in the weather, began resolutely to prepare for his journey. He sent the overseer to the merchant to negotiate for the sale of the wheat, and he himself went out for a tour of inspection of the estate, in order to make the last remaining arrangements for his journey.

Having accomplished all that he wished, he returned at nightfall, wet from the rivulets that trickled from his waterproof down his neck and inside his high boots, but in a happy and animated frame of mind. Toward evening the storm increased; the hail pelted so violently the drenched horse, that she shook her ears and her head, and went sidewise; but Levin, protected by his bashluik, felt comfortable enough, and he cheerfully gazed around him, — now at the muddy streams running down the wheel-tracks; now at the raindrops trickling down every bare twig; now at the white spots where the hail had not yet melted on the planks of the bridge; now at the dry but still pulpy leaf, clinging with its stout stem to the denuded elm. In spite of the gloomy aspect of nature, he felt in particularly good spirits. His talks with the peasants in a distant

village convinced him that they were beginning to get used to his new arrangements; and an old dvornik, at whose house he stopped to dry himself, evidently approved of his plan, and wanted to join the association for the purchase of cattle.

“What is required is to go straight to my goal, and I shall succeed,” thought Levin; “but the labor and the pains have an object. I am not working for myself alone, but the question concerns the good of all. The whole way of managing our estates, the condition of all the people, must be absolutely changed. Instead of poverty, universal well-being, contentment; instead of enmity, agreement and union of interests; in a word, a bloodless revolution, but a mighty revolution, beginning in the little circuit of our district, then reaching the province, Russia, the whole world! The conception is so just that it cannot help being fruitful. Yes, indeed, this goal is worth working for. And there is absolutely no significance in the fact that I, Kostia Levin, my own self, a man who went to a ball in a black necktie, and was rejected by a Shcherbatsky, am a stupid and a good-for-nothing; that is neither here nor there. I believe that Franklin felt that he was just such a good-for-nothing, and had just as little faith in himself, when he took everything into account. And, probably, he had his Agafya Mikhaïlovna also, to whom he confided his secrets.”

With such thoughts, Levin reached home in the dark. The overseer, who had been to the merchant, came and handed him a part of the money from the wheat. The agreement with the dvornik was drawn up; and then the overseer told how he had seen wheat still standing in the field by the road, while his one hundred and sixty stacks, not yet brought in, were nothing in comparison to what others had.

After supper Levin sat down in his chair, as usual, with a book; and as he read he began to think of his projected journey, especially in connection with his book. That evening the whole significance of his undertaking presented itself to him with remarkable clear-

ness, and his ideas fell naturally into flowing periods, which expressed the essence of his thought.

"I must write this down," he said to himself. "It must go into a short introduction, though before I thought that was unnecessary."

He got up to go to his writing-table; and Laska, who had been lying at his feet, also got up, and, stretching herself, looked at him, as if asking where he was going. But he had no time for writing; for the various superintendents came for their orders, and he had to go to meet them in the anteroom.

After giving them their orders, or rather, having made arrangements for their morrow's work, and having received all the muzhiks who came to consult with him, Levin went back to his library, and sat down to his work. Laska lay under the table; Agafya Mikhaïlovna, with her knitting, took her usual place.

After writing some time, Levin suddenly arose, and began to walk up and down the room. The memory of Kitty and her refusal, and the recent glimpse of her, came before his imagination with extraordinary vividness.

"Now, there's no need of your getting blue," said Agafya Mikhaïlovna. "Now why do you stay at home? You had better go to the warm springs if your mind is made up."

"I am going day after to-morrow, Agafya Mikhaïlovna; but I had to finish up my business."

"Your business, indeed! Haven't you given these muzhiks enough already? And they say, 'Our barin is trying to buy some favor from the Tsar;' and strange it is: why do you bother yourself so about the muzhiks?"

"I am not bothering myself about them; I am doing it for my own good."

Agafya Mikhaïlovna knew all the details of Levin's plans, for he had explained them to her, and he had often had discussions with her and had not agreed with her comments; but now she entirely misapprehended what he said to her.

"For your own soul it is certainly important; to think of that is above everything," said she, with a sigh.

Some time before this, Konstantin Levin had written his brother that, having disposed of the small portion of their common inheritance, consisting of personal property, a sum of two thousand rubles was due as his share.

Nikolai said that he had come to get this money, and especially to see the old nest; to put his foot on the natal soil, so as to get renewed strength, like the heroes of ancient times. Notwithstanding his tall stooping form, notwithstanding his frightful emaciation, his movements were, as they had always been, quick and impetuous. Levin took him to his room.

Nikolai changed his dress, and took great pains with his toilet, which in former times he neglected. He brushed his thin shaven hair, and went up-stairs smiling.

He was in the gayest and happiest humor, just as Konstantin had seen him when he was a child. He even spoke of Sergyei Ivanovitch without bitterness. When he saw Agafya Mikhaïlovna, he jested with her, and questioned her about the old servants. The news of the death of Parfen Denisovitch made a deep impression on him. A look of fear crossed his face, but he instantly recovered himself.

"He was very old, was he not?" he asked, and quickly changed the conversation. "Yes, I am going to stay a month or two with you, and then go back to Moscow. You see, Miagkov has promised me a place, and I shall enter the service. Now I have turned over a new leaf entirely," he added. "You see, I have sent away that woman."

"Marya Nikolayevna? How? What for?"

"Ah! she was a wretched woman! She caused a heap of tribulations."

But he did not tell what the tribulations were. He could not confess that he had sent Marya Nikolayevna away because she made his tea too weak, still less because she insisted on treating him as an invalid.

"Then, besides, I wanted to begin an entirely new kind of life. Of course, I, like everybody else, have committed follies; but the present,—I mean the last

one, — I don't regret it, provided only I get better; and better, thank the Lord! I feel already."

Levin listened, and tried, but tried in vain, to find something to say. Apparently Nikolaï had somewhat the same feeling; he began to ask him about his affairs; and Konstantin was glad to speak about himself because he could speak without any pretense. He frankly related his plans and his experiments.

Nikolaï listened, but did not show the least interest.

These two men were so related to each other, and there was such a bond between them, that the slightest motion, the sound of their voices, spoke more clearly than all the words that they could say to each other.

At this moment both were thinking the same thought, — Nikolaï's illness and approaching death — dwarfing everything else into insignificance. Neither of them dared make the least allusion to it, and therefore all that either of them said failed to express what really occupied their minds — and was therefore false. Never before had Levin been so glad for an evening to end, for bedtime to come. Never, even when obliged to pay casual or official visits, had he felt so false and unnatural as that evening. And the consciousness of this unnaturalness, and his regret, made him more unnatural still. His heart was breaking to see his beloved dying brother; but he was obliged to dissemble, and to talk about various things as if his brother was going to live.

As at this time the house was damp and only his own room was warm, Levin offered to share it, with a partition between them, with his brother.

Nikolaï went to bed, and slept the uneasy sleep of an invalid, turning restlessly from side to side, and constantly coughing. Sometimes when he could not raise the phlegm, he would cry out, "Akh! Bozhe moï!" Sometimes, when the dampness choked him, he would grow angry, and cry out, "Ah, the devil!"

Levin could not sleep as he listened to him. His thoughts were varied, but they always returned to one theme, — death.

Death, the inevitable end of all, for the first time appeared to him with irresistible force. And death was here, with this beloved brother, who groaned in his sleep, and called now upon God, now upon the devil. It was with him also: this he felt. If not to-day, then to-morrow; if not to-morrow, then in thirty years; was it not all the same? And what this inevitable death was, — not only did he not know, not only had he never before thought about it, but he had not wished, had not dared, to think about it.

“Here I am working, wanting to accomplish something, but I forgot that all must come to an end, — death.”

He was lying in bed in the darkness, curled up, holding his knees, scarcely able to breathe, so great was the tension of his mind. The more he thought, the more clearly he saw that from his conception of life he had omitted nothing except this one little factor, death, which would come and end all, and that there was no help against it — not the least. Yes, this is terrible, but so it is!

“Yes, but I am still alive. Now, what can be done about it? what can be done?” he asked in despair. He lighted a candle, and softly arose, and went to the mirror, and began to look at his face and his hair. Yes! on the temples a few gray hairs were to be seen. He opened his mouth. His back teeth showed signs of decay. He doubled up his muscular arms. “Yes, there’s much strength. But this poor Nikolenka, who is breathing so painfully with the little that is left of his lungs, also had at one time a healthy body.” And suddenly he remembered how when they were children, and were put to bed, they would wait until Feodor Bogdanuitch got out of the door, and then begin a pillow fight, and laugh, laugh so unrestrainedly, that not even the fear of Feodor Bogdanuitch could quench this exuberant and intoxicating sense of the gayety of life. “But now there he lies in bed with his poor hollow chest — and I — ignorant why, and what will become of me.”

“Kah! kah! ah! what the devil are you doing? Why don't you go to sleep?” demanded his brother's voice.

“I don't know; insomnia, I guess.”

“But I have been sleeping beautifully. I have not had any sweat at all. Just feel — no sweat.”

Levin felt of him, then he got into bed again, put out the candle, but it was long before he went to sleep. Still in his mind arose this new question, how to live so as to be ready for the inevitable death?

“There! he is dying! Yes! he will die in the spring. How can I aid him? What can I say to him? What do I know about it? I had even forgotten that there was such a thing.”

Levin had long before made the observation that often people who surprise you by an abrupt transition grow unendurable by reason of their gentleness and excessive humility, unreasonableness, and peremptory ways. He foresaw that this would be the case with his brother; and, in fact, Nikolai's sweet temper was not of long duration. On the very next morning he awoke in an extremely irritable temper, and immediately began to pick a quarrel with his brother by touching him on the most tender points.

Levin felt himself to blame, but he could not be frank. He felt that if they had not both dissimulated their thoughts, but had spoken from their very hearts, they would have looked into each other's eyes, and he would have said only this: “You are going to die, you are going to die;” and Nikolai would have answered only this: “I know that I am dying, and I am afraid, afraid, afraid.”

And they would have said nothing more if they had spoken honestly from their hearts. But as this sincerity was not possible, Konstantin tried to do what all his life long he had never succeeded in doing, though he had observed that many persons could do it and that without doing it life was almost impossible, — he tried to talk about something that was not in his mind, and he felt that his brother divined his insincerity, and was

therefore irritated and angry, and found fault with all that he said.

On the third day Nikolai began to discuss the question of his brother's reforms, and to criticize them, and in a spirit of contrariety to confound his scheme with communism.

"You have only taken your idea from some one else; and you distort it, and want to apply it to what is not suited to receive it."

"Yes, but I tell you that the two have nothing in common. I have no thought of copying communism, which denies the right of property, of capital, of inheritance; but I do not disregard these *stimuli*." It went against Levin's grain to use these terms, but since he had begun his treatise he found himself, in spite of him, compelled to use non-Russian words. "All I want is to regulate labor."

"In other words, you borrow a foreign idea; you take away from it all that gives it force, and you pretend to make it pass as new," said Nikolai, angrily craning his neck in his cravat.

"Yes, but my idea has not the slightest resemblance"

"This idea," interrupted Nikolai, smiling ironically, and with an angry light in his eyes, — "communism, — has at least one attractive feature, — and you might call it a geometrical one — it has clearness and logical certainty. Maybe it is Utopia. But let us agree that it can make a *tabula rasa* of the past, so that there shall be no property of family, but only freedom of labor. But you don't accept this"

"But why do you confound them? I never was a communist."

"But I have been; and I believe that if communism is premature, it is, at least, reasonable; and it is as sure to succeed as Christianity was in the early centuries."

"And I believe that labor must be regarded from the scientific standpoint; in other words, it must be studied. Its constitution must be known and"

"Now, that is absolutely idle. This force goes of it

self, and takes different forms, according to the degrees of its development. Everywhere this order has been followed, — slaves, then metayers, free labor, and, here in Russia, we have the farm, the *arend* or leasehold, our system of apprenticeship. What more do you want?"

Levin took fire at these last words, the more because he feared in his secret soul that his brother was right in blaming him for wanting to discover a balance between communism and the existing forms, — a thing which was scarcely possible.

"I am trying to find a form of labor which will be profitable for all, — for me and the laborer," he replied warmly.

"That is not what you wish to do; it is simply this: you have, all your life long, sought to be original; and you want to prove that you are not *exploiting* the muzhik, but are working for a principle."

"Well, since you think so let's end it," replied Konstantin, feeling the muscles of his right cheek twitch involuntarily.

"You never had, and you never will have, any convictions, and you only wanted to flatter your conceit."

"That is very well to say but let's end the matter."

"Certainly I will. It was time long ago. You go to the devil! and I am very sorry that I came."

Levin tried in vain to calm him. Nikolai would not listen to a word, and persisted in saying that they had better separate; and Konstantin saw that it was not possible to live with him.

Nikolai had already made his preparations to depart, when Konstantin came to him, and begged him, in a way that was not entirely natural, for forgiveness, if he had offended him.

"Ah, now! here's magnanimity," said Nikolai, smiling. "If you are very anxious to be in the right, then let us agree that this is sensible. You are right, but I am going all the same."

At the last moment, however, as Nikolai kissed his brother, a strange look of seriousness came on him.

"Kostia," he said, "don't harbor any animosity against me." And his voice trembled.

These were the only words which were spoken sincerely. Levin understood that they meant: "You see and know that I am miserable, and we may not meet again."

Levin understood this, and the tears came into his eyes. Once more he kissed his brother; but he could not find anything to say.

On the third day after his brother's departure, Levin went abroad. At the railway station he met Shcherbatsky, Kitty's cousin, and astonished him greatly by his melancholy.

"What is the matter?" asked Shcherbatsky.

"Well, nothing, except that there is little happiness in this world."

"Little happiness? Just come with me to Paris instead of going to some place like Mulhouse. I'll show you how gay it is."

"No, I am done for. I am ready to die."

"What a joke!" said Shcherbatsky, laughing. "I am just learning how to begin."

"I felt the same a little while ago, but now I know that my life will be short."

Levin said what he honestly felt at this time. All that he saw before him was death or its approach. But still he was just as much interested as ever in his projects of reform. It was necessary to keep his life occupied till death should come. Darkness seemed to cover everything; but by reason of this darkness he felt that the only guiding thread through its labyrinth was to occupy himself with his labors of reform, and he clung to them with all the force of his character.

PART FOURTH

CHAPTER I

KARENIN and his wife continued to live in the same house, and to meet every day, and yet they remained entire strangers to each other. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch made a point every day to be seen with his wife so that the servants might not have the right to gossip, but he avoided dining at home. Vronsky was never seen there; Anna met him outside, and her husband knew it.

All three suffered from a situation which would have been intolerable for a single day had not each believed it to be transitory. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch expected to see this passion, like everything else in the world, come to an end and thus his name would not be dishonored. Anna, the cause of all the trouble, and the one on whom the consequences weighed the most cruelly, accepted her position simply and solely because she expected—nay, was firmly convinced—that the matter would soon be explained and settled. She had not the least idea how it would come about, but she was certain that it would now come about very speedily.

Vronsky in spite of himself, submitting to her views, was also awaiting something to happen independent of himself, which should resolve all their difficulty.

Toward the middle of the winter Vronsky had to spend a very tiresome week. He was delegated to show a foreign prince about Petersburg. Vronsky himself was a representative Russian. Not only was he irreproachable in his bearing but he was accustomed to the society of such exalted personages; therefore he was given the charge of the prince. But this responsibility was very distasteful to him. The prince did not want to

let anything pass concerning which he might be asked on his return, "Did you see that in Russia?" And moreover he wanted to enjoy as far as possible all the pleasures peculiar to the country. Vronsky was obliged to be his guide in the one and in the other. In the morning they went out to see the sights; in the evening they took part in the national amusements.

This prince enjoyed exceptionally good health, even for a prince; and, owing to his gymnastic exercises and the scrupulous care he took of himself, notwithstanding the excesses to which he let his love for pleasure carry him, he remained as fresh as a great, green, shiny Dutch cucumber.

He had been a great traveler, and had found that one of the great advantages of easy modern communication consisted in the fact that it brought national amusements into easy reach. In Spain he had given serenades, and fallen in love with a Spanish girl who played the mandolin; in Switzerland he had killed a chamois; in England leaped ditches in a red shooting-jacket, and shot two hundred pheasants on a wager; in Turkey he had penetrated a harem; in India he had ridden the elephant; and now he wanted to taste the special pleasures that Russia afforded.

Vronsky, as master of ceremonies, arranged, with no little difficulty, a program of amusements truly Russian in character. There were races and *blinui*, or carnival cakes, and bear-hunts and troika parties and gipsies, and feasts set forth with Russian dishes, and the prince with extraordinary aptitude entered into the spirit of these Russian sports, broke his waiter of glasses with the rest, took a gipsy girl on his knee, and apparently asked himself if the whole Russian spirit consisted only in this, without going further.

In reality, the prince took more delight in French actresses, ballet-dancers, and white-seal champagne, than in all the other pleasures which the Russians could offer him.

Vronsky was accustomed to princes, but either because he had changed of late, or else because he had

too close a view of this particular prince, this week seemed terribly burdensome to him. During the whole week, without cessation, he experienced a feeling like that of a man placed in charge of a dangerous lunatic, who dreaded his patient, and, at the same time, from very force of proximity, feared for his own reason. Vronsky was constantly under the necessity of keeping up the strictest barriers of official reserve in order not to feel insulted. The prince's behavior toward the very persons who, to Vronsky's amazement, were ready to crawl out of their skin to give him experiences of Russian amusements, was scornful. His criticism on the Russian women whom he wanted to study more than once made Vronsky grow red with indignation. What irritated Vronsky most violently about this prince was that he could not help seeing himself in him. And what he saw in this mirror was not flattering to his vanity. What he saw there was a very stupid, and a very self-confident, and very healthy, and very fastidious man, and that was all. He was a *gentleman*,¹ and Vronsky could not deny the fact. He was smooth and frank with his superiors, free and easy with his equals, coolly kind toward his inferiors. Vronsky himself was exactly the same, and was proud of it; but in his relations to the prince he was the inferior, and this scornfully good-natured treatment of himself nettled him.

"Stupid ox! Is it possible that I am like him?" he thought.

However this may have been, at the end of the week, when he took leave of the prince, who was on his way to Moscow, he was delighted to be delivered from this inconvenient situation and this disagreeable mirror. They went directly to the station from a bear-hunt, which had occupied all the night with brilliant exhibitions of Russian daring.

¹ *Buil dzhentil'men.*

CHAPTER II

ON his return home, Vronsky found a note from Anna. She wrote :—

I am ill and unhappy ; I cannot go out, and I cannot live longer without seeing you. Come this evening. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch will be at the council from seven o'clock till ten.

This invitation, given in spite of her husband's formal prohibition, seemed strange to him ; but he finally decided to go to Anna's.

Since the beginning of the winter, Vronsky had been promoted as colonel ; he had left the regiment and was living alone. After having finished his breakfast, he stretched himself out on the divan, and in five minutes the recollection of the wild scenes of the preceding days became curiously mingled in his mind with Anna and a peasant whipper-in, who had performed an important part in the bear-hunt ; finally he fell asleep. He awoke ; night had come. Shivering with apprehension, he hastily lighted a candle. "What has happened to me ? What terrible dream have I had ?" he asked himself. "Yes, yes, the peasant, a dirty little man, with a disheveled beard, bent something or other up double, and pronounced some strange words in French. I did n't dream anything else ; why am I so terrified ?"

But, in recalling the peasant and his incomprehensible French words, a sense of something horrible sent a cold shiver down his back.

"What nonsense !" he thought as he looked at his watch. It was already half-past eight ; he called his man, dressed quickly, went out, and, entirely forgetting his dream, thought only of being late.

As he approached the Karenins' house, he again looked at his watch, and saw that it lacked ten minutes of nine. A high, narrow carriage, drawn by two gray horses, stood in front of the door ; he recognized Anna's carriage.

"She was coming to my house," he said to himself ;

“and it would be better. It is disagreeable for me to go into this house, but it makes no difference to me, I cannot conceal myself;” and, with the manner of a man accustomed from childhood to act above board, he left his sleigh, and mounted the steps. The door opened, and the Swiss, carrying a plaid, motioned to the carriage to draw near. Vronsky, who was not accustomed to observe details, was struck by the look of astonishment which the Swiss gave him. At the door Vronsky came near running into Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. A gaslight placed at the entrance of the vestibule threw full light on his pale, worn face. He wore a black hat, and a white cravat showing under a fur collar. Karenin’s gloomy, dull eyes fixed themselves on Vronsky, who bowed. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, drawing his lips together, raised his hand to his hat, and passed. Vronsky saw him get into his carriage without turning round, take his plaid and opera-glass, which the Swiss servant handed through the door, and disappear.

Vronsky went into the anteroom. His brows were contracted, and his eyes flashed with anger and outraged pride.

“What a situation!” thought Vronsky. “If he would fight to defend his honor, I should know what to do to express my sentiments; but this weakness or cowardice.... He places me in the position of a deceiver, which I never was and never will be.”

Since the explanation that he had had with Anna in the Vrede garden, Vronsky’s idea had greatly changed. Involuntarily overcome by Anna’s weakness, — for she had given herself to him without reserve and expected from him only the decision as to her future fate, — Vronsky had long ceased to think that this liaison might end as he had supposed it would. His ambitious plans had again been relegated to the background, and he, feeling that he had definitely left that circle of activity where everything was determined, gave himself up entirely to his feeling, and this feeling drew him more and more vigorously toward her.

Even in the reception-room, he heard her footsteps

drawing near. He knew that she was waiting for him and had just entered the drawing-room near by, to watch for him.

"No," she cried, seeing him enter, "things cannot go on in this way!" And at the sound of her own voice, her eyes filled with tears. "If this is going on this way, it would be far better if it had ended long ago!"

"What is the matter, my friend?"

"The matter! I have been waiting in torture for two hours; but no, I do not want to quarrel with you. Of course you could not come. No, I will not scold you any more."

She put her two hands on his shoulders, and looked at him long, with her eyes deep and tender, although searching. She studied his face for all the time that she had not seen him. As always happened every time they met, she tried to compare her imaginary presentment of him — it was incomparably better because it was impossible in reality — with him as he really was.

CHAPTER III

"Did you meet him?" she asked, when they were seated under the lamp by the drawing-room table. "That is your punishment for coming so late."

"Yes; how did it happen? Should he not have been at the council?"

"He went there, but he came back again, and now he has gone off somewhere again. But that is no matter; let us talk no more about it; where have you been? All this time with the prince?"

She knew the most minute details of his life.

He wanted to reply that as he had no rest the night before, he allowed himself to oversleep; but the sight of her happy, excited face, made this acknowledgment difficult, and he excused himself on the plea of having been obliged to go and present his report about the prince's departure.

"It is over now, is it? Has he gone?"

"Yes, thank the Lord, it is all done with! You have no idea how intolerable this week has seemed to me."

"Why so? Here you have not been leading the life customary to young men," she said, frowning, and, without looking at Vronsky, she took up some crocheting that was lying on the table and pulled out the needle.

"I renounced that life long ago," he replied, wondering at the sudden change in her beautiful face, and trying to discover what it portended. "I assure you," he added, smiling, and showing his white teeth, "that it was overpoweringly unpleasant to me to look at that old life again, as it were, in a mirror."

She kept her crocheting in her hand, though she did not work, but looked at him with strange, brilliant, not quite friendly eyes.

"Liza came to see me this morning—they are not yet afraid to come to my house, in spite of the Countess Lidya Ivanovna"—and here she stood up—"and told me about your Athenian nights. What an abomination!"

"I only wanted to tell you that ..."

She interrupted him:—

"That it was Thérèse whom you used to know?"

"I was going to say ..."

"How odious you men are! How can you suppose that a woman forgets?" said she, growing more and more animated, and then disclosing the cause of her irritation,— "and above all a woman who can know nothing of your life? What do I know? What can I know?" she kept repeating. "What can I know except what you wish to tell me? And how can I know whether it is the truth?"

"Anna, you insult me! have you no longer any faith in me? Have I not told you that I have no thoughts which I would conceal from you?"

"Yes, yes," she said, trying to drive away her jealous fears; "but if you only knew how I suffer! I believe in you, I do believe in you. But what did you want to say to me?"

But he could not instantly remember what he wanted

to say. Anna's fits of jealousy were becoming more and more frequent, and, however much he tried to conceal it, these scenes made him grow cool toward her, although he knew that the cause of the jealousy was her very love for him. How many times had he not said to himself that happiness existed for him only in this love; and now that she loved him as only a woman can love for whom love outweighs all other treasures in life, happiness seemed farther off than when he had followed her from Moscow. Then he considered himself unhappy, but happiness was in sight; now he felt that their highest happiness was in the past. She was entirely different from what she had been when he first saw her. Both morally and physically she had changed for the worse. The beauty of her form was gone, and when she spoke about the French actress a wicked expression came over her face which spoiled it. He looked at her as a man looks at a flower which he has plucked and which has faded, and he finds it hard to recognize the beauty for the sake of which he has plucked it and despoiled it. And yet he felt that at the time when his passion was more violent, he might, if he had earnestly desired it, have torn his love out of his heart; but now, at the very time when it seemed to him that he felt no love for her, he knew that the tie that bound him to her was indissoluble.

"Well, well, tell me what you have to say about the prince," replied Anna. "I have driven away the demon, I have driven him away," she added. Between themselves they called her jealousy the demon. "You began to tell me something about the prince. Why was it so disagreeable to you?"

"Oh, it was unbearable," replied Vronsky, trying to pick up the thread of his thought again. "The prince doesn't improve on close acquaintance. I can only compare him to one of those highly fed animals which take first prizes at exhibitions," he added, with an air of vexation, which seemed to interest Anna.

"No, but how? Is he not a cultivated man, who has seen much of the world?"

“It is an entirely different kind of cultivation — *their* cultivation! One would say that he was cultivated only for the sake of scorning cultivation, as he scorns everything else, except animal pleasures.”

“But are you not also fond of all these animal pleasures yourself?” said Anna, and once more he noticed the gloomy look in her eyes which avoided his.

“Why do you defend him?” he asked, smiling.

“I am not defending him; it is all absolutely indifferent to me. But it seems to me if you did not like these pleasures, you might dispense with them. But you enjoyed going to see that Thérèse in the costume of Eve.”

“There is the demon again,” said Vronsky, taking her hand which lay on the table and kissing it.

“Yes; but I can’t help it. You can’t imagine what I suffered while I was waiting for you. I do not think I am jealous; I am not jealous: when you are here with me I believe in you; but when you are away, leading a life so incomprehensible to me”

She drew away from him, drew the crochet-needle out of her work, and speedily, with the help of her index finger, the stitches of white wool gleaming in the lamp-light began one after the other to take form, and swiftly, nervously, the delicate wrist moved back and forth in the embroidered cuff.

“Tell me, how was it? where did you meet Alekseï Aleksandrovitch,” she asked suddenly, in a voice still sounding unnatural.

“We ran against each other at the door.”

“And did he greet you like this?”

She drew down her face and, half closing her eyes, instantly changed her whole expression, and Vronsky suddenly saw the same look in her pretty features which Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had worn when he bowed to him. He smiled, and Anna began to laugh, with that fresh, ringing laugh which was one of her greatest charms.

“I really do not understand him,” said Vronsky. “I should have supposed that after your explanation at the

datcha, he would have broken off with you, and provoked a duel with me; but how can he endure such a situation? He suffers, that is evident."

"He?" said she, with a sneer. "Oh! he is perfectly content."

"Why should we all torture ourselves in this way, when everything might be so easily arranged?"

"Only that does n't suit him. Oh, don't I know him, and the falsity on which he subsists. How could he live as he lives with me if he had any feelings? He has no susceptibilities, no feelings! Could a man of any susceptibilities live in the same house with his guilty wife? How can he talk with her? How can he address her familiarly?"¹

And again she imitated the way her husband would say, "*Tui, ma chère, tui, Anna.*"

"He is not a man, I tell you; he is a puppet. No one knows it, but I know it. Oh, if I had been in his place, I would long ago have killed, have torn in pieces, a wife like myself, instead of saying, '*Tui, ma chère Anna,*' to her; but he is not a man; he is a ministerial machine. He does not understand that I am your wife, that he is nothing to me, that he is in the way. No, no, let us not talk about him."

"You are unjust, my dear," said Vronsky, trying to calm her; "but all the same, let us not talk any more about him. Tell me how you do. How are you? You wrote me you were ill; what did the doctor say?"

She looked at him with gay raillery. Evidently she still saw ridiculous and abominable traits in her husband, and would willingly have continued to speak about them.

But he added:—

"I suspect you were not really ill, but that it comes from your condition when will it be?"

The sarcastic gleam disappeared from Anna's eyes,

¹ Literally, "say *tui*, thou, to her." In Russian, as in French and German, the second person singular is used in familiar intercourse among relatives and friends. — Ed.

but suddenly a different kind of smile — the token of a gentle melancholy, of some feeling he could not comprehend — took its place.

“Soon, very soon. You said our position is painful, and that it must be changed. If you knew how hard it is for me, what I would give to be able to love you freely and openly! I should not torment myself and I should not torment you with my jealousy. And *this* will be soon, but not in the way we think.”

And at the thought of how this would take place she felt such pity for herself that the tears filled her eyes and she could not go on. She put her white hand, with the rings sparkling in the lamplight, on Vronsky's arm.

“This will not be as we think. I did not intend to speak to you about this, but you compel me to. Soon, soon, every knot will be disentangled, and all of us, all, will be at peace, and we shall not be tormented any more.”

“I don't know what you mean,” he said; yet he understood her.

“You ask, ‘When will it be?’ Soon. And I shall not survive it. Don't interrupt me!”

And she went on speaking rapidly: —

“I know it, I am perfectly certain I am going to die; and I am glad to die, and to free myself and you.”

Her tears continued to fall. Vronsky bent over her hand and began to kiss it, and tried to conceal his own emotion, which he knew he had no ground for feeling, but which he could not overcome.

“It is better that it should be so,” she said, pressing his hand fervently. “It is the only thing, the only thing left for us.”

“What a foolish idea!” said Vronsky, lifting up his head and regaining his self-possession. “What utter nonsense you are talking!”

“No; it is the truth.”

“What do you mean by the truth?”

“That I am going to die. I have seen it in a dream.”

“In a dream?” repeated Vronsky, involuntarily recalling the muzhik of his nightmare.

"Yes, in a dream," she continued. "I had this dream a long time ago. I dreamed that I ran into my room to get something or other. I was searching about, you know, as one does in dreams," said she, opening her eyes wide with horror, "and I noticed something standing in the corner of my room."

"What nonsense! How do you suppose...."

But she would not let him interrupt her; what she was telling was too important to her.

"And this something turned around, and I saw a little dirty muzhik, with an unkempt beard. I wanted to run away, but he bent toward a bag, in which he moved some object."

She made the motion of a person rummaging in a bag; terror was depicted on her face; and Vronsky, recalling his own dream, felt the same terror seize his soul.

"And all the while he was searching, he talked fast, very fast, in French, lisping, you know, '*Il faut le battre, le fer, le broyer, le pétrir....*' I tried to wake up, but I only woke up in my dream, asking what it could mean. And Karneï said to me, 'You are going to die, you are going to die in child-bed, matushka.' And at last I woke up."....

"What an absurd dream!" said Vronsky, but he himself felt that there was no conviction in his voice.

"But let us say no more about it. Ring; I am going to give you some tea, so stay a little longer. It is a long time since I...."

She suddenly ceased speaking. The expression of her face instantly changed. Horror and emotion disappeared from her face, which assumed an expression of gentle, serious, and affectionate solicitude. He could not understand the significance of that change.

She had felt within her the motion of a new life.

CHAPTER IV

AFTER meeting Vronsky on the porch, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch went, as he had planned, to the Italian opera. He sat through two acts, and saw every one whom he needed to see. Returning home, he looked carefully at the hat-rack, and, having assured himself that there was no uniform overcoat in the vestibule, went straight to his chamber.

Contrary to his usual habit, instead of going to bed, he walked up and down his room till three o'clock in the morning. Anger kept him awake, for he could not forgive his wife for not being willing to observe the proprieties, and for not fulfilling the one condition that he had imposed on her, — that she should not receive her lover in his house. She had not complied with his requirement, and he felt bound to punish her, carry out his threat, demand a divorce, and take away his son from her. He knew all the difficulties that would attend this action, but he had said that he should do it, and now he was bound to carry out his threat. The Countess Lidia had often said that this was the easiest way out of his position; and recently the practice of divorce had reached such a pitch of perfection that Aleksei Aleksandrovitch saw in it a means of escaping its formal difficulties.

Moreover, misfortunes never come single; and the trouble arising from the organization of the foreign population, and the irrigation of the fields in the government of Zará, had caused Aleksei Aleksandrovitch so much unpleasantness in his office that for some time he had been in a perpetual state of irritation.

He passed the night without sleeping, and his anger increasing all the while in a sort of colossal system of progression, by morning was directed even to the most trivial object. He dressed hastily, and went to Anna as soon as he knew she was up. He was afraid of losing the energy which he needed for his explanation with

his wife; it was as if he carried a full cup of wrath and was afraid of spilling it.

Anna believed that she thoroughly knew her husband; but she was amazed at his appearance as he came in. His brows were contracted, and his eyes looked gloomily straight ahead, avoiding hers. His lips were firm and scornfully compressed. Never had his wife seen so much decision as she saw now in his gait, in every motion, in the sound of his voice. He entered without wishing her good morning, and went directly to her writing-desk, and, taking the key, opened the drawer.

“What do you want?” cried Anna.

“Your lover’s letters.”

“They are not there,” she said, closing the drawer. But he knew by her action that he had guessed aright, and, roughly pushing away her hand, he quickly seized the portfolio in which he knew Anna kept her important papers. She attempted to regain it, but he held it at a distance.

“Sit down; I want to speak to you,” he said, placing the portfolio under his arm, and holding it so firmly with his elbow that his shoulder was raised by it.

Anna looked at him, astonished and frightened, but said nothing.

“I told you that I would not permit you to receive your lover in this house.”

“I needed to see him to”

She stopped, unable to find a plausible explanation.

“I will not enter into details, and have no desire to know why a woman needs to see her lover.”

“I wished, I only” she said, flashing up, and feeling that her husband’s rudeness made her bold — “is it possible that you are not aware how easy it is for you to insult me?”

“One can insult only an honest man or an honest woman; but to tell a thief that he is a thief, is only *la constatation d’un fait* — the statement of a fact.”

“That is a degree of cruelty that I never recognized in you.”

"Ah! you find a husband cruel because he gives his wife perfect freedom, gives her the protection of an honest, noble name on the sole condition that she respect the laws of propriety? You call that cruelty?"

"It is worse than cruelty; it is cowardice, if you insist on knowing," cried Anna, with an outburst of anger, and rising, she started to go.

"No," cried he, in his piping voice, which was now a tone higher than usual; and seizing her by the arm with his great, bony fingers so roughly that one of Anna's bracelets left a red print on her flesh, he forced her back into her place.

"Cowardice, indeed! If you wish to employ that word, apply it to her who abandons her son and husband for a lover, and nevertheless eats her husband's bread."

Anna bowed her head; she not only did not say what she had said the evening before to her lover, that *he* was her husband while her husband was in the way — she did not even think it. She appreciated all the justice of his words, and she replied in a low voice: —

"You cannot judge my position more severely than I do myself; but why do you say all this?"

"Why do I say this?" continued he as angrily as ever; "so that you may know that, since you have paid no attention to my wishes, and have broken the rules of propriety, I shall take measures to put an end to this state of affairs."

"Soon, very soon, it will terminate itself," said Anna, and again at the thought of that death which she felt near at hand, and now so desirable, her eyes filled with tears.

"Sooner even than you and your lover have dreamed of! You need to make atonement by keen suffering...."

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch! I do not say that this is not magnanimous; but it is not gentlemanly to strike one who is down."

"You only think of yourself: the suffering of one who has been your husband is of little interest to you;

it is a matter of indifference to you that his life has been overthrown, that he su....su....suffers”

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch spoke so rapidly that he stammered, and could not speak the word.¹

This seemed ridiculous to Anna, but she immediately was ashamed of herself because anything could seem to her ridiculous at such a moment. For the first time, and for a moment, she felt for him, and entered into his feelings and pitied him. But what could she say or do? She bowed her head and was silent. He also was silent for a little, then began again in a less piercing and colder voice, emphasizing words of no special importance:—

“I came to tell you”

She glanced at him. “No, that proves it to me,” she said to herself, as she remembered the expression of his face as he stammered over the word *suffered*. “No, how can a man, with his dull eyes, so full of calm self-satisfaction, feel anything.”

“I cannot change,” she murmured.

“I have come to tell you that to-morrow I am going to Moscow, and that I shall not enter this house again. You will learn of my determination from the lawyer who will have charge of the preliminaries of the divorce. My son will go to my sister,” he added, recalling with difficulty what he wanted to say about the child.

“You want to take Serozha away so as to cause me pain,” she cried, glaring at him; “you do not love him leave Serozha!”

“Yes, I have even lost my love for my son because the repulsion you inspire in me includes him; but I shall keep him, nevertheless. Good morning.”

He was about to go, but she detained him.

“Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, leave Serozha with me,” she whispered again; “that is all I ask of you; leave him with me till my I shall soon be confined. Leave him with me!”

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch flushed with indignation, pushed away the arm that held him back, and left her without replying.

¹ *Pelepelepelestradal.*

CHAPTER V

THE reception-room of the celebrated Petersburg lawyer was full of people when Alekseï Aleksandrovitch entered it. Three ladies, one old, another young, and a merchant's wife; three men, a German banker with a ring on his hand, a merchant with a beard, and a sullen-looking official in undress-uniform with a decoration around his neck, had apparently been waiting a long time.

Two clerks were writing with scratching pens. Their writing utensils — and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was a connoisseur of such things — were of unusual excellence. Alekseï could not fail to take note of that fact. One of the clerks turned his head, with an air of annoyance, toward the newcomer, and, without rising, asked him, with half-closed eyes: —

“What do you want?”

“I have business with the lawyer.”

“He is busy,” replied the clerk severely, pointing with his pen toward those who were already waiting; and he went back to his writing.

“Will he not find a moment to receive me?” asked Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

“He is not at liberty a single moment; he is always busy: have the goodness to wait.”

“Be so good as to give him my card,” said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with dignity, seeing that it was impossible to preserve his incognito.

The secretary took his card, and, evidently not approving of it, left the room.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, on principle, approved of public courts, but he did not fully sympathize with certain details of its application in Russia, because of his acquaintance with its working in the best official relations, and he criticized them as far as he could criticize anything that received the sanction of the supreme power. His whole life was spent in administrative activity, and consequently when he did not sympathize

with anything, his lack of sympathy was modified by his recognition of the fact that errors were unavoidable, but that some things might be remedied. In the new judicial arrangement he did not approve of the conditions in which the lawyers were placed. Hitherto he had not had occasion to deal with lawyers, and so he had disapproved of the system only theoretically. But now his disapprobation was greatly increased by the disagreeable impression made on him in the lawyer's reception-room.

"The lawyer will be out immediately," said the clerk; and in reality in about two minutes the door opened, and the lawyer appeared, together with a tall justice of the peace.

The lawyer was a short, thick-set man, with a bald head, a dark reddish beard, a prominent forehead, and long, shiny eyebrows. His dress, from his necktie and double watch-chain down to his polished boots, was that of a dandy. His face was intelligent, but vulgar; his manner pretentious and in bad taste.

"Be so good as to walk in," said he, addressing Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; and gloomily ushering him into the next room, he closed the door.

"Will you not sit?"

He pointed to an arm-chair near his desk covered with papers, and rubbing his short, hairy hands together, he settled himself in front of the desk, and bent his head to one side. But he was hardly seated when a moth-miller flew on the table, and the little man, with unexpected liveliness, caught it on the wing; then he quickly resumed his former attitude.

"Before beginning to explain my business," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, following the movements of the lawyer with astonishment, "I must inform you that the subject which brings me here is to be kept secret."

An imperceptible smile slightly moved the lawyer's projecting reddish mustache.

"If I were not capable of keeping the secrets intrusted to me, I should not be a lawyer," said he; "but if you wish to be assured ..."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch glanced at him and noticed that his gray eyes, full of intelligence, had apparently read all that he had to tell.

“Do you know my name?” asked Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

“I know you and how valuable” — here again he caught a miller — “your services are, as every Russian does,” replied the lawyer, bowing.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch sighed; with difficulty he brought himself to speak; but when he had once begun, he continued unhesitatingly, in a clear, sharp voice, emphasizing certain words.

“I have the misfortune to be a deceived husband. I wish to obtain legal separation from my wife, — that is, a divorce, — and, above all, to separate my son from his mother.”

The lawyer’s gray eyes did their best to remain serious, but they danced with unrestrained delight, and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch saw that they were full of an amusement not caused solely by the prospect of a good suit; they shone with enthusiasm, with triumph, — something like the brilliancy he had noticed in his wife’s eyes.

“You wish my assistance to obtain the divorce?”

“Yes, exactly; but I must warn you that I run the risk of wasting your time, I have only come to ask preliminary advice. I wish a divorce, but for me certain forms are essential in which it is possible. Very possibly I shall give up the idea of any legal attempt if these forms do not coincide with my requirements.”

“Oh, that is always the way,” said the lawyer; “you will always remain perfectly free.”

The little man, that he might not offend his client by the delight which his face ill concealed, fixed his eyes on Alekseï Aleksandrovitch’s feet. He saw a moth flying in front of his nose and he put out his hand, but he restrained himself, out of respect to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch’s situation.

“The general features of the laws of divorce are well known to me,” continued Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; “but

I should like to have a general knowledge of the formalities which are employed in the practical settlement of affairs of this kind."

"You wish," replied the lawyer, not raising his eyes and entering with no little satisfaction into the spirit of his client's words, "you wish me to expound for you the way whereby your wishes may be fulfilled."

And, as Alekseï Aleksandrovitch assented with an inclination of his head, he continued, casting a furtive glance now and then at his face, which was flushed with red spots.

"Divorce, according to our laws," said he, with a slight shade of disdain for our laws, "is possible, as you know, in the following cases.... Let them wait!" he cried, seeing his clerk open the door. However, he rose, went to say a few words to him, came back, and sat down again: "...in the following cases: physical defect of one of the parties; next, the unexplained absence of one of them for five years," — in making this enumeration he bent down his short, hairy fingers, one after another, — "and finally, adultery." This word he pronounced with evident satisfaction. "The categories are as follows:" — he kept on doubling over his fat fingers, although the case before him and the categories, it was plain enough, could not be classified together, — "physical incapacity of husband or wife, then adultery of husband or wife." Then as all his fingers were closed he raised them all again and proceeded: "This is the theoretical view, but I think that, in doing me the honor to consult me, you desire to know the practical side, do you not? And therefore, guiding myself by antecedents, it is my duty to inform you that as this case is neither one of physical defect, nor absence of one of the parties, as I understand?"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch bowed his head in confirmation of this.

"The reason last named remains, — adultery, — and the conviction of the guilty party by mutual consent, and without mutual consent, compulsory conviction. I must say that the last case is rarely met with in practice,"

said the lawyer ; and he glanced at his client and waited like a gunsmith who explains to a purchaser the use of two pistols of different caliber, leaving him free to choose between them.

But Aleksei Aleksandrovitch remaining silent, he continued :—

“The commonest, simplest, and most reasonable way, in my opinion, is to recognize the guilt by mutual agreement. I should not allow myself to say this if I were talking to a man of less experience than yourself,” said the lawyer, “but I suppose that this is comprehensible to you.”

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, however, was so troubled that he did not at the first moment realize the reasonableness of “adultery, by mutual agreement,” and this uncertainty was to be read in his eyes ; but the lawyer came at once to his aid.

“Suppose that a man and wife can no longer live together ; if both consent to a divorce, the details and formalities amount to nothing. This is the simplest and surest way.”

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch understood now, but he had religious convictions which stood in the way of his employing this measure.

“In the present case this means is out of the question,” said he. “Here only one case is possible : compulsory conviction, supported by letters which are in my possession.”

At the mention of letters, the lawyer, pressing his lips together, uttered an exclamation both of pity and disdain.

“Please take notice,” he began, “affairs of this sort are, as you well know, decided by the upper clergy,” he said. “Our Fathers the protopopes are great connoisseurs in affairs of this kind and attend to the minutest details,” said he, with a smile which showed his sympathy for the protopopes. “Letters undoubtedly might serve as partial evidence. But proofs must be furnished in the right way—by witnesses. However, if you do me the honor to grant me your confidence, you must

give me the choice of measures to be pursued. Where there is a will, there is a way."

"If that is so...." began Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, suddenly growing very pale. But at that instant the lawyer again ran to the door, to reply to a fresh interruption from his clerk.

"Tell her, then, that this is not a cheap shop," said he and returned to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. As he returned to his place he caught another moth.

"My reps will be in a fine condition by summer!" he said to himself, scowling.

"You were kind enough to say...."

"I will communicate to you my decision by letter," replied Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, standing up and leaning his hand on the table. After standing for a moment in thought, he said:—

"From your words I conclude that a divorce is possible. I shall be obliged to you if you will make your conditions known to me."

"Everything is possible if you will give me entire freedom of action," said the lawyer, eluding the last question. "When may I expect a communication from you?" asked he, moving to the door with eyes as shiny as his boots.

"Within a week. You will then have the goodness to let me know whether you accept the case, and on what terms?"

"Very good."

The lawyer bowed respectfully, conducted his client to the door, and when he was left alone, he gave vent to his feelings of joy; he felt so gay that, contrary to his principles, he made a deduction to a lady skilled in the art of making a bargain, and neglected to catch a moth, resolving definitely that he would have his furniture upholstered the next winter with velvet, as Sigonin had.

CHAPTER VI

ALEKSEÏ ALEKSANDROVITCH had won a brilliant victory at the session of the Commission of August 29, but the consequences of his victory were injurious to him. The new committee appointed to study the situation of the foreign population had been constituted and had gone to its field of action with a promptness and energy surprising to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; at the end of three months it presented its report.

The condition of this population had been studied from a political, administrative, economical, ethnographical, material, and religious point of view. Each question was followed by an admirably concise reply, leaving no room to doubt that these answers were the work, not of a human mind, always liable to mistake, but of an experienced bureaucracy. These answers were based on official data, such as the reports of governors and archbishops, based again on the reports of heads of districts and ecclesiastical superintendents, in their turn based on the reports from communal administrations and country priests. And therefore their correctness could not be doubted. Questions such as these, "Why are the harvests poor?" and, "Why do the inhabitants of certain localities persist in their beliefs?" and the like — questions which without the help of the official machine could never be solved, and to which ages would not have found a reply — were clearly solved, in conformity with the opinions of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

But Stremof, feeling that he had been touched to the quick at the last session, had employed for the reception of the committee's report a stratagem unexpected by Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. Taking with him several other members, he suddenly went over to Karenin's side, and, not satisfied with warmly supporting the measures proposed by Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, he proposed others, of the same nature. These measures, which were of such a radical nature as to be entirely opposed to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's intention, were

adopted and then Stremof's tactics were revealed. Carried to extremes, these measures seemed so ridiculous that the government officials, and public opinion, and ladies of influence, and the daily papers, all attacked them and expressed the greatest indignation both at the measures themselves and at their avowed promoter, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

Stremof slipped out of sight, pretending that he only blindly followed Karenin's plan, and that he himself was amazed and dumfounded at what had happened. This greatly weakened Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. But notwithstanding his enfeebled health, notwithstanding his family annoyances, he did not give up. The committee was split into two factions: some of them, with Stremof at their head, explained their mistake by the fact that they had placed full confidence in the Revisionary Committee which, under the lead of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, had brought in its report, and they declared the report of this committee of inspection was rubbish and so much wasted paper. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with a party of men who saw the peril of such a revolutionary reference to documents, continued to support the data worked out by the Revisionary Committee.

As a result of this, the highest circles and even society was thrown into confusion, and although this was a question of the greatest interest to every one, no one could make out whether the foreign populations were in reality suffering and dying out or flourishing.

Karenin's position in consequence of this and partly in consequence of the contempt which people felt for him by reason of his wife's unfaithfulness became very precarious. In this state of affairs he made an important resolution: to the great astonishment of the commission, he announced that he demanded the right to go and study these questions himself on the spot; and, permission having been granted him, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch set out for the distant provinces.

His departure made a great sensation, especially from the fact that, at his very departure, he officially refused the traveling expenses required for twelve post-horses, to take him to the places of inspection.

"I think that was very noble of him," said Betsy to the Princess Miagkaya. "Why should they pay for post-horses, when every one knows that you can go everywhere nowadays by rail?"

But the Princess Miagkaya did not agree with her, and she was greatly wrought up by the Princess Tverskaya's remark.

"This is very well for you to say," she replied, "when you have I don't know how many millions, but I like it very much when my husband goes off on a tour of inspection in the summer. It is very healthy and agreeable for him to go driving about, but I have made it a rule to keep that money for my own horse-hire and izvoshchiks!"

On his way to the distant provinces, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch stopped at Moscow three days.

The next day after his arrival, he was coming from a call on the governor-general. At the crossing of the Gazetnoi Street, where carriages of every description are always thronging, he heard his name called in such a gay, sonorous voice, that he could not help stopping. There stood Stepan Arkadyevitch on the sidewalk, in a short, stylish paletot, with a stylish hat set on one side, with a radiant smile which showed his white teeth between his red lips, gay, youthful-looking, brilliant. He kept calling to him and beckoning to him to stop. He was holding by one hand to the window of a carriage which had drawn up to the sidewalk, and in the carriage was a woman in a velvet hat, with two little ones; she also beckoned to him and smiled.

It was Dolly and her children.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had not counted on seeing in Moscow any one whom he knew, and least of all his wife's brother. He took off his hat and would have proceeded, but Stepan Arkadyevitch motioned to the

coachman to stop, and ran through the snow to the carriage.

"How long have you been here? What a sin not to let us know you were coming! I was at Dusseaux's last evening, and I saw the name of Karenin on the list of arrivals, but it never occurred to me that it was you, else I should have looked you up," said he, passing his head through the door. "How glad I am to see you," he went on to say, striking his feet together to shake off the snow. "What a sin not to let us know."

"I had n't time. I am very busy," replied Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, curtly.

"Come and speak to my wife; she wants to see you very much."

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch threw off the plaid which covered his chilly limbs, and, leaving his carriage, made a way through the snow to Darya Aleksandrovna.

"Why, what has happened, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, that you avoid us in this way?" said she, smiling.

"I was very busy. I am delighted to see you," replied Karenin, in a tone which clearly proved that he was annoyed. "How is your health?"

"How is my dear Anna?"

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch muttered a few words, and was about to leave her, but Stepan Arkadyevitch detained him.

"Do you know what we are going to do to-morrow? Dolly, invite him to dine. Have Koznuishef and Pestsof, so as to regale him with the representative intellects of Moscow."

"Oh, please come!" said Dolly; "we will name any hour that is convenient—five or six, as you please. But how is my dear Anna? It is so long...."

"She is well," muttered Aleksei Aleksandrovitch again, frowning. "Very happy to have met you."

And he went back to his carriage.

"Will you come?" cried Dolly again.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch said something in reply which Dolly could not hear in the rumble of carriages.

"I am coming to see you to-morrow!" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch shut himself up in his carriage, and crouched down in one corner so as not to see and not to be seen.

"What a strange fellow!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch to his wife; and looking at his watch he made an affectionate sign of farewell to his wife and children, and started off down the sidewalk at a brisk pace.

"Stiva, Stiva!" cried Dolly, blushing. He came back.

"I must have some money for the children's cloaks. Give me some."

"No matter about that. Tell them that I will settle the bill."

And he disappeared, gayly nodding to some acquaintance as he went.

CHAPTER VII

THE next day was Sunday, and Stepan Arkadyevitch went to the *Bolshoi* or Great Theater, to attend the rehearsal of the ballet, and gave the coral necklace to Masha Chibisovaya, the pretty dancing-girl who was making her *début* under his protection, as he had promised the day before, and behind the scenes in the dim twilight of the theater he seized his opportunity and kissed her pretty little face glowing with pleasure at his gift. Besides fulfilling his promise as to the coral necklace, he wanted to arrange with her for an assignation after the ballet. Having explained to her that he could not possibly manage to be present at the beginning of the ballet, he promised to come for the next act and take her out for supper.

From the theater Stepan Arkadyevitch went to the Okhotnui Ryad, himself selected a fish and asparagus for the dinner; and at noon he went to Dusseaux's, where three travelers, friends of his, by happy chance were stopping; — Levin, just returned from his journey

abroad; his new *nachalnik* or chief, who had just been appointed, and had come to Moscow to look into affairs; and lastly, his brother-in-law, Karenin, whom he was bound to invite to dinner.

Stepan Arkadyevitch liked to go out to dinner, but what he liked better still was to give a choice little dinner-party with a few select friends. The program that he made out for this day pleased him, — fresh perch, with asparagus, and a simple but superb roast of beef, as *pièce de résistance*, and the right kinds of wine. Among the guests he expected Kitty and Levin, and, to offset them, a cousin and the young Shcherbatsky; the *pièces de résistance* among the guests were to be Sergyeï Koznuishef, a Muscovite and philosopher, and Karenin, a Petersburger and man of affairs. Moreover he would invite the well-known Pestsof, a comical fellow, a youth of fifty years, an enthusiast, a musician, a ready talker, a historian and a liberal, who would be the sauce or *garnish* for Koznuishef and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. He would put every one in good spirits and stir them up.

The second instalment of money from the sale of the wood had been recently received and was not all gone; Dolly for some time had been lovely and charming; and the thought of this dinner in every respect delighted Stepan Arkadyevitch. He was in the happiest frame of mind. There were two things which were rather disagreeable. But these two circumstances were drowned in the sea of joviality which rolled its billows in Stepan Arkadyevitch's soul. These two circumstances were: in the first place, when the evening before he had met Alekseï Aleksandrovitch on the street, he had perceived that he was stern and cold; and uniting the fact that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had not called or sent word of his presence with certain rumors that had reached his ears about his sister's relations with Vronsky, Stepan Arkadyevitch suspected serious trouble between the husband and wife. This was one unpleasant thing.

The second slight shadow was the fact that the new *nachalnik*, like all new chiefs, had the reputation of be-

ing a terribly exacting man, who got up at six o'clock, worked like a horse, and demanded similar zeal from his subordinates. Moreover, this new nachalnik had the reputation of being a regular bear in his manners and was, according to rumor, a man of the opposite party from that to which his predecessor had belonged, and to which Stepan Arkadyevitch himself had up to that time also belonged.

The afternoon before, Stepan Arkadyevitch had appeared at the office in full uniform and the new nachalnik had been very cordial and had talked with Oblonsky as with an old friend. Consequently he thought it his duty to pay him an unofficial visit. The thought that the new nachalnik might not receive him cordially was the second disturbing element. But Stepan Arkadyevitch felt instinctively that all would be arranged to perfection.

"All people, all men, are transgressors as well as we. Why get angry and quarrel?" he said to himself as he went to the hotel.

"How are you, Vasili?" said he, as he went through the corridor with his hat cocked on one side, and met a lackey of his acquaintance; "have you sacrificed your whiskers? Levin? in number seven? Please show me. Thanks! Do you know, is Count Anitchkin at home?" This was the new nachalnik.

"At your service," said Vasili, with a smile. "We have not seen you for a long time."

"I was here yesterday, but came up another stairway. Is this number seven?"

When Stepan Arkadyevitch entered, Levin was standing in the middle of his room with a muzhik from Tver, measuring a bear-skin.

"Ah! did you kill him?" cried Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Splendid skin! A bear! How are you, Arkhip?"

He held out his hand to the peasant, and then sat down in his paletot and hat.

"Take off your coat, and stay awhile," said Levin, taking his hat.

"I have n't time. I only came in for a little second,"

replied Oblonsky. He unbuttoned his paletot, then took it off, and stayed a whole hour to talk with Levin about the hunt and other subjects.

"Well now! Tell me, please, what you did while you were abroad; where have you been?" he asked after the peasant had gone.

"I went to Germany, to France, and England, but only to the manufacturing centers, and not to the capitals. I saw a great deal that was new. I am glad I went."

"Yes, yes, I know your ideas about organized labor."

"Oh, no! in Russia there can be no labor question. The question of the workingman does n't concern us; the only important question for Russia is the relation of the workman to the soil; the question exists there, but it is impossible to remedy it there, while here"

Oblonsky listened attentively.

"Yes, yes," said he, "it is possible that you are right, but I am glad that you are in better spirits; you hunt the bear, you work, you are enthusiastic. Shcherbatsky told me that he had found you blue and melancholy, talking of nothing but death."

"What of that? I am continually thinking of death," replied Levin. "It's true that there is a time to die, and that all is vanity. But I will tell you honestly I set great value on my thought and work; but think of this world—just take notice!—this world of ours, a little mold making the smallest of the planets! and we imagine that our ideas, our works, are something grand. It's all grains of dust!"

"All that is as old as the hills, brother!"

"It is old; but you see when this idea becomes clear to us, how miserable life seems! When we know that death will surely come, and that there will be nothing left of us, the most important things seem as insignificant as the turning over of this bear-skin. And so in order to keep away thoughts of death, we hunt and work and try to divert ourselves."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled, and gave Levin one of his affectionate looks.

"Well, of course! Here you come to me and you pounce on me because I seek pleasure in life! Be not so severe, O moralist!"

"All the same, there is some good in life," replied Levin, becoming confused. "Well, I don't know. I only know that we must soon die."

"Why soon?"

"And you know there is less charm in life when we think of death, but more restfulness."

"On the contrary, we must enjoy what there is of it, anyway.... But," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, rising for the tenth time, "I must go."

"Oh, no! stay a little longer," said Levin, holding him back; "when shall we see each other again? I leave to-morrow."

"I am a queer fellow. This is what I came for!.... Don't fail to come and dine with us to-day. Your brother will be with us; my brother-in-law, Karenin, will be there."

"Is he here?" asked Levin, and he wanted to ask about Kitty; he had heard that she had been in Petersburg at the beginning of the winter, visiting her sister, the wife of a diplomatist, and he did not know whether she had returned or not, but he hesitated about asking.

"Whether she has come back or not, it's all the same. I will accept," he thought.

"Will you come?"

"Well! Of course I will."

"At five o'clock, in ordinary dress."

And Stepan Arkadyevitch rose, and went down to see the new nachalnik. Instinct had not deceived him: this dreadful man proved to be a good fellow; Stepan Arkadyevitch lunched with him, and stayed so long to talk that it was nearly four o'clock when he got to Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's room.

CHAPTER VIII

ALEKSEÏ ALEKSANDROVITCH, after he returned from mass, spent the morning in his room. He had two things to accomplish on this day: first, to receive a deputation of the foreign population which was on its way to Petersburg, and happened just at that time to be at Moscow, and he wanted to instruct them as to what they should say; and then to write to his lawyer, as he had promised.

The deputation, although it had been appointed at Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's invitation, was likely to cause great embarrassment and even to be a source of peril, and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was very glad to meet it in Moscow. The members of the deputation had not the slightest comprehension of their duties and obligations. They were perfectly persuaded that their work consisted in exposing their needs and explaining the actual state of affairs and asking governmental assistance; and they really could not comprehend that some of their statements and demands gave color to the arguments of the hostile party, and therefore spoiled the whole business.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had a long discussion with them, made out a program, from which they were not to deviate on any account in their dealings with the government, and, when they left him, gave them letters of introduction to various persons in Petersburg, so that they might be properly treated. The Countess Lidya Ivanovna would be his principal auxiliary in this matter; she had a specialty for deputations, and knew better than anybody else how to manage them.

When he had finished this business, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch wrote to his lawyer. Without the slightest misgiving, he gave him full power to do as he thought best, and sent three notes from Vronsky to Anna, which he had found in the portfolio. Since Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had left home with the intention of never returning to his family, and since his interview with the lawyer, when he had confided to one person at least his intentions,

and especially since he had transferred this episode of his life to a documentary basis, he had become more and more settled in his convictions, and was now perfectly clear in his mind that what he wished could be accomplished.

Just as he was sealing his letter, he heard Stepan Arkadyevitch's loud voice asking the servant if his brother-in-law was at home, and insisting on being announced.

"It's all the same," thought Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, "or rather, so much the better. I will explain to him my position in regard to his sister, and he will understand that it is impossible for me to dine at his house."

"Come in," he cried, gathering up his papers and pushing them into a writing-case.

"There now, you see you lied, and he is at home," said Stepan Arkadyevitch to the servant, who would not let him in; then, taking off his overcoat as he walked along, he came into Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's room.

"I am delighted to find you" he began gayly. "I hope"

"I cannot go," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, coldly, receiving his brother-in-law standing, and not asking him to sit down. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch resolved to adopt with his wife's brother the cool relations which seemed proper since he had decided to get a divorce. But he did not reckon on that sea of kind-heartedness which was always overflowing its banks in Stepan Arkadyevitch's heart.

Stepan Arkadyevitch opened wide his bright, clear eyes.

"Why can't you come? What do you mean?" he asked in French with some hesitation. "But you promised to come, and we all are counting on you."

"I wish to tell you that I cannot come because our family relations must be broken."

"How is that? Why?" said Oblonsky, with a smile.

"Because I have commenced an action for getting a divorce from my wife, your sister. I must"

But Alekseï Aleksandrovitch did not finish his sen-

tence — for Stepan Arkadyevitch acted in a manner quite contrary to his expectations. Stepan Arkadyevitch sank into an arm-chair, with a deep sigh.

“Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, it can't be possible,” he cried, with pain expressed in his face.

“It is true.”

“Pardon me. I cannot, I cannot believe it.”

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch sat down; he felt that his words had not produced the effect that he had looked for, and that whatever explanation he might make his relations with Oblonsky would remain the same.

“Yes, it is a cruel necessity, but I am forced to demand the divorce,” he replied.

“I will say only one thing to you, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. I know that you are a man of principle, and I know Anna is one of the best of women, — excuse me if I cannot change my opinion of her, — I cannot believe it; there must be some misunderstanding!”

“Yes; if it were only a misunderstanding!”

“Excuse me; I understand; but I beg of you, I beg of you, do not be in haste,” interrupted Stepan Arkadyevitch.

“I have done nothing hastily,” said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, coldly; “but in such a case, one cannot ask advice of anybody; I am decided.”

“This is terrible,” exclaimed Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a deep sigh. “I would do one thing, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. I beseech you to do this!” said he. “Proceedings, as I understand, have not yet begun. Before you do anything talk with my wife. She loves Anna like a sister, she loves you, and she is a woman of good sense. For God's sake, talk with her. Do me this favor, I beg of you.”

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch deliberated, and Stepan Arkadyevitch looked at him sympathetically, not breaking in on his silence.

“Will you come to her?”

“Well, I don't know. That is the reason I did not call at your house. I suppose our relations ought to be broken off.”

“Why should they be? I don’t see that. Allow me to believe that apart from our family connection, you have toward me, to a certain extent at least, the same friendly sentiments which I have always felt toward you.... And genuine regard....” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, pressing his hand. “Even if your worst surmises were justified, I should never take it on myself to criticize either side, and I see no reason why our relations should be changed. But now do this, — come and see my wife.”

“Well, you and I look on this matter differently,” said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, coldly. “However, we will not discuss it.”

“No, but why should you not come and dine with us, at least to-day? My wife expects you. Please come! and above all talk with her; she is, I assure you, a superior woman. For God’s sake come, I beg you on my knees.”

“If you wish it so much, I will go,” said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, sighing. And to change the conversation, he asked Stepan Arkadyevitch about a matter which interested them both: about the new nachalnik, a man still young, who had suddenly received such an important appointment.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had never liked Count Anitchkin, and had always differed with him about many questions; and now he could not help a feeling of envy natural to an official who had suffered defeat in his work and saw a younger man receiving advancement.

“Well, have you met him yet?” asked Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with a venomous smile.

“Oh, yes; he was with us yesterday at the session. He seems like a man very well informed and very active.”

“Active? but how does he employ his activity?” exclaimed Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. “Is it in doing his work, or in destroying what others have done before him? The plague of our government is this scribbling bureaucracy, of which Anitchkin is a worthy representative.”

“Truly I don’t know how this criticism applies to him. I don’t even know his tendencies; at any rate, he is a

very good fellow," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "I have just been with him.... a very good fellow; we lunched together, and I taught him how to make a drink, you know — wine and oranges. He liked it very much. No, he is a fine young man."

Stepan Arkadyevitch looked at his watch.

"Akh batiushki! it is after four o'clock! and I have still to see Dolgovushin. It is decided, then, that you will dine with us, is n't it? Both my wife and myself will feel really hurt if you refuse to come."

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch took leave of his brother-in-law very differently from the way in which he had greeted him.

"I have promised, and I will come," he replied in a melancholy tone.

"Believe me, I appreciate it; and I hope you will not regret it," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a smile.

And putting on his overcoat in the hall, he shook his fist at the servant's head, laughed, and went out.

"At five o'clock, remember, and in ordinary dress," he called back once more, returning to the door.

CHAPTER IX

IT was already six o'clock and several guests had come when the master of the house entered, meeting Sergyei Ivanovitch Koznuishef and Pestsof at the door.

These were the two chief representatives of Moscow intellect, as Oblonsky had called them, and were men of distinction both by wit and character. They valued each other, but on almost every topic were absolutely and hopelessly at odds, not because they belonged to opposing parties but precisely because they were of the same camp, — their enemies confounded them in one, — but in this camp they each had their shades of opinion. Now there is nothing more conducive to disagreement than dissent in small particulars, and so they not only never agreed in their opinions, but never failed to laugh at each other good-naturedly for their incorrigible mistakes.

They reached the door, talking about the weather, just as Stepan Arkadyevitch overtook them.

The old Prince Aleksandr Dmitrievitch Shcherbatsky, young Shcherbatsky, Turovtsuin, Kitty, and Karenin were already in the drawing-room.

Stepan Arkadyevitch instantly perceived that matters in the drawing-room were going badly without him. Darya Aleksandrovna, in her best gray silk gown, especially preoccupied with the children, who should have been eating their supper in the nursery by themselves, and anxious because her husband was late, did not succeed very well in entertaining her guests. All were sitting "like a pope's daughters making a call," as the old prince expressed it, evidently perplexed to know why they had come and with difficulty finding a few words so that the silence might not be absolute. The good-natured Turovtsuin apparently felt out of his sphere and the smile on his thick lips when he greeted Stepan Arkadyevitch spoke louder than words: "Well, my dear fellow, you have got me here with clever people! We are making merry here. It is a regular *château des fleurs*! I am doing my part."

The old prince was sitting in silence looking out of the corner of his bright eyes at Stepan Arkadyevitch, and Stepan Arkadyevitch perceived that he was trying to think up something worth saying to make an impression on this great statesman who was being served up like a sterlet for the benefit of the guests. Kitty kept glancing at the door, trying with all her might not to be caught blushing when Konstantin Levin should appear. Young Shcherbatsky, who had not been presented to Karenin, was trying to show that this did not cause him any constraint.

Karenin himself was in black coat and white necktie, according to the Petersburg custom, and Stepan Arkadyevitch perceived by his face that he had come only to keep his promise and by mingling in this society was performing a burdensome task. He more than any one else was the cause of the chill which froze all the guests into silence until Stepan Arkadyevitch made his appearance.

As soon as Stepan Arkadyevitch entered the drawing-room, he made his excuses and explained that he had been detained by a certain prince who was always his scapegoat for all his delays and absences. In a twinkling he presented his guests to one another, furnished Koznuishef and Karenin a subject of conversation, — the Russification of Poland, which they instantly grappled with, also enlisting Pestsof in the discussion. Then, tapping Turovtsein on the shoulder, he whispered some jest into his ear and sat him down between his wife and Prince Shcherbatsky. Then he complimented Kitty on her beauty and introduced young Shcherbatsky to Karenin. In a twinkling he had so worked on all this mass of social dough that it began to seem like a salon and the voices intermingled in gay confusion.

Konstantin Levin was the only guest not on hand.

But even this was a fortunate circumstance, because when Stepan Arkadyevitch went into the dining-room he discovered to his dismay that the port and sherry had come from Des Prés and not from Lévy, and he seized the opportunity to send the coachman in all haste to Lévy's, and then he returned to the drawing-room.

Levin met him at the door of the dining-room.

"I am not late, am I?"

"How could you be?" replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, taking him by the arm.

"Are there many people here? Who are they?" asked Levin, blushing involuntarily, and with his glove brushing away the snow from his hat.

"No one but relatives. Kitty is here. Come and let me present you to Karenin."

Stepan Arkadyevitch, notwithstanding his liberal views, knew that a presentation to Karenin could not fail to be flattering, and therefore he regaled his best friends with this pleasure. But at this moment Konstantin Levin was not in a condition to appreciate all the satisfaction which this acquaintance would afford.

He had not seen Kitty since that well-remembered evening when he met Vronsky, except for that glimpse

of her which he had as she sat in her carriage. In the depth of his heart he knew that he was to see her this evening. But in his attempt to preserve all the freedom of his thoughts, he had tried to persuade himself that he did not know it. And now as he learned that she was there, he suddenly felt such timidity and at the same time such terror that he could hardly breathe, and he found it impossible to say what he wanted to say.

"How will she seem? Just as she used to? Suppose Darya Aleksandrovna was right! Why wasn't she right?" he thought.

"Oh! present me to Karenin, I beg of you," he succeeded in stammering, as he entered the drawing-room with the courage of despair and saw her.

She was neither as she had been in old time nor as she had been in the carriage: she was altogether different; she was nervous, timid, modest, and therefore even more charming than ever.

She saw him the moment he entered the drawing-room. She had been watching for him, and she felt so glad and so confused by reason of her gladness that at one moment especially when, after greeting Dolly, he looked at her, she was afraid of bursting into tears. Levin and Dolly both noticed it. She blushed and turned pale and blushed again; she was so agitated that her lips trembled.

Levin approached her, and bowed and silently offered his hand. Had it not been for the slight trembling of her lips and the moisture that suffused her eyes and increased their brilliancy, her smile would have been almost serene as she said:—

"How long it is since we have met!" And at the same time with a sort of desperate resolution put her cold hand into his.

"You have not seen me; but I saw you one day," said Levin, with a smile of radiant happiness. "I saw you when you were going from the railway station to Yergushovo."

"When was it?" asked she, in surprise.

"You were on your way to Yergushovo," said Levin,

feeling that the joy which flooded his soul was suffocating him. "How," thought he, "could I have dared to associate anything but innocence with this fascinating creature? Yes, Darya Aleksandrovna was right."

Stepan Arkadyevitch came to conduct him to Karenin.

"Allow me to make you acquainted," said he, calling each by name.

"It is very pleasant to meet you again," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, coolly, as he took Levin's hand.

"What! do you already know each other?" asked Oblonsky, with surprise.

"We traveled together for three hours," said Levin, smiling, "but we parted as from a masked ball, very much mystified; at least, it was the case with me."

"Really?.... Will you pass into the dining-room?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, pointing toward the door.

The gentlemen walked into the dining-room, and went to a table laden with the zakuska, which was composed of six kinds of vodka, as many varieties of cheese with silver shovels and without, caviare, herring, preserves of different kinds, and platefuls of French bread sliced thin.

The men stood around the table; and, while waiting for the dinner, the conversation between Sergyei Ivanovitch Koznuishef, Karenin, and Pestsof, about the Russification of Poland, began to languish. Sergyei Ivanovitch, who had a faculty peculiar to himself for ending even the most absorbing and serious dispute, by an unexpected infusion of Attic salt and so putting the disputants into a better frame of mind, did this now. Aleksei Aleksandrovitch was trying to prove that the Russification of Poland could be accomplished only by means of the highest principles, and that these ought to be introduced by the Russian administration. Pestsof maintained that one nation could only assimilate another by surpassing it in density of population.

Koznuishef, with certain restrictions, shared the opinions of both; and to close this serious conversation with a joke, he added as they left the drawing-room, smiling:—

"The most logical way, then, for us to assimilate foreigners, it seems to me, is to have as many children as

possible. It is there where my brother and I are in fault; while you married gentlemen and especially you, Stepan Arkadyevitch, are acting the part of good patriots. How many have you?" he asked of the host, handing him a very diminutive glass.

Everybody laughed, and Oblonsky most of all. "Yes, that is certainly the best means!" said he, taking a bite of cheese and pouring some special kind of vodka into the glass that Koznuishef offered him. But the jest really served to bring the discussion to a close.

"This cheese is not bad; what do you say?" remarked the host.

"Do you still practise gymnastics?" said Oblonsky, addressing Levin, and with his left hand feeling his friend's muscles.

Levin smiled and doubled up his arm, and Stepan Arkadyevitch felt how under his fingers the biceps swelled up like a round cheese beneath the smooth cloth of his coat.

"What biceps! a Samson," said he.

"I suppose it is necessary to be endowed with remarkable strength, to hunt bears, is n't it?" said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, smearing some cheese on a piece of bread as thin as a cobweb. His ideas about hunting were of the vaguest.

Levin smiled.

"No; on the contrary, a child could kill a bear;" — and he drew back, with a slight bow, to make room for the ladies, who with the hostess were coming to the zakuska table.

"I hear that you have just killed a bear," said Kitty, vainly trying to put her fork into a recalcitrant mushroom which kept flying about on the plate, and as she threw back the lace in her sleeve there was a glimpse of a white arm. "Are there really bears where you live?" she added, half turning her pretty face toward him and smiling. What she said had no especial importance, but what significance inexpressible in words there was for him in the sound of her voice, in every motion of her lips, of her eyes, hands, when she said it!

It implied an entreaty for forgiveness and expression of faith in him, a sweet and timid caress, and a promise, and a hope, and love for him, and he could not help believing in it and his heart was filled with happiness.

"Oh, no! we were hunting in the government of Tver; and on my way from there, I met your brother-in-law — Stiva's brother-in-law — in the train," said he, smiling. "The meeting was very funny."

And he gave a lively and amusing description of how, after having been awake all night, he forced his way into Karenin's car in his sheepskin jacket.¹

"The conductor, contrary to the proverb, judging by first impressions wanted to put me out, and there I was beginning to express myself in sublime style and... well, sir, you also —" said he, addressing Karenin and not recollecting his name, "you got your first impression from my polushubok and were for expelling me, but afterward you took my part, for which I felt very grateful to you."

"Travelers' rights to their choice of place are generally too little considered," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitsh, wiping the ends of his fingers with his napkin.

"Oh! I noticed that you were dubious about me," replied Levin, smiling good-naturedly; "that was why I hastened to open a serious subject of conversation, to make you forget my sheepskin."

Koznuishef, who was talking with the mistress of the house, and at the same time listening with one ear to what his brother said, glanced at him.

"What is the matter with him to-night? What makes him look so triumphant?" he asked himself.

He did not know Levin felt as if he had wings. Levin knew that *she* was listening to him, she was taking pleasure in what he said; and this was the only thing that interested him. He was alone with her, not only in this room, but in the whole world. He felt that he was on a dizzy height, and there far below him were

¹ *Polushubok*, half shuba; a short coat or cloak made of sheepskin or lined with fur.

all those excellent people, — Oblonsky, Karenin, and the rest of humanity.

Stepan Arkadyevitch seemed entirely to forget Levin and Kitty in placing his guests at table until all but two of the seats were assigned; then he put them side by side.

“Well, you can sit there,” said he to Levin.

The dinner was as elegant as the appointments; for Stepan Arkadyevitch was a great connoisseur in such matters. The Marie-Louise soup was perfect, the little *pirogi* or pasties which melted in the mouth were irreproachable; and Matve, with two waiters in white cravats, skilfully and noiselessly served the roast and the wine.

On the material side the dinner was a success; it was not less so on the non-material side. The conversation was sometimes general, sometimes special, but it never lagged; and toward the end of the dinner it had grown so animated that when they left the table the men could not drop their interesting topics, and even Aleksei Aleksandrovitch was thawed out.

CHAPTER X

PESTSOV, who liked to discuss a question thoroughly, was not satisfied with what Koznuishef had said; he felt that he had not been allowed to express his thought sufficiently.

“In speaking of the density of the population,” said he, after the soup, addressing Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, “I did n’t intend to make it the principle of an assimilation, but only a means.”

“It seems to me that that amounts to the same thing,” replied Karenin, slowly and indolently. “In my judgment, a people can have no influence over another people unless it has the highest development which”

“That is precisely the question,” interrupted Pestsov, who always spoke with so much ardor that he seemed to put his whole soul into defending his own opinions.

"How is one to decide on what is the highest development? Which stands on the highest plane of civilization, the English, the French, or the Germans? Which nation is to naturalize the others? We have seen the Rhine made French; but are the Germans inferior? No; there is some other law," he cried in his bass voice.

"I believe that the balance will always turn in favor of true civilization," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, slightly raising his brows.

"But what are the signs of this true civilization?" demanded Pestsof.

"I suppose these signs are known," replied Aleksei Aleksandrovitch.

"But are they really known?" suggested Sergyei Ivanovitch, with a subtle smile. "It is now admitted that our present civilization can't be anything else than classical, but we have furious debates on this point, and it cannot be denied that each side brings forward strong proofs in its favor."

"Are you in favor of the classics, Sergyei Ivanovitch?" said Oblonsky. "Shall I give you some claret?"

"I am not expressing my personal opinions regarding either form of civilization," replied Koznuishef, with a smile of condescension such as he would have shown a child, as he reached out his glass. "I only say that both sides have strong arguments," continued he, addressing Aleksei Aleksandrovitch. "My education was classical; but in this controversy I personally cannot find any room to stand. I do not see any clear proofs that the classics must take precedence over the sciences."

"The natural sciences tend just as much to the pedagogical development of the human mind," replied Pestsof. "Take astronomy, take botany, and zoölogy, each with its system of general laws!"

"It seems to me impossible to deny that the very process of learning the forms of languages has a specially beneficial influence on mental development. Moreover, it must be admitted that the influence of the classic writers is eminently moral; while, unfortunately

for us, the study of the natural sciences has been complicated with false and fatal doctrines, which are the bane of our time."

Sergyeï Ivanovitch was going to reply, but Pestsof interrupted him in his deep voice. He began heatedly to demonstrate the incorrectness of this statement. Koznuishef calmly waited his chance to speak, evidently feeling that it would be a victorious rejoinder.

"But," said he, smiling shrewdly, and addressing Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, "it cannot be denied that it is a difficult matter completely to balance all the advantages and disadvantages of the two systems of science, and that the question which is preferable could not be decided so quickly and definitely if there were not on the side of the classical civilization that advantage which you just called the moral — *disons le mot* — the anti-nihilistic influence."

"Undoubtedly."

"If it were not for this advantage of the anti-nihilistic influence wielded by classic education, we should rather hesitate, we should weigh the arguments of both sides," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, with his shrewd smile. "We should give scope to both tendencies. But now we know that in classical education lies the medical power of anti-nihilism and we boldly administer it like a pill to our patients.... But are we perfectly sure of the healing properties of these pills?" he said in conclusion, pouring out his Attic salt.

Sergeï Ivanovitch's "pills" made every one laugh; Turvtsuin more boisterously and heartily than the rest; for he had been on the lookout for something amusing to laugh at ever since the conversation began.

Stepan Arkadyevitch had made no mistake in counting on Pestsof. Pestsof never allowed an intellectual conversation to flag for a moment. Koznuishef had hardly finished with his jest when Pestsof began again:—

"One cannot even agree with this idea," said he, "that morality has this aim. Morality is evidently controlled by general considerations and remains indifferent to the influences of the measures which may be

taken. For example, the question of higher education for women should be regarded as dangerous, yet the government opens the public lectures and the universities to women."

And the conversation immediately leaped to the new theme of the education of women.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch expressed the thought that the education of women was too much confused with the question of the emancipation of women, and could be considered dangerous only from that point of view.

"I believe, on the contrary, that these two questions are intimately connected," said Pestsof. "It is a vicious circle! Woman is deprived of rights because she is deprived of education, and her lack of education comes from the absence of rights. Let us not forget that the bondage of woman is so ancient, so interwoven with our customs, that we are very often incapable of understanding the legal abyss that separates her from us."

"You speak of rights," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, as soon as he had a chance to put in a word; "is it a right to fulfil the functions of juror, of municipal counselor, of president of the tribunal, of public functionary, of member of parliament?"

"Without doubt."

"But if women can exceptionally fill these functions, then it seems to me we make a mistake in using the word *rights*. It would be fairer to say *duties*. Every one agrees that in fulfilling the functions of a juror, of town counselor, of telegraph employer, we are fulfilling a duty. Let us say, then, that women are seeking for *duties*, and legitimately enough; in this case we may sympathize with their desire to take part in man's work."

"That is perfectly fair," affirmed Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; "the question, I suspect, consists in deciding whether they are capable of fulfilling these duties."

"They will be, certainly, as soon as they have been generally educated," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "We see it"

"And the proverb?" asked the old prince, whose little, scornful eyes shone as he listened to this conver-

sation. "I may repeat it before my daughters: 'Long hair'"¹

"That is the way we judged the negroes before their emancipation!" said Pestsof, with dissatisfaction.

"What astonishes me," said Sergyeï Ivanuitch, "is that women are seeking new duties, when we see, unfortunately, that men generally shirk theirs."

"Duties are accompanied by rights; honor, influence, money, these are what women are after," said Pestsof.

"Exactly as if I solicited the right to become a wet nurse, and found it hard to be refused, while women are paid for it," said the old prince.

Turovtsuin burst out laughing, and Sergyeï Ivanovitch regretted that he had not said that. Even Alekseï Aleksandrovitch smiled.

"Yes, but a man can't be a wet nurse," said Sergyeï Ivanuitch. "But a woman...."

"But what is a young girl without any family going to do?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, who found reason to sympathize with Pestsof, as he thought of his little ballet girl, Chibisovaya.

"If you look closely into the lives of these young girls," said Darya Aleksandrovna, unexpectedly taking part in the conversation and showing some irritation, for it was evident that she suspected what sort of women Stepan Arkadyevitch meant, "you will doubtless find that they have left a family or a sister, and that women's work was within their reach."

"But we are defending a principle, an ideal," answered Pestsof, in his ringing bass. "Woman claims the right to be independent and educated; she suffers from her consciousness of being unable to accomplish this."

"And I suffer from not being admitted as nurse to the foundling asylum," repeated the old prince, to the great amusement of Turovtsuin, letting the large end of a piece of asparagus fall into his sauce.

¹ *Volos dolog, da um korotok*: where the hair is long, the intellect is short; said of women.

CHAPTER XI

ALL took part in the general conversation except Kitty and Levin.

At first, when they were talking about the influence of one people over another, Levin recalled what he had to say on this subject; but his thoughts, which at one time had seemed to him very important, simply flashed through his mind like notions in a dream, and now had not the least interest for him; he even thought it strange that people could trouble themselves about such useless questions.

Kitty, for her part, ought to have been interested in what was said about women's rights and education. How many times had she pondered over these subjects as she remembered her friend Varenka, whose dependence was so hard to bear! How many times had she thought what she herself would do in case she should not marry! How often had she disputed with her sister on the subject! But now it did not interest her in the least.

She and Levin had their own talk, and yet it was not a conversation so much as it was a mysterious affinity, which brought them nearer and nearer to each other, and filled them with a joyful timidity before the unknown which they were about to enter.

At first Kitty asked how he happened to see her in the summer, and Levin told her that he was returning from the hay-fields by the highway after the mowing:—

“It was very early in the morning. You had probably just waked. Your *maman* was asleep in her corner. It was a marvelous morning. I was walking along, saying to myself, ‘A carriage with four horses! Whose can it be?’ They were four fine horses with bells. And quick as a flash you passed by. I saw you through the door; you were sitting like this, holding the ribbons of your bonnet in your hands, and you seemed awfully deep in thought. How I wished I could know,” he added with a smile, “what you were thinking about! Was it something very important?”

"Was n't my hair in disorder?" thought Kitty, but seeing the enthusiastic smile that lighted up Levin's face, she felt that on the contrary the impression she had produced was good, and she replied, blushing and laughing merrily:—

"Truly, I don't remember."

"How heartily Turovtsuin laughs!" said Levin, looking at his moist eyes and his sides shaking with laughter.

"Have you known him long?" asked Kitty.

"Who does n't know him?"

"And I see that you think that he is a bad man."

"Not bad; but he does n't amount to much."

"That is unjust. I beg you not to think so any more," said Kitty. "I, too, once had a very poor opinion of him; but he is a sweet-tempered and wonderfully good man. His heart is gold."

"How can you know what kind of a heart he has?"

"We are great friends. I know him very well. Last winter, a short time after—after you were at our house," said she, rather guiltily, but with a confiding smile, "Dolly's children had the scarlatina, and one day Turovtsuin happened to call on my sister. Would you believe it?" she said, lowering her voice: "he was so sorry for her that he stayed to take care of the little invalids. For three weeks he played nurse to the children. I am telling Konstantin Dmitritch of Turovtsuin's kindness at the time of the scarlatina," said she, turning to her sister.

"Yes, it was remarkable; it was lovely!" replied Dolly, looking with a grateful smile at Turovtsuin, who was conscious that they were talking about him. Levin also looked at him, and was surprised that he had never understood him till then.

"I plead guilty, and I will never again think ill of people," said he, gayly, speaking honestly, exactly as he thought at the time.

CHAPTER XII

THE discussion about the emancipation of women led to talk about the inequality of rights in marriage, and this was a ticklish subject to speak about in the presence of the ladies. Pestsof during the dinner several times touched on this question, but Sergyeï Ivanovitch and Stepan Arkadyevitch warily diverted him from it. But as soon as dinner was over and the ladies had retired, Pestsof addressed Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and attempted to explain the chief cause of this inequality. The inequality of rights between husband and wife in marriage depended, in his opinion, on the fact that the infidelity of a wife and that of a husband was unequally punished, both by law and by public opinion.

Stepan Arkadyevitch hastened over to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and offered him a cigar.

"No, I do not smoke," replied Karenin, calmly; and as if to prove that he was not afraid of this conversation, he turned toward Pestsof with his icy smile:—

"I imagine that such a view is based on the very nature of things," said he, and he started to go to the drawing-room; but here Turovtsuin suddenly spoke up, addressing Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"Have you heard the story about Priatchnikof?" he asked. He was animated by the champagne, and had been impatiently waiting for a chance to break a silence which weighed heavily on him. "Vasia Priatchnikof?" he repeated, with a good-natured smile on his thick lips, red and moist, and he addressed Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, as the most important guest. "I was told this morning that he fought a duel at Tver, with Kvitsky, and killed him."

As it always seems as if a sore spot were peculiarly liable to be hit, so now Stepan Arkadyevitch thought the conversation was fated every moment to touch Alekseï Aleksandrovitch on the sore spot. He was on the point of going to his brother-in-law's assistance; but Alekseï Aleksandrovitch asked, with curiosity:—

“Why did Priatchnikof fight a duel?”

“On account of his wife; he behaved bravely about it,—he challenged the other man, and killed him.”

“Ah!” said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with unconcern; and, raising his eyebrows, he went to the drawing-room.

Dolly met him in a little parlor leading into the drawing-room, and said, smiling timidly:—

“How glad I am that you came! I want to talk with you. Let us sit down here.”

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, preserving the air of indifference caused by his elevated eyebrows, sat down near her, pretending to smile.

“All the more willingly,” said he, “as I wish to ask you to excuse me for leaving you as soon as possible. I have to go away to-morrow morning.”

Darya Aleksandrovna was firmly convinced of Anna’s innocence, and she was conscious of growing pale and trembling with anger before this heartless, unfeeling man, who coolly proposed to ruin her innocent friend.

“Alekseï Aleksandrovitch,” she said with desperate firmness, looking him full in the face, “I asked you about Anna, and you did not reply; how is she?”

“I think that she is well, Darya Aleksandrovna,” replied Karenin, without looking at her.

“Pardon me, if I have no right to insist on it but I love Anna like a sister; tell me, I beseech you, what has happened between you and her, and what do you accuse her of.”

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch frowned, and bent his head, almost closing his eyes:—

“Your husband must have told you, I think, the reasons which oblige me to break my relations with Anna Arkadyevna,” said he, avoiding her eyes but casting a glance of annoyance at Shcherbatsky, who was passing through the room.

“I do not believe it, I do not believe it! and I cannot believe it!” murmured Dolly, pressing her thin hands together energetically. She rose quickly, and, touching

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's arm, said, "We shall be disturbed here; let us go in there, please."

Dolly's emotion communicated itself to Aleksei Aleksandrovitch; he arose, and submissively followed her into the children's schoolroom. They seated themselves at a table covered with an oil-cloth, hacked with penknives.

"I don't believe it, I don't believe it!" repeated Dolly, trying to catch his eye, which avoided hers.

"One cannot deny *facts*, Darya Aleksandrovna," said he, dwelling on the word *facts*.

"But what has she done?" insisted Darya Aleksandrovna, "precisely what has she done?"

"She has failed to do her duty, and been false to her husband. That is what she has done," said he.

"No, no! it is impossible! no, thank the Lord, you are mistaken!" cried Dolly, putting her hands to her temples, and closing her eyes.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch smiled coldly with his lips only; he wished to prove to Dolly, and to prove to himself, the firmness of his conviction. But this heated defense of his wife, though it did not shake him, irritated his wound. He spoke with more animation:—

"It is difficult to make a mistake when a woman herself declares to her husband that eight years of married life and a son count for nothing, and that she wishes to begin life over again," he replied angrily, dilating his nostrils.

"Anna and vice! I cannot associate the two ideas; I cannot believe it."

"Darya Aleksandrovna!" — said he, angrily, now looking straight at Dolly's distressed face, and feeling his tongue involuntarily unloosed,—"I would give a great deal to be able still to have any doubts! When I was in doubt about it, it was hard for me, but easier than it is now. When I doubted, there was still hope. Now there is no hope, and I have doubted everything. I am so full of doubt that I detest my son, and sometimes I do not believe that he is my son. I am very unhappy!"

He had no need to say that. Darya Aleksandrovna understood it as soon as she looked into his face. She pitied him, and her faith in her friend's innocence was shaken.

"Oh! it is terrible, terrible! but is it true that you are really decided about the divorce?"

"I have decided to take this last measure. There was nothing else for me to do."

"Don't do it! Don't do it!" cried Dolly, with tears in her eyes. "No, don't do it!"

"The most dreadful thing about a misfortune of this kind is that one cannot bear his cross as in any other, — a loss or a death, — and here one must do something," said he, apparently divining Dolly's thought. "One must escape from the humiliating position in which one is placed; *on ne peut vivre à trois!*"

"I understand, I understand perfectly," replied Dolly, bowing her head. She was silent, thinking of herself, of her own domestic troubles; but suddenly with an energetic movement she raised her head, and with a supplicating gesture she folded her hands.

"But wait," she said; "you are a Christian, think of her! What will become of her if you abandon her?"

"I have thought of it, Darya Aleksandrovna. I have thought a great deal about it," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch. His face was covered with red blotches and his troubled eyes looked straight at her. Darya Aleksandrovna pitied him now from the bottom of her heart. "I did this very thing after she herself had told me of her disgrace. I put everything on the old footing. I gave her the chance of reformation. I tried to save her. What did she do then? She paid no attention to the easiest of demands, — observance of propriety!" he added, choking. "One can save a man who does not want to perish; but if his whole nature is so corrupt, so rotten, that ruin itself seems salvation, what can be done?"

"Everything, except divorce," replied Darya Aleksandrovna.

"What do you mean by everything?"

"No, that is horrible! She will no longer be any one's wife. She will be lost!"

"What can I do?" replied Karenin, raising his shoulders and his eyebrows; and the memory of his wife's last offense so angered him that he became as cool as at the beginning of the conversation. "I am very grateful to you for your sympathy, but I must go," he added, rising.

"No, wait a moment! you must not give her up: listen to me; I speak from experience. I, too, was married, and my husband deceived me: in my jealousy and indignation, I wished to abandon everything; but I considered the matter, and who saved me? Anna! Now I am living again. Now my children are growing up, my husband has returned to his family, regrets his wrong-doing, is growing better, nobler. I live, I have forgiven him; and you ought to forgive her!"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch listened; but Dolly's words had no effect on him. Again in his soul arose the anger of that day when he decided on a divorce. He shook himself and spoke in a loud, penetrating voice:—

"I cannot, nor do I wish to forgive her. It would be unjust. I have done what was next to impossible for this woman, and she has trampled everything into the mire, which seems to be her element. I am not a bad man, and I have never hated anybody before; but her I hate with all the strength of my soul, and I cannot forgive her, for I hate her too much for all the wrong she has done me!" and tears of anger trembled in his voice.

"Love them that hate you," murmured Dolly, almost ashamed.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch smiled scornfully. He was familiar with these words, but they did not apply to his case.

"We can love those who hate us, but to love those whom we hate is impossible. I beg your pardon for having troubled you: sufficient unto every man is his own burden." And having recovered his self-possession, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch calmly took leave of Dolly, and went away.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN the company arose from dinner Levin wanted to follow Kitty into the drawing-room, but he was afraid, not that it would be disagreeable to her, but that it would be too obvious a wooing of her. So he remained with the men, and took part in the general conversation. And without looking at Kitty, he was conscious of her motions, of her glances, and of the place where she was in the drawing-room. Without the least effort he immediately began to fulfil the promise that he had made her to love all men, and to think nothing but good of them.

The conversation turned on the commune in Russia, which Pestsof considered as the beginning of what he called a new order of things. Levin agreed as little with him as he did with Sergyeï Ivanovitch, who it seemed to him recognized, and at the same time denied, the value of this institution; but he talked with them, trying only to reconcile them and tone down their excitability. He was not in the least interested in what he himself said and was still less interested in what they said, but his one desire was, to see all of them happy and contented. He now realized what one thing was important. And that one was at first yonder in the drawing-room and afterward moved about and was now near the door. Without turning around he was conscious of a look and a smile fixed on him, and he could not help looking. She was standing there with Shcherbatsky, and looking at him.

"I thought you were going to the piano," said he, approaching her. "Music is what I have to do without in the country."

"No, we merely came to find you; and I thank you for coming to us," she replied, recompensing him with a smile. "What pleasure can there be in discussing? Really, no one ever convinced another."

"Yes; that is true!" said Levin. "It generally happens that you get excited in a discussion simply from

the fact that you can never tell exactly what your opponent is trying to show."

Levin had many times noticed that in discussions among clever people, after an immense output of energy, an immense array of logical terms and subtleties, the disputants came at last to an acknowledgment that what they had been so interminably striving to prove to each other, was a matter of common knowledge from the very beginning, but that they liked something different and therefore were not willing to acknowledge what they liked, so as not to be controverted. He had often met with the experience that in the midst of a dispute you find what your opponent likes, and suddenly you find that you yourself like the same thing, and you immediately agree, and then all your arguments fall to the ground as useless. But sometimes he had had the opposite experience: you at last say what you like and evolve your arguments and if perchance you speak well and sincerely, suddenly your opponent assents and ceases to uphold the other side. This is exactly what he meant.

She wrinkled her brows, trying to comprehend. But as soon as he began to explain, her mind grasped his meaning. "I understand: one must make sure why he is disputing, what he likes ... if possible"

She had fully grasped and expressed his badly phrased idea.

Levin smiled with rapture; so striking was the transition from the complicated prolix discussion between Pestsof and his brother to this clear, laconic, almost wordless communication of the most abstruse thoughts!

Shcherbatsky stepped away; and Kitty, going to a card-table, sat down, and taking a piece of chalk in her hand began to draw circles on the green cloth.

They took up the topic which was under discussion at dinner: as to the emancipation and occupation of women. Levin was inclined to agree with Darya Aleksandrovna, that a girl who was not going to marry would find feminine occupations in some family. He urged that not a single family can get along without some female help;

that every family, however poor or rich, has and must have some one to look after the children.

"No," said Kitty, blushing but looking at him frankly with her honest eyes; "a girl may be so situated that she cannot without humiliation go into a family, but she herself"

He understood what she hinted at.

"Oh, yes," he said; "yes, yes, yes, you are right."

And he realized all that Pestsof was trying to prove at dinner about the freedom of women merely by the fact that he saw in Kitty's heart a maiden's dread of humiliation, and, loving her, he experienced this dread and this humiliation, and immediately renounced his former arguments.

A silence ensued. She went on making designs with the chalk on the table. Her eyes shone with a gentle gleam. Submitting to her mood, he felt in his being all the increasing tension of happiness.

"Akh! I have covered the table with my scrawls," said she, laying down the chalk, with a movement as if she were going to rise.

"How can I stay alone without her?" thought Levin, terrified, and picking up the chalk.

"Wait," said he, sitting down at the table. "I have wanted for a long time to ask you something."

He looked straight into her affectionate but nevertheless startled eyes.

"Please, what is it?"

"This is it," said he, taking the chalk, and writing the letters *w, y, s, i, i, i, w, i, i, t, o, a?* These letters were the initials of the words, "When you said, 'It is impossible,' was it impossible *then*, or *always*?"

It was not at all likely that Kitty would be able to make out this complicated question. Levin looked at her, nevertheless, as if his life depended on whether she could guess these words or not.

She looked at him gravely, then rested her forehead on her hand and tried to decipher it. Occasionally she would look up at him, asking him with her eyes: "Is what I think right?"

"I know what it is," said she, blushing.

"What is this word?" he asked, pointing to the *i* of the word *impossible*.

"That letter stands for *impossible*. The word is not right," she replied.

He quickly rubbed out what he had written, gave the chalk to her, and stood up.

She wrote: *t, I, c, n, a, d.*

Dolly, seeing her sister with the chalk in her hand, a timid and happy smile on her lips, raising her eyes to Levin, who was leaning over the table, beaming now at her, now at the cloth, felt consoled for the grief caused by her conversation with Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. His face suddenly grew radiant; he had understood the reply: "*Then I could not answer differently.*"

He looked at Kitty timidly and inquiringly.

"Only *then*?"

"Yes," replied the young girl's smile.

"*B, n* — but now?" he asked.

"Read this. I will tell you what I wish, what I wish very much;" and she quickly traced the initials, *t, y, m, f, a, f, w, t, p.*

This meant: "*That you might forgive and forget what took place.*"

He seized the chalk in turn, with his excited, trembling fingers, and crushing it wrote down the initials of these words: "*I have nothing to forgive and forget. I have never ceased to love you.*"

Kitty looked at him, and her smile died away.

"I understand," she murmured.

He sat down and wrote a long phrase. She comprehended it and without even asking is it thus and so, took the chalk and instantly replied.

It was some time before he made out what she wrote and had to keep looking into her eyes. His wits were dulled by his happiness. He could not supply the words which she intended; but in her lovely eyes, radiant with joy, he understood all that he needed to know. And he wrote three letters. But he had not finished

writing them ere she read them under his hand and herself finished the sentence and answered it!

"Yes."

"You are playing *secrétaire*, are you," said the old prince, coming up to them. "Well, if you are going to the theater it is time to start."

Levin rose and accompanied Kitty to the door.

This conversation decided everything; Kitty had acknowledged her love for him, and had given him permission to come the next morning to speak to her parents.

CHAPTER XIV

AFTER Kitty had gone and Levin was left alone, he felt such a restlessness and such an unendurable longing for the morning to come when he might see her again and settle his destiny forever, that he dreaded, as he dreaded death, the fourteen hours which he should have to endure without her. He felt it absolutely necessary to be with and to talk with some one so as not to remain alone, so as to cheat the time. Stepan Arkadyevitch, whom he would have liked to keep with him, was going, so he said, to a reception, but in reality to the ballet. Levin could only tell him that he was happy, and should never, never forget what he owed to him. Stepan Arkadyevitch's eyes and smile showed Levin that he suitably appreciated his feelings.

"What! Then you have nothing more to say about dying?" said Oblonsky, pressing his friend's hand affectionately.

"N-n-n-no," replied the latter.

Darya Aleksandrovna, too, almost congratulated him when she bade him good night. She said, "How glad I am that you have made up with Kitty; we ought to prize old friends!" and her words displeased Levin. She could not comprehend how lofty and inaccessible to her all this was for him, and she should not have dared to refer to it. Levin took his departure, but, to avoid being alone, he joined his brother.

"Where are you going?"

"To a meeting."

"Well! I'll go with you. May I?"

"Why not?" said Sergyei Ivanovitch, smiling. "What has happened to you to-day?"

"What has happened? Good fortune," said Levin, letting down the carriage-window. "Have you any objection? I am suffocating. Good fortune has happened to me! Why have you never been married?"

Sergyei Ivanovitch smiled.

"I am delighted; she seems like a splendid gi...." he began.

"No, don't say anything about it, don't say anything about it!" cried Levin, clutching the collar of his shuba with both hands, and covering his face with the fur. A splendid *girl*; what commonplace words! and how feebly they corresponded to his feelings!

Sergyei Ivanovitch laughed a gay laugh; this was a rare occurrence with him.

"I should think I might say that I am very glad of this!"

"To-morrow, to-morrow you may speak; but not another word now, not another word, not another word! Be silent," said Levin, and pulling his shuba still higher round his face, he added: "I love you very much. But tell me, may I go to your meeting?"

"Of course you may."

"What is your subject for discussion to-night?" asked Levin, still smiling.

They reached their destination. Levin heard the secretary stammer through the report, which evidently he did not understand; but he could see, from this secretary's face, that he was a good, amiable, sympathetic fellow; it was evident from the way that he hesitated and became confused while reading.

Then came the debates. They discussed about the disposal of certain sums of money, and the laying of certain sewer-pipes. Sergyei Ivanovitch attacked two members of the commission, and made a long, triumphant speech against them; after which another mem-

ber, reading from a paper, after some timid hesitation, replied briefly in a charming though bitter fashion; and then Sviazhsky, — he too was there, — in his turn, expressed his opinions nobly and eloquently.

Levin listened and clearly saw that neither the money to be expended nor the sewer-pipes were of serious importance; and that they were not really quarreling but were all such pleasant, congenial people, and consequently all was serene among them. They interfered with no one and all seemed happy. Levin noticed with surprise that they all seemed to him to-day transparent, that — from some trifling incidents which once would have entirely escaped his notice — he could read their souls, and see how good they all were. Especially did they seem to like him, Levin. This was shown by the way they talked with him, and even those who did not know him looked at him pleasantly and in a friendly manner.

“Well, how do you like it?” asked Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

“Very much; I never should have believed that it would be so interesting. It is splendid.”

Sviazhsky approached Levin and invited him to come and take a cup of tea at his house. Levin could not for the life of him comprehend or remember why he had been prejudiced against Sviazhsky, or what he had seemed to him to lack. He was a clever and wonderfully good fellow.

“I should be delighted,” replied Levin, and he immediately inquired after Madame Sviazhsky and her sister. By a strange association of ideas, as Sviazhsky’s sister-in-law suggested marriage, he concluded that nobody would be more interested than she and her sister to hear of his happiness. So he was very much pleased with the idea of going to see them.

Sviazhsky questioned him about his affairs, always refusing to admit that anything could be discovered which had not already been discovered in Europe; but now his theory did not arouse Levin’s opposition. On the contrary, he felt that Sviazhsky was right, and Levin admired the gentleness and delicacy with which he avoided the expression of his arguments.

The ladies were especially charming. It seemed to Levin that they knew all, and that they shared his joy, but that they avoided speaking of it from discretion. He remained for three hours, talking on various subjects, and continually alluding to what filled his soul, without noticing that he was mortally tiring his friends, and that they were falling asleep.

At last, Sviashsky, yawning, accompanied him to the vestibule, very much surprised at the strange state of mind in which his friend seemed to be. It was two o'clock! Levin reached his hotel and was aghast at the thought of passing the next ten hours alone, a prey to his impatience. The watchman who was on duty in the corridor lighted his candles, and was about to withdraw when Levin stopped him. This fellow, who was called Yegor and whom Levin had never before noticed, seemed like a good, intelligent man, and, above all, kind-hearted.

"Tell me, Yegor, don't you find it hard to go without your sleep?"

"What can I do about it? It is our calling. We have an easier time in gentlemen's houses, but here we get larger wages."

It seemed that Yegor was the father of a family of four children, — three boys, and a girl trained as a seamstress, whom he hoped to marry to a harness-maker's clerk.

Levin seized this opportunity to communicate his ideas about love in marriage to Yegor, remarking that people are always happy where there is love, because their happiness is in themselves.

Yegor listened attentively, and evidently understood Levin's meaning; but he confirmed it by an unexpected reflection, — that when he, Yegor, had served good masters, he had always been satisfied with them, and that he was contented with his master now, although he was a Frenchman.

"What a wonderfully good fellow!" thought Levin. "Well, and did you love your wife, Yegor, when you married her?"

"Why should n't I have loved her?" replied Yegor.

And Levin noticed Yegor also grew very enthusiastic and was eager to confide to him his inmost thoughts.

"My life, too, has been extraordinary," he began, his eyes shining, overcome by Levin's enthusiasm as one catches a yawning fit. "From my childhood"

But the bell rang; Yegor departed, and Levin was left alone.

He had eaten scarcely anything at dinner. He had refused to take any tea or supper at Sviazhsky's, yet even now he could not think of eating. He had not slept the preceding night, yet he did not think of sleeping now. His room was cold, but it seemed so stifling that he could not breathe. He opened both casements, and sat down on a table in front of one. Above the roofs covered with snow rose the carved cross of a church, and higher still were the triangular constellation of the Charioteer and the bright yellow Capella. He breathed in the cold air which filled his room, and looked now at the cross, now at the stars, rising as in a dream among the figures and memories called up by his imagination.

Toward four o'clock in the morning he heard footsteps in the corridor; he opened his door, and saw a gambler named Miaskin, whom he knew, returning from his club. He walked along, coughing, gloomy, and scowling.

"Poor, unfortunate fellow!" thought Levin, and his eyes filled with tears of pity and love for that man. He wanted to stop him, to speak to him, and console him; but, remembering that he was undressed, he thought better of it, went back, and sat down to bathe himself in the icy air, and to look at the silent, foreign-looking cross, so full of meaning to him, and at the brilliant, yellow star poised above it.

Toward seven o'clock the men polishing the floors began to make a noise, the bells rang for early morning service, and Levin began to feel that he was taking cold. He closed the window, made his toilet, and went out.

CHAPTER XV

THE streets were still deserted. Levin walked to the Shcherbatskys' house. The principal entrance was still closed, and every one was asleep.

He returned to the hotel, went to his room, and asked for coffee. The day watchman, and not Yegor, brought it to him. Levin wished to enter into conversation with him; but some one rang for him, and he went out.

Then Levin tried to take his coffee, and put a piece of kalatch into his mouth, but his mouth did not know what to do with the bread! He eschewed it and put on his overcoat, and went out to walk again. It was just ten o'clock when he reached the Shcherbatskys' steps for the second time. They were beginning to get up; the cook was going to market. He would have to wait at least two hours longer.

Levin had passed the whole night and the morning completely oblivious of the material conditions of existence: he had neither eaten nor slept; had been exposed, with almost no clothing, to the cold for several hours; and he not only was fresh and hearty, but he was unconscious of his body; he moved without using his muscles, and felt capable of doing anything. He was persuaded that he could fly through the air or jump over the top of a house if it were necessary. He roamed about the streets to pass away the time, consulting his watch every moment or two, and looking about him.

What he saw that day he never saw again. He was particularly struck by the children on their way to school; the dark blue pigeons flying from the roof to the sidewalk; the *saïkas* or little cakes powdered with flour that an invisible hand was arranging in a window. These cakes, these pigeons, and two little lads were celestial objects. All this happened at once: one of the little lads ran toward a pigeon, and looked at Levin, smiling; the pigeon flapped its wings, and flew off glittering in the sunlight through a cloud of fine snow; and the smell of hot bread came through the

window where the saïkas were displayed. All these things, taken as a whole, produced so lively an impression on Levin that he laughed aloud until the tears came. After going around by the Gazetnaya and Kislovka streets, he went back to the hotel, sat down, placed his watch before him, and waited till the hands pointed to the hour of noon.

In the next room some one was talking about machines and hoaxes, and some one coughed a morning cough. The person did not know that the hour hand was approaching twelve.

The hour pointed to twelve. Levin went to the steps of the hotel. The izvoshchiks evidently knew all about it. With happy faces they surrounded him, with eager emulation offering their services; striving not to offend the others and promising to take them some other time, he made his choice and ordered the man to drive to the Shcherbatskys'. The izvoshchik was charming, with his white shirt-collar above his kaftan surrounding his strong, red neck. He had a comfortable sleigh, more comfortable than ordinary sleighs, — such a sleigh as Levin had never seen before, and the horse was good, and did his best to run, but did not stir from the spot! The izvoshchik knew the Shcherbatsky house; he stopped before the door flourishing his arms, and turned respectfully toward Levin, saying "tprru" to his horse.

The Shcherbatskys' Swiss knew all about it, surely; that was plain from the look in his eyes and the way he said: —

"Well! it is a long time since you have been here, Konstantin Dmitritch."

Not only did he know what had happened, but he was full of delight, and tried to conceal his joy. Levin felt a shade happier when he caught the old man's good-natured eyes.

"Are they up?"

"Please come in. Leave that here," added the Swiss as Levin was turning back to get his cap. That surely had some significance.

"To whom shall I announce you, sir?" asked a lackey.

This lackey, though young, new in the house, and with some pretension to elegance, was very obliging, very attentive, and he, too, seemed to understand the situation.

"To the princess.... I mean the prince.... no, the young princess,"¹ replied Levin.

The first person whom he met was Mademoiselle Linon. She was passing through the "hall," radiant in her little curls and her shining face. He had hardly spoken to her when the rustling of a dress was heard at the door. Mademoiselle Linon disappeared from before his eyes; and a joyous trepidation at the thought of the happiness so near took possession of him. Mademoiselle Linon hastened away and vanished through another door. She had hardly gone when swift light steps were heard pattering on the inlaid floor, and his happiness, his life, the better part of himself, that which he had yearned for so long, drew near. She did not walk; some invisible power seemed to bring her toward him.

He saw only her bright, truthful eyes, filled with the same timid joy of love that filled his own heart. These eyes, shining nearer and nearer to him, almost blinded him with their light of love.

She stood before him, almost touching him; then she placed her two hands gently on his shoulders.

She did all that she could: she went to him; she gave herself to him, trembling and happy. He folded her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers, expectant of his kiss.

She, too, had not slept at all that night, and she had been waiting for him all the morning.

Her parents were perfectly agreed, and happy in her happiness. She had been on the watch for his coming.

¹ *Knyaginya, knyaz', knyazhna.* *Knyaginya* is the Russian title of a married princess; it also means in popular usage a bride, as *knyaz'* means prince and bridegroom; *knyazhna* is applied to an unmarried princess.

She wanted to be the first to tell him of their happiness. She was prepared to meet him alone, and she was full of joy at the thought, and yet she was shy and confused, and hardly knew what she was going to do. She had heard his steps and voice, and hid herself behind the door to wait till Mademoiselle Linon had gone. Mademoiselle Linon went. Then without any delay, without questioning further, she came to him and did as she did.

"Now, let us find mamma," said she, taking his hand.

For a long time he could not utter a word, not so much because he was afraid of lessening the intensity of his joy by words, but because every time he tried to say anything he felt that instead of words, tears of joy burst forth; his tears choked him. He took her hand, and kissed it.

"Is it really true?" he said at last in a husky voice.

"I cannot believe that you love me."

She smiled at the way he used the second person singular, and at the timidity with which he looked at her.

"Yes," she replied, slowly lingering on this word.

"I am so happy!"

Without letting go his hand, she went with him into the drawing-room. As soon as the princess saw them, she began to breathe fast and then she burst into tears, and then she laughed, and with an energetic movement which Levin was not prepared for she ran to him, seized his head, and kissed him, bedewing his face with her tears.

"So all is settled? I am delighted. Love her. I am so glad for you Kitty!"

"It did n't take you long to arrange matters," said the old prince, trying to appear calm; but Levin saw his eyes were full with tears, as he looked at him.

"It is something I have long been anxious for," said the prince, taking Levin's hand and drawing him toward him. "And even when this little giddy-pate thought"

"Papa!" cried Kitty, putting her hand over his mouth.

"Well, I won't say anything," said he. "I am very very hap Akh! how stupid I am!"

And he took Kitty in his arms, kissed her face, her hands, and then her face again, blessing her with the sign of the cross.

And Levin was filled by a new feeling of affection for the old prince when he saw how tenderly and fervently Kitty kissed his great, strong hand.

CHAPTER XVI

THE princess was sitting in her easy-chair, silent and beaming; the prince was sitting beside her; Kitty was standing near her father, holding his hand. All of them were silent.

The princess was the first to bring their thoughts and feelings back to the affairs of real life; and the transition gave each of them, for a moment, a strange and painful impression.

"When shall the wedding be? We must announce the marriage, and have them betrothed. But when shall the wedding be? What do you think about it, Aleksandr?"

"There is the person most interested," said the prince, pointing to Levin.

"When?" replied the latter, reddening. "To-morrow! If you wish my opinion; to-day, the betrothal; to-morrow, the wedding."

"There, there, that'll do, *mon cher*; no nonsense!"

"Well, in a week, then."

"One would really suppose that you had lost your senses."

"But why not?"

"Mercy on us!" said the mother, smiling gayly at his impatience. "And the *trousseau*?"

"Is it possible that a *trousseau* and all the rest are indispensable?" thought Levin, with alarm. "However, neither the *trousseau*, nor the betrothal, nor anything else, can spoil my happiness! Nothing can do that!"

He looked at Kitty, and noticed that the idea of the *trousseau* did not offend her at all. "It must be very necessary," he said to himself. "I admit that I know nothing about it. I have merely expressed my desire," said he, excusing himself.

"We will consider the matter; now we will have the betrothal, and announce the marriage. That is what we will do."

The princess stepped up to her husband, kissed him, and was about to move away again; but he held her, and kissed her again and again, like a young lover. The two old people seemed agitated, and ready to believe that it was not their daughter who was to be married, but themselves.

When the prince and princess had gone out, Levin approached his *fiancée*, and took her hand; he had regained his self-possession, and could speak; he had many other things on his mind to tell her, but he did not say at all what he intended to say.

"I knew that it would be like this; at the bottom of my heart I was sure of it, without ever daring to hope. I believe that it was predestined."

"And I," replied Kitty, "even when," — she hesitated, then continued, looking at him resolutely out of her sincere eyes, — "even when I rejected my happiness. I never loved anybody but you; I was led away. I ought to tell you.... I must ask you, can you forget it?"

"Perhaps it was best that it should be so. You, too, will have to pardon me, for I must confess to you."

This was one of the things he had on his mind to tell her. He had decided to confess everything to her, from his earliest life, — first, that he was not so pure as she, and then that he was not a believer. This was cruel, but he thought it his duty to make these confessions to her.

"No, not now; later," said he.

"Very well, later, but be sure to tell me. I am not afraid of anything. I want to know all, everything, now it is decided!"

"Is it decided," he interrupted, "that you take me just as I am? you do not take back your word!"

"No, oh, no!"

Their conversation was interrupted by Mademoiselle Linon, who, trying to look properly serious, came to congratulate her favorite pupil. She had not left the drawing-room before the servants came to offer their congratulations. Next came the relatives and friends; and this was the beginning of that absurdly happy period, from which Levin did not emerge till the day after his marriage.

Although he felt constrained and ill at ease all the time, yet the force of his happiness kept increasing. He felt all the time that much which he knew nothing about would be required of him, and he did everything that he was told to do, and all this served to increase his joy. He imagined that his engagement would not be in the least like others; that the ordinary conditions of an engagement would destroy his especial happiness. But it came about that he did exactly as everybody else did in such cases, and his happiness for this very reason kept increasing and grew more and more peculiar and did not change, and was in no respect like that of other men.

"Now," said Mademoiselle Linon, "we shall have all the candy we wish for;" and Levin ran to buy candy.

"Well, very glad!" said Sviazhsky. "I advise you to get your bouquets at Fomin's."

"Do you?" said Levin; and he went to Fomin's.

His brother told him he would have to borrow money, because there would be many expenses for presents and other things.

"For presents? Really?" and he started off on the run to buy jewelry at Fulda's.

At the confectioner's, at Fomin's, at Fulda's, he found that every one expected him, and every one seemed glad and rejoiced in his happiness, as did every one with whom he had to do those days. It was an extraordinary thing that not only did they all love him, but, strange as it may seem, even those who before had

seemed cold, unsympathetic, and indifferent approved of him in every way, treated his feelings with delicacy and gentleness, and shared his convictions that he was the happiest man in the world, because his "bride" was the pink of perfection.

Kitty also had the same feeling.

When the Countess Nordstone alluded to the more brilliant hopes that she had conceived for her friend, Kitty became angry, and declared so vehemently that no one in the world could be better than Levin, that the countess had to confess it, and when Kitty was present she never met Levin without smiling enthusiastically.

The confession which he had promised was a very trying incident of this period. He consulted the old prince, and, acting on his advice, Levin gave Kitty his journal in which were written out all the matters that troubled him. He had written this diary purposely to show to the one whom he should marry. Two things tormented him: his sins against virtue and his unbelief.

The confession of his unbelief passed almost unnoticed. She was religious and had never doubted the truths of her religion, but her lover's superficial skepticism did not trouble her very much. She knew through love his whole soul and in his soul she found all that she wanted. It was of little importance to her that he termed the state of his soul incredulity. But the second acknowledgment caused her to shed bitter tears.

Levin had a great struggle with himself before he decided to let her read his diary. He knew that between him and her there could be and should be no secrets, and therefore he resolved that he must do it; but he did not realize what an effect it would have on a young girl.

Only when, as he entered Kitty's room one evening before going to the theater, and saw her lovely face bathed in tears and unhappy with the irreparable woe that he had caused, did he perceive the abyss that separated his shameful past from her dovelike purity, and he was horror-stricken at what he had done.

“Take back these terrible papers, take them back!” she said, pushing away the sheets lying on the table. “Why did you give them to me? However, perhaps it was for the best,” she added, seized with pity at the sight of Levin’s despairing face. “But it is terrible, terrible!”

He hung his head, and had nothing to say.

“You will not forgive me!” he murmured.

“Yes, I have forgiven you; but it is terrible!”

However, his happiness was so immense that this confession did not diminish it, but only served to add a shade more to it. She forgave him. From that time he counted himself still more unworthy of her; morally, he bowed down still lower before her and treasured the happiness that he had gained still higher. He understood the worth of it still better after this pardon.

CHAPTER XVII

WHEN he returned to his lonely room, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch involuntarily recalled, little by little, the conversations that had taken place at the dinner and in the evening. Darya Aleksandrovna’s words about pardon merely aroused his vexation. Whether he should apply the Christian rule to his case or not, was a question too difficult to be lightly decided; besides, he had already considered this question, and decided it in the negative. Of all that had been said that day, the remark of that good stupid Turovtsuin had made the liveliest impression on his mind:—

He did bravely, for he challenged the other man and killed him.

Evidently all approved this conduct; although out of politeness they had not said so openly.

“However, this matter is ended; it is useless to think about it,” said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch to himself; and giving no more thought to anything except the preparations for his departure and his tour of inspection, he went to his room and asked of the Swiss who showed

him the way if he had seen his valet. The Swiss said his valet had only just gone out. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch ordered tea to be brought, and sitting down at the table opened a railway guide and began to study the departure of trains for his journey.

"Two telegrams," said his valet, returning and coming into the room. "Will your Excellency please excuse me, I have only just stepped out?"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch took the telegrams and opened them; the first announced the nomination of Stremof to the place for which he had been ambitious.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch threw down the despatch, and with a flushed face began to walk back and forth through the room.

"*Quos vult perdere dementat*," said he, applying *quos* to all those who had taken part in this nomination. He was not disturbed by the fact that he himself had not been nominated, that he had evidently been outwitted; but it was incomprehensible to him—amazing—that they could not see that Stremof, that babbler, that speechifier, was the least fitted of all men for the place. Could they not understand that they were ruining themselves, that they were destroying their prestige, by such a choice?

"Some more news of the same sort," he thought with bitterness as he opened the second telegram. It was from his wife; her name, "Anna," in blue pencil, was the first thing that struck his eyes.

I am dying. I beg you to come; I shall die easier if I have your forgiveness.

He read these words with scorn, and threw the paper on the floor.

That there was some piece of trickery, some deception, in this, admitted of no doubt in his mind at first thought.

"There is no deceitfulness of which she is not capable. She must be on the eve of her confinement, and it is her sickness. But what can be her object? To legalize the child? to compromise me? to prevent the divorce? But what does it mean, 'I am dying'?"

He re-read the telegram, and suddenly realized its full meaning.

“If it is true, — if the suffering, the approach of death, have caused her to repent sincerely, and if I should call this pretense, and refuse to go to her, that would not only be cruel, but foolish, and all would blame me.”

“Piotr, order a carriage; I am going to Petersburg!” said he to the valet.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch decided to go to Petersburg and to see his wife. If her illness was a pretense, he would say nothing and go away again; on the other hand, if she were really ill unto death, and wanted to see him before she died, he would forgive her; and, if he reached her too late, he could at least pay his last respects to her.

During the journey he gave no more thought of what he should do.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, tired and dusty with his night in the coach, reached Petersburg in the mist of the early morning. He rode along the still deserted Nevsky Prospekt, looking straight before him, without thinking of what was awaiting him at home. He could not think about it, because as soon as he tried to imagine what might be, he could not drive away the suggestion that his wife's death would put a sudden end to all difficulties of his situation.

The bakers, the closed shops, the night izvoshchiks, the dvorniks sweeping the sidewalks, — all passed like a flash before his eyes; he noticed everything, in his endeavors to stifle the thought of what was before him — of what he dared not hope for and yet hoped for.

He reached his house; an izvoshchik and a carriage with a coachman asleep were standing before the door.

As he entered the vestibule Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, as it were, snatched at a decision from the most hidden recess of his brain, and succeeded in mastering it. It was to this effect: “If she has deceived me, I will be calm and go away again; but if she has told the truth, I will do what is proper.”

The Swiss opened the door even before Alekseï Alek-

sandrovitch rang the bell ; the Swiss Petrof, known as Kapitonuitch, presented a strange appearance, dressed in an old coat and slippers without any cravat.

“How is the baruinya?”

“In the night there was a change for the better.”

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch stopped short and turned very pale ; he now realized how deeply he had hoped for her death.

“And how is she?”

Karneï, the servant in morning dress, came quickly down the stairs.

“Very low,” he said. “There was a consultation yesterday, and the doctor is here now.”

“Take my things,” said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, a little comforted to learn that there was still hope of death ; and he went into the reception-room.

A uniform overcoat hung in the hall. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch noticed it, and asked : —

“Who is here?”

“The doctor, the nurse, and Count Vronsky.”

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch went through the inner rooms. There was no one in the drawing-room ; but the sound of his steps brought the nurse, in a cap with lilac ribbons, out of the boudoir.

She came to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, and, taking him by the hand, with the familiarity that the approach of death permits, led him into the sleeping-room.

“Thank the Lord that you have come ! She talks of nothing but you ; always of you,” she said.

“Bring some ice quick !” said the imperative voice of the doctor from the chamber.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch went into her boudoir. On a little low chair by her table, sat Vronsky weeping, his face covered with his hands. He started at the sound of the doctor’s voice, uncovered his face, and saw Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. The sight of the husband disturbed him so much that he sat back in his chair, crouching his head down between his shoulders as if he wanted to disappear out of sight ; then, making a great effort, he rose and said : —

“She is dying; the doctors say that there is no hope. I am in your power. Only allow me to remain here. I will conform to your wishes in every other respect. I”

When he saw Vronsky in tears, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch felt the involuntary tenderness that the sufferings of others always caused him; he turned away his head without replying, and went to the door.

Anna's voice could be heard from the sleeping-room, lively, gay, and with clear intonations.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch went in and approached her bed. She was lying with her face turned toward him. Her cheeks were bright red, her eyes brilliant; her little white hands, coming out of the sleeves of her night-dress, were playing with the corner of the coverlet. Not only did she seem fresh and well, but in the happiest frame of mind; she talked fast and loud, accenting her words with precision and nicety.

“Because Alekseï — I am speaking of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch — strange, is n't it, and cruel, that both should be named Alekseï? — Alekseï would not have refused me; I should have forgotten; he would have forgiven. Yes! why does he not come? He is good; he himself does not know how good he is. Akh! Bozhe moï! what agony! Give me some water, quick! Akh! but that is not good for her, my little daughter. Well! then, very good; give her to the nurse. I am willing; that will be even better. Now when he comes, she will be hateful in his sight; take her away.”

“Anna Arkadyevna, he has come; here he is,” said the nurse, trying to draw her attention to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

“Oh, what nonsense!” continued Anna, without seeing her husband. “There! give the little one to me, give her to me! He has n't come yet. You pretend that he will not forgive me because you do not know him. No one knows him, I alone His eyes, one must know them. Serozha's are very like them; that is why I can no longer look at them. Has Serozha had his dinner? I know he will be forgotten. Oh, do not

forget him! Let Serozha be brought into the corner-chamber, and let Mariette sleep near him."

Suddenly she shrank back and was silent; and, with a look of terror, raised her arms above her head as if to ward off a blow. She had recognized her husband.

"No, no," she said quickly, "I am not afraid of him; I am afraid of dying. Alekseï, come here. I am in a hurry, because there is no time to be lost. I have only a few minutes to live; the fever will be upon me again, and I shall know nothing more. Now I am conscious; I understand everything and I see everything."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's wrinkled face expressed acute suffering; he took her hand, and he wanted to speak, but his lower lip trembled so that he could not utter a word, and his emotion hardly allowed him to glance at the dying woman. Every time that he turned his head toward her, he saw her eyes fixed on him with a humility and enthusiastic affection which he had never seen there before.

"Wait! you do not know.... Wait, wait!".... She stopped to collect her thoughts. "Yes," she began again, "yes, yes, yes, this is what I want to say. Do not be astonished. I am always the same.... but there is another I within me, her I fear: it is she who loved him, *him*, and hated you; and I could not forget what I had once been. That was not I! Now I am myself, entirely, really myself, and not another. I am dying, I know that I am dying; ask him if I am not. I feel it now; there are those terrible weights on my hand and my feet and on my fingers.... My fingers! they are enormous, but all that will soon be over.... One thing only is indispensable to me: forgive me, forgive me wholly! I am a sinner; but Serozha's nurse told me that there was a holy martyr — what was her name? — who was worse than I. I will go to Rome; there is a desert there. I shall not trouble anybody there. I will only take Serozha and my little daughter.... No, you cannot forgive me; I know very well that it is impossible. Go away, go away! you are too perfect!"

She held him with one of her burning hands, and pushed him away with the other.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch's emotion¹ had been all the time increasing, and now it reached such a degree that he could no longer control himself. He suddenly felt that what he had considered his spiritual discord was, on the contrary, a blessed state of the soul which imparted to him what seemed like a new and hitherto unknown happiness. He had not believed that the Christian law, which he had taken for a guide in life, ordered him to forgive and love his enemies; but now his soul was filled with joyous love and forgiveness to his enemies. He knelt beside the bed, he laid his forehead on her arm, the fever of which burned through the sleeve, and sobbed like a child. She bent toward him, placed her arm around her husband's bald head, and raised her eyes defiantly and proudly.

"There, I knew that it would be so. Now farewell, farewell all!.... They are coming back again. Why don't they go away?.... There! take off all these furs from me!"

The doctor disengaged her arms, laid her back gently on her pillows, and drew the covering over her. Anna made no resistance, looking all the while straight before her, with shining eyes.

"Remember that I have only asked your pardon; I ask nothing more.... Why does n't *he* come?" she said, suddenly looking toward the door, toward Vronsky. "Come! come here, and give him your hand."

Vronsky came to the side of the bed, and, when he saw Anna, he hid his face in his hands again.

"Uncover your face; look at him, he is a saint," said she. "Yes, uncover your face! look at him!" she repeated in an irritated manner. "Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, uncover his face; I want to see him."

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch took Vronsky's hands and uncovered his face, disfigured by the expression of suffering and humiliation which it wore.

"Give him your hand; forgive him."

¹ *Dushevnoye razstroyeïstvo*, spiritual derangement or discord.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch held out his hand to him, without trying to keep back the tears.

"Thank the Lord! thank the Lord!" said she; "now everything is right. I will stretch out my feet a little, like that; that is better. How ugly those flowers are! they do not look like violets," she said, pointing to the hangings in her room. "Bozhe moï! Bozhe moï! when will this be over? Give me some morphine, doctor; some morphine. Bozhe moï! Bozhe moï!"

And she tossed about on the bed.

The doctors said that this was puerperal fever and that there was not one chance in a hundred of her living. All that day there was fever, with alleviations of delirium and unconsciousness. Toward midnight she lay unconscious and her heart had almost ceased to beat.

The end was expected every moment.

Vronsky went home, but he came back the next morning to learn how she was. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch came to meet him in the reception-room, and said to him, "Stay; perhaps she will ask for you." Then he himself took him to his wife's boudoir. In the morning the restlessness, the rapidity of thought and speech, returned; but soon unconsciousness intervened again. The third day was much the same, and the doctors began to hope. On this day Alekseï Aleksandrovitch went into the boudoir where Vronsky was, closed the door, and sat down in front of him.

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch," said Vronsky, feeling that an explanation was at hand, "I cannot speak, I cannot think. Have pity on me! Hard as it may be for you, believe me, it is still more terrible for me."

He was going to rise; but Alekseï Aleksandrovitch prevented him, and said:—

"Pray listen to me; it is unavoidable. I am forced to explain to you the feelings that guide me, and will continue to guide me, that you may avoid making any mistake in regard to me. You know that I had decided on a divorce, and that I had taken the preliminary steps

to obtain one? I will not deny that at first I was undecided, I was in torment. I confess that the desire to avenge myself on you and on her pursued me. When I received the telegram, and came home, I felt the same desire. I will say more; I wished for her death. But...." He was silent for a moment, considering whether he would wholly reveal his thoughts—"but I have seen her and I have forgiven her. The happiness I feel at being able to forgive clearly shows me my duty. I have absolutely forgiven her. I desire to offer the other cheek to the smiter; I wish to give my cloak to him who has robbed me of my coat. I only ask one thing of God,—that He will not take away from me this joy of forgiving."

Tears filled his eyes. Vronsky was amazed at the calm, luminous face.

"This is my position. You may drag me in the mire, and make me the laughing-stock of creation; but I will not give up Anna for that, nor will I utter a word of reproach to you," continued Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. "My duty seems clear and plain to me: I must remain with her; I shall remain with her. If she wishes to see you, I shall inform you of it; but now I think it will be better for you to go away."

He rose; sobs choked his voice. Vronsky rose too, and, standing with bowed head and humble attitude, looked up at Karenin, without a word to say. He was incapable of understanding Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's feelings; but he felt that this was something too high for him, something even unapproachable for a person who looked on the world as he did.

CHAPTER XVIII

AFTER this conversation with Alekseï Aleksandrovitch Vronsky went out on the steps of the Karenin house and stopped, hardly knowing where he was and what he had to do. He felt humiliated, perplexed, and deprived of all means of washing away his shame; he

felt thrown out of the path where till now he had walked proudly and easily. All the rules which had been the guides of his life, and which he had believed irreproachable, proved false and untrue. The deceived husband, whom he had considered a melancholy character, an accidental obstacle, at times absurd, happily for him had suddenly been raised by *her* to a height inspiring respect; and this husband on this height appeared not ugly, not false, not ridiculous, but good, grand, and generous. Vronsky could not understand it; their rôles had suddenly been interchanged. He felt Karenin's grandeur and straightforwardness, and his own baseness and falsity. He felt that this husband was magnanimous in his grief, while he himself seemed little and miserable in his deception. But this consciousness of inferiority, in comparison to a man whom he had unjustly scorned, constituted only a small part of his grief.

He felt profoundly unhappy from the fact that his passion for Anna, which of late had as it seemed to him grown cool, was more violent than ever now that he knew he was to lose her. During her illness he had seen her as she was, had learned to know her very soul, and it seemed to him that he had never really loved her till now. He must lose her just as he had come to know her and love her truly, — lose her, and be left with the most humiliating recollections. More horrible than anything else was his ridiculous and odious position when Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had uncovered his face while he was hiding it in his hands. Standing motionless on the steps of the Karenin house, he seemed to be entirely unconscious of what he was doing.

“ Shall I call an *izvoshchik* ? ” asked the Swiss.

“ Yes, an *izvoshchik*. ”

When he reached home, after three sleepless nights, Vronsky, without undressing, threw himself down on a divan, folded his arms, and laid his head on them. His head was heavy. The strangest reminiscences, thoughts, and impressions succeeded one another in his mind with extraordinary rapidity and clearness. Now it was a

drink which he poured out and gave the invalid from a spoon; now he saw the nurse's white hands, then Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's singular attitude as he knelt on the floor by the bed.

"Sleep, and forget," he said to himself, with the calm resolution of a man in good health who knows that when he feels tired he can sleep if he will. His ideas became confused; he felt himself falling into the abyss of forgetfulness. The billows of the sea of unconscious life were already beginning to swell over his head, when suddenly something like a violent electric shock passed through him. He started up so abruptly that his body bounded upon the springs of the divan; and he found himself in his terror on his knees. His eyes were as wide open as if he had not slept at all. The heaviness of his head and the lassitude which he felt in all his members but a moment before had suddenly vanished.

"You may drag me in the mire."

These words of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch rang in his ears. He saw him standing before him; he saw, too, Anna's feverish face, and her brilliant eyes looking tenderly, not at *him*, but at Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; he saw the stupid, ridiculous figure he must have presented when Alekseï Aleksandrovitch drew away his hands from his face. Again he threw himself back on the divan, and closed his eyes.

"Sleep, and forget," he repeated to himself.

But though his eyes were closed he saw clearer than ever Anna's face, just as it looked on that memorable evening of the races.

"It's impossible, and will not be; how can she efface this from her memory? I cannot live without this! But how can we be reconciled? how can we be reconciled?"

He unconsciously pronounced these words aloud, and their mechanical repetition for some minutes prevented the recollections and forms which besieged his brain from returning. But the repetition of the words did not long deceive his imagination. Again, one after the

other with extraordinary swiftness, the sweet moments of the past and his recent humiliation began to arise in his mind. "Uncover his face," said Anna's voice. He took away his hands, and realized how humiliated and ridiculous he must have appeared.

He still lay there trying to sleep, though he felt that there was not the slightest hope of it, and repeating in a whisper some formula with the design of driving away the new and distressing hallucinations that kept arising. He listened to his own voice repeating, with a strange persistence: "*You did not know how to appreciate her, you did not know how to value her; you did not know how to appreciate her, you did not know how to value her.*"

"What is going to happen to me? Am I going mad?" he asked himself. "Perhaps so. Why do people go mad? and why do they commit suicide?"

And, while he was answering himself, he opened his eyes and was surprised to see at his head a cushion embroidered by Varia, his brother's wife. He lightly touched the tassel of the cushion and tried to fix the thought of Varia in his mind and how she looked the last time he saw her; but any idea foreign to what tormented him was still more intolerable.

"No, I must sleep." He placed the cushion under his head, but it required an effort to keep his eyes closed. He leaped to his feet and sat down. "All is over with me; what else can I do?" And his imagination vividly pictured what life without Anna would be.

"Ambition? Serpukhovskoï? the world? the court?" No more these had power to stop him. All this once had some meaning, but now it had none. He rose from the divan, took off his coat, loosened his necktie and bared his shaggy chest that he might breathe more freely, and began to stride up and down the room.

"This makes people insane," he repeated; "this causes suicide, ... to avoid disgrace," he added slowly.

He went to the door and closed it; then, with a look of determination, and with his teeth set, he went to the table, took his revolver, examined it, turned the loaded chamber round, and stopped to consider. He stood

motionless for two minutes, with the revolver in his hand, his head bowed in the attitude of intense thought. "Of course," he said to himself, as if a logical sequence of clear and exact ideas led him to this unquestionable decision; but in reality this to him conclusive *Of Course* was only the consequence of a continued circle of recollections and impressions which he had gone over for the tenth time in the last hour. There were the same recollections of a happiness lost forever, the conception of the meaninglessness of all that was now before him in life, the same consciousness of his shame. There was the same repetition of these impressions and thoughts.

"Of course," he repeated, when for the third time his mind directed itself to the same enchanted circle of thoughts and recollections; and holding the revolver to the left side of his breast, with an unflinching grip he pulled the trigger. He did not hear the sound of the report, but the violent blow that he received in the chest knocked him over. He tried to save himself by catching hold of the table; he dropped his revolver, staggered, and fell on the floor, looking about him with astonishment. He could not recognize his room; the twisted legs of the table, the waste-paper basket, the tiger-skin on the floor,—all seemed strange to him.

The quick steps of his servant running to the drawing-room obliged him to get control of himself; he collected his thoughts with an effort, and seeing that he was on the floor, and that blood was on his hands and on the tiger-skin, he realized what he had done.

"What stupidity! I missed my aim," he muttered, feeling round for his pistol. It was quite near him, but he could not find it. As he continued to grope for it, he lost his balance, and fell again, bathed in his own blood.

His valet, an elegant person with side-whiskers, who complained freely to his friends about his delicate nerves, was so frightened at the sight of his master lying on the floor that he let him lie bleeding, and ran for help.

In an hour Varia, Vronsky's sister-in-law, arrived, and

with the assistance of the three doctors whom she sent for in all directions, and who all came at once, she succeeded in putting the wounded man to bed, and established herself as his nurse.

CHAPTER XIX

ALEKSEÏ ALEKSANDROVITCH, when he prepared to see his wife again, had not foreseen the contingency of her repentance being genuine, and then of her recovery after she had obtained his pardon. This mistake appeared to him in all its seriousness two months after his return from Moscow; but the mistake which he had made proceeded not only from the fact that he had not foreseen this eventuality, but also from the fact that not until the day when he looked on his dying wife had he understood his own heart. Beside the bed of his dying wife, he had given way, for the first time in his life, to that feeling of sympathy for the griefs of others, against which he had always fought as one fights against a dangerous weakness. His pity for her and remorse at having wished for her death, but above all the joy of forgiving, had made him suddenly feel, not only a complete alleviation of his sufferings, but also a spiritual calmness such as he had never before experienced. He suddenly felt that the very thing that had been a source of anguish was now the source of his spiritual joy; what had seemed insoluble when he was filled with hatred and anger, became clear and simple now that he loved and forgave.

He had pardoned his wife, and he pitied her because of her suffering and repentance. He had forgiven Vronsky, and pitied him too, especially after he heard of his desperate act. He also pitied his son more than before, because he felt that he had neglected him. But what he felt for the new-born child was more than pity, it was almost tenderness. At first, solely from a feeling of pity, he looked after this little new-born girl, who was not his daughter, and who was so neglected during her mother's

illness that she would have surely died if he had not taken her in charge; and, before he was aware of it, he became attached to her. He would go several times a day into the nursery, and sit there, so that the wet-nurse and the *bonne*, though they were a little intimidated at first, gradually became accustomed to his presence. He stayed sometimes for half an hour, silently gazing at the saffron-red, wrinkled, downy face of the sleeping child, following her motions as she scowled, and puckered her lips, watching her rub her eyes with the back of her little hands, curling up her round fingers. And at these moments especially, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch felt calm and at peace with himself, seeing nothing abnormal in his situation, nothing that he felt the need of changing.

However, as time went on, he felt more and more that he would not be permitted to remain in this situation, however natural it seemed to him, and that nobody would allow it.

He felt that, besides the holy and spiritual force that guided his soul, there was another force, brutal, equally if not more powerful, which directed his life, and that this power would not give him the peace that he desired. He felt that every one was looking at him, and questioning his attitude, not understanding it, and expecting him to do something. Especially he felt the unnaturalness and constraint of his relations with his wife.

When the tenderness which she felt at the expectation of death had passed away, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch began to notice how Anna feared him, how she dreaded his presence, and did not dare to look him in the face; she seemed to be always pursued by a thought she dared not express, — and as if she had a presentiment that their present relations could not last; she, too, expected some move from her husband.

Toward the end of February, the little girl, who had been named Anna for her mother, was taken ill. In the morning Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had seen her in the nursery, and, after he had left orders about calling the doctor he went to the ministry meeting. Having

transacted his business he returned at four o'clock; as he entered the anteroom, he noticed an Adonis of a lackey, in livery and bearskin cloak, holding a white *rotonda*, or mantle, lined with American fox.

"Who is here?" he asked.

"The Princess Yelizavyeta Feodorovna Tverskaya," replied the lackey, with a smile, as it seemed to Aleksei Aleksandrovitch.

All through this painful period Aleksei Aleksandrovitch noticed that his society friends, especially the women, showed a very marked interest in him and in his wife. He noticed in them all that veiled look of amusement which he saw in the lawyer's eyes, and which he now saw in the lackey's. They all seemed delighted, as if they were going to a wedding. When people met him, and inquired after his health, they did so with this same half-concealed hilarity.

The presence of the Princess Tverskaya was not agreeable to Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, both because he had never liked her, and because she called up unpleasant memories, and so he went directly to the nursery.

In the first room, Serozha, leaning on a table, with his feet in a chair, was drawing, and chattering merrily. The English governess, who had replaced the French woman soon after Anna's illness, was sitting near the child, with her fancy work in her hand; she rose, made a courtesy, and put Serozha's feet down.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch smoothed his son's hair, answered the governess's questions about his wife's health, and asked what the doctor said about *baby*.

"The doctor said that it was nothing serious. He ordered baths, sir."

"She is still in pain, nevertheless," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, hearing the child cry in the next room.

"I believe, sir, that the wet-nurse does not suit her," replied the Englishwoman, decidedly.

"What makes you think so?" he asked, as he paused on his way.

"It was the same at the Countess Pahl's, sir. They dosed the child with medicine, while it was merely suf-

fering from hunger, sir. The wet-nurse had not enough milk for it."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch considered for a few moments, and then went into the adjoining room. The child was crying as she lay in her nurse's arms, with her head thrown back, refusing the full breast that was offered her, and screamed, without yielding to the blandishments of the two women bending over her.

"Is n't she any better?" asked Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"She is very worrisome," replied the old nurse, in a whisper.

"Miss Edwards says that perhaps the nurse has n't enough milk for her," said he.

"I think so too, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch."

"Why have n't you said so?"

"Whom should I say it to? Anna Arkadyevna is still ill," replied the old nurse, discontentedly.

The old nurse had been in the family a long time, and these simple words struck Alekseï Aleksandrovitch as an allusion to his position.

The child cried harder and harder, losing its breath, and becoming hoarse. The old nurse threw up her hands in despair, took the little one from the wet-nurse, and rocked her as she walked back and forth.

"You must ask the doctor to examine the wet-nurse," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

The wet-nurse, a healthy-looking woman of fine appearance, sprucely dressed, who was afraid of losing her position, muttered to herself, as she fastened her dress over her great bosom, smiling scornfully at the doubt of her not having enough nourishment. In her smile Alekseï Aleksandrovitch also detected ridicule of his position.

"Poor little thing!" said the old nurse, trying to hush the child and still walking back and forth.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch sat down in a chair, sad and crestfallen, and followed the old nurse with his eyes as she walked up and down with the child. When at last she had pacified it and placed it in the cradle, and, hav-

ing arranged the little pillow, had moved away, Aleksei Aleksandrovitch rose, and went up to it on tiptoe. For a moment he was silent, and looked with melancholy face at the little thing. But suddenly a smile which moved his hair and the skin on his forehead spread over his face, and he quietly left the room.

He went into the dining-room, rang the bell, and ordered the servant that answered it to send for the doctor again. He was displeased because his wife seemed to take so little interest in this charming baby, and in this state of annoyance he wished neither to go to her room, nor to meet the Princess Betsy; but his wife might wonder why he did not come as usual; he crushed down his feelings and went to her chamber. As he walked along toward the door on a thick carpet, he unintentionally overheard a conversation which he would not have cared to hear.

"If he were not going away, I should understand your refusal, and his also. But your husband ought to be above that," said Betsy.

"It is not for my husband's sake, but my own, that I don't wish it. So say nothing more about it," replied Anna's agitated voice.

"Yes, but you can't help wanting to say good-by to the man who shot himself on your account."

"That is the very reason I do not wish to see him again."

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, with an expression of fear and guilt, stopped, and started to go away without being heard; but, considering that this would lack dignity, he turned round again, and, coughing, went toward the chamber. The voices were hushed, and he went into the room.

Anna, in a gray khalat, with her thick dark hair cut short on her round head, was sitting in a reclining-chair. All her animation disappeared, as usual, at the sight of her husband; she bowed her head, and glanced uneasily at Betsy. Betsy, dressed in the latest fashion, with a little hat perched on the top of her head, like a cap over a lamp, in a dove-colored gown, trimmed with bright-col-

ored bands on the waist on one side, and on the skirt on the other, was sitting beside Anna. She sat up as straight as possible, and welcomed Alekseï Aleksandrovitch with a nod and a sarcastic smile.

"Ah!" she began, affecting surprise, "I am delighted to meet you at home. You never show yourself anywhere; and I haven't seen you since Anna was taken ill. I learned of your anxiety from others. Indeed! you are a wonderful husband!" said she, with a significant and flattering look, as much as to say that she conferred on him the "order" of magnanimity on account of his behavior toward his wife.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch bowed coldly, and, kissing his wife's hand, inquired how she was.

"Better, I think," she replied, avoiding his look.

"However, your face has a *feverish* look," he said, emphasizing the word "feverish."

"We have talked too much," said Betsy. "It was selfish on my part, and I am going now."

She rose; but Anna, suddenly flushing, seized her quickly by the arm.

"No, stay, I beg of you. I must tell you, ... no, *you*," she addressed Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, while the color increased on her neck and brow. "I cannot, nor do I wish to, hide anything from you," said she.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch cracked his knuckles and bent his head.

"Betsy has told me that Count Vronsky wishes to come to our house to say good-by before he goes to Tashkend."

She did not look at her husband, and she evidently was in haste to get through with it, however hard it might be. "I have said that I could not receive him."

"You said, my dear, that it would depend on Alekseï Aleksandrovitch," corrected Betsy.

"Yes! No, I cannot see him, and it would not do any...." she stopped suddenly, and looked inquiringly at her husband's face; he was not looking at her. "In short, I do not wish"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch approached, and wanted to take her hand.

Anna's first impulse was to withdraw her hand from her husband's clammy hand with its big, swollen veins; but she evidently controlled herself, and pressed it.

"I am very grateful to you for your confidence, but" he began, then stopped, awkward and annoyed, feeling that what he could easily and clearly decide when by himself, he could not settle in the presence of the Princess Tverskaya, who was the incarnation of that brutal force which he had to take as the guide of his life in the eyes of the world, and obliged him to renounce his feelings of love and forgiveness. He stopped as he looked at the Princess Tverskaya.

"Well, good-by, my treasure," said Betsy, rising. She kissed Anna, and went out. Karenin accompanied her.

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, I know that you are an extraordinarily magnanimous man," said Betsy, stopping in the middle of the *boudoir* to press his hand again with unusual fervor; "I am a stranger, and I love her so much, and esteem you so highly, that I take the liberty of giving you a bit of advice. Let him come. Alekseï Vronsky is the personification of honor, and he is going to Tashkend."

"I thank you for your sympathy and your advice, princess; but the question whether my wife can or cannot receive anybody is for her to decide."

He spoke these words with dignity, raising his eyebrows as usual; but he felt at once that, whatever his words had been, dignity was inconsistent with the situation. The sarcastic and wicked smile with which Betsy greeted his remark proved it beyond a doubt.

CHAPTER XX

ALEKSEÏ ALEKSANDROVITCH took leave of Betsy in the "hall" and returned to his wife; she was lying down, but, hearing her husband's steps, she sat up

quickly in her former position, and looked at him in a frightened way. He saw that she had been crying.

"I am very grateful to you for your confidence in me," said he, gently, repeating in Russian the remark that he had just made in French before Betsy.

When he spoke to her in Russian, and used the familiar second person singular *tui*, this *tui* irritated Anna in spite of herself. "I am very grateful for your decision; for I agree with you that, since Count Vronsky is going away, there is no necessity of his coming here; besides"

"Yes! but as I have said that, why repeat it?" interrupted Anna, with an annoyance which she could not control. "No necessity," she thought, "for a man to say farewell to the woman he loves, for whom he has wished to commit suicide, and who cannot live without him!"

She pressed her lips together, and fixed her flashing eyes on her husband's hands with their swollen veins, as he stood slowly rubbing them together.

"We will not say any more about that," she added, more calmly.

"I have given you perfect freedom to decide this question, and I am happy to see" Alekseï Aleksandrovitch began again.

"That my desires are in conformity with yours," finished Anna, quickly, exasperated to hear him speak so slowly, when she knew beforehand what he was going to say.

"Yes," he affirmed; "and the Princess Tverskaya shows very poor taste to meddle in family affairs, she of all others."

"I don't believe what they say about her," said Anna. "I only know that she loves me sincerely."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch sighed, and was silent. Anna played nervously with the tassels of her khalat, and looked at him now and then, with that feeling of physical repulsion which she reproached herself for, without being able to overcome. All that she wished for at this moment was to be rid of his distasteful presence.

"Ah! I have just sent for the doctor," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch.

"What for? I am well."

"For the baby, the little one cries so much; they think that the nurse has n't enough nourishment for her."

"Why did n't you let me nurse her, when I urged it so? All the same" (Aleksei Aleksandrovitch understood what she meant by *all the same*), "she is a baby, and they will kill her." She rang, and sent for the little one. "I wanted to nurse her, and you would n't let me, and now you blame me."

"I do not blame you for anything." ...

"Yes, you do blame me! Bozhe moi! why did n't I die!" She began to sob. "Forgive me: I am nervous and unjust," she said, trying to control herself. "But go away."

"No, this state of things cannot go on," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch to himself, as he left his wife's room.

Never before had he been so convinced of the impossibility of prolonging such a situation before the world: never had his wife's dislike of him, and the strength of that mysterious brutal force which had taken possession of his life, to rule it contrary to the needs of his soul and to make him change his relations to his wife, appeared to him with such clearness.

He saw clearly that the world and his wife exacted something from him which he did not fully understand. He felt that it aroused within him feelings of hatred, which disturbed his peace, and destroyed the worth of his victory over himself. Anna, in his opinion, ought to have nothing more to do with Vronsky; but if everybody considered this impossible, he was ready to tolerate their meeting, on condition that the children should not be disgraced, or his own life disturbed.

Wretched as this was — it was, nevertheless, better than a rupture whereby she would be placed in a shameful and hopeless position, and he himself would be deprived of all that he loved. But he felt his powerlessness in this struggle, and knew beforehand that all were against him and that he would be prevented from doing

what seemed to him wise and good, and that he would be obliged to do what was bad, but necessary to be done.

CHAPTER XXI

BETSY had not left the "hall" when Stepan Arkadyevitch appeared on the threshold. He had come from Eliseyef's, where they had just received fresh oysters.

"Ah, princess! you here? What a fortunate meeting! I have just been at your house."

"The meeting is but for a moment; I am going," replied Betsy, smiling, as she buttoned her gloves.

"Wait just a moment, princess; allow me to kiss your little hand before you put on your glove. Nothing pleases me so much, in returning to ancient ways, as the custom of kissing a lady's hand."

He kissed Betsy's hand.

"When shall we meet again?"

"You don't deserve to see me," replied Betsy, laughing.

"Oh, yes, I do! for I have become a very serious man. I regulate not only my own family affairs, but also other people's," said he, with a significant expression in his face.

"Ah! I am delighted to hear it," replied Betsy, instantly knowing that he referred to Anna.

Going back into the "hall," they stood in a corner.

"He is killing her," she whispered, with conviction.

"It is impossible, impossible...."

"I am very glad that you think so," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, shaking his head with sympathetic commiseration. "That is why I am in Petersburg."

"The whole town are talking about it," said she; "this situation is intolerable. She is fading away before our very eyes. He does n't understand that she is one of those women whose feelings cannot be treated lightly. One of two things, — either he ought to take her away, and act decidedly, or else be divorced. But this is killing her."

"Yes, yes exactly" said Oblonsky, with a sigh.

"I have come for that; that is to say, not entirely for that I have just been made chamberlain, so I had to show my gratitude; but the main thing was to arrange this matter."

"Well! may the Lord help you!" said Betsy.

Stepan Arkadyevitch accompanied the Princess Betsy to the door, once more kissed her wrist just above her glove, where the pulse beats, and after paying her such an impudent compliment that she did not know whether to laugh or take offense, he left her to go to his sister. He found her in tears.

In spite of the exuberance of his lively spirits, Stepan Arkadyevitch fell instantly and with perfect genuineness into the tone of sympathetic and poetical tenderness which suited his sister's frame of mind. He asked how she felt, and how she had passed the day.

"Wretchedly, very wretchedly! Night and day, the future and the past, all wretched," she replied.

"It seems to me, you have yielded to the blues. You must have courage; look life in the face. It is hard, I know, but"

"I have heard that some women love men for their very vices," began Anna, suddenly; "but I hate him for his virtue. I cannot live with him. Understand me, the sight of him has a physical effect on me which drives me out of my mind. I cannot, cannot live with him! What shall I do? I have been unhappy before, and I thought it impossible to be more so, but this horrible state of things surpasses all that I could have imagined. Can you believe that, though I know how good and perfect he is, and how unworthy of him I am, still I hate him! I hate him for his magnanimity. There is absolutely nothing left for me but to"

She was going to add "die," but Stepan Arkadyevitch did not let her finish.

"You are ill and nervous, believe me; you exaggerate everything. There is really nothing so very terrible."

And Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled. No one except Stepan Arkadyevitch, meeting such despair, would have

ventured to smile, — for it would have seemed rude, — but his smile was so full of kindness, and an almost effeminate sweetness, that, instead of irritating, it was calming and soothing; his gentle soothing words and smile acted like oil of sweet almonds. Anna at once felt the effect.

“No, Stiva,” said she, “I am lost, lost! worse than lost. And yet, I am not yet lost: I cannot still say that all is over; on the contrary, I feel that all is not yet over. I seem like a cord too tightly stretched, which must break. But the end has not yet come, and it will be terrible.”

“No, no; the cord can be carefully unstrung. There is no difficulty without some way out of it.”

“I have thought it over, and thought it over, and I see only one....”

Again he saw by her look of dismay that the one way that she meant was death, and again he did not allow her to finish.

“No, listen to me; you cannot judge of your position so well as I. Let me tell you frankly my opinion.” He smiled again cautiously, with his almond-oily smile. “I will begin at the beginning: you married a man twenty years older than yourself, and you married without love, — or, at least, without knowing what love was. It was a mistake — as well admit it.”

“A terrible mistake!” said Anna.

“But, I repeat it, it was an accomplished fact. You then had, let us say, the misfortune to fall in love — not with your husband; that was a misfortune, but that, too, was an accomplished fact. Your husband knew it, and forgave it.” After each sentence he stopped, as if to give her time to reply, but she said nothing. “Now, the question is, can you continue to live with your husband? do you wish it? does he wish it?”

“I know nothing about it, nothing.”

“But you yourself have just said that you could no longer endure him.”

“No, I did not say so. I deny it. I know nothing. I understand nothing.”

"Yes! but allow me...."

"You cannot understand it. I feel that I am precipitated, head first, into an abyss, and I *may* not save myself. I *cannot*."

"You will see that we can prevent you from falling, and from being crushed. I understand you. I feel that you are not able to express your feelings, your desires."

"I desire nothing, nothing — only to end all this."

"He sees this, and knows it. Do you suppose that he does n't feel the strain as much as you do? You suffer, he suffers; and what way of escape is there from all this torture? Then, when a divorce would settle everything...."

Stepan Arkadyevitch with difficulty expressed his principal idea, and looked to Anna to see what effect it would have.

She said nothing and shook her head disapprovingly. But by the expression of her face, which suddenly lighted up with something of her former beauty, he saw that, if she did not wish this, it was because the thought of its being realized was too enticing.

"I am awfully sorry for you! how happy I should be if I could arrange it for you!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Don't say a word! If God will only permit me to express all that I feel! I am going to find Alekseï Aleksandrovitch."

Anna looked at him out of her brilliant, thoughtful eyes, and did not reply.

CHAPTER XXII

STEPAN ARKADYEVITCH went into his brother-in-law's cabinet, with the solemn face which he tried to assume when he sat in his official chair at a council-meeting. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with his arms behind his back, was walking up and down the room, considering the same thing that Stepan Arkadyevitch had been discussing with his wife.

"Shall I disturb you?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch,

suddenly feeling an unwonted embarrassment. In order to conceal his embarrassment, he took a new cigar-case out of his pocket, smelt of the leather, and took out a cigarette.

"No. Do you wish to see me?" asked Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, reluctantly.

"Yes I would like I must yes, I must have a talk with you," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, surprised at his confusion.

This feeling was so strange and unexpected to him, that he did not recognize in it the voice of conscience, warning him that what he hoped to do was evil. He recovered himself with an effort, and conquered the weakness which took possession of him.

"I hope that you believe in my love for my sister, and in my sincere sympathy and regard for you," said he, and his face grew red.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch listened, and made no reply ; but his face struck Stepan Arkadyevitch by its expression of humility and pain.

"I intended, I came on purpose, to speak with you about my sister, and the situation in which you and she are placed," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, still struggling with his unusual embarrassment.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch smiled sadly, looked at his brother-in-law, and, without replying, went to the table, took up a half-written letter, and handed it to him.

"I can think of nothing else. This is what I began to write, thinking that I could express myself better in a letter, for my presence irritates her," said he, giving him the letter.

Stepan Arkadyevitch took the paper, and looked with perplexity and surprise at his brother-in-law's dull eyes, which were fixed on him ; then he read :—

I see that my presence is disagreeable to you ; painful as it is for me to recognize it, I know that it is so, and it cannot be otherwise. I do not blame you. God knows that, during your illness, I resolved to forget the past, and to begin a new life. I am not sorry, I never shall be sorry, for what I did then. I desired only one thing, — your salvation, the salvation of your

soul, and now I see that I have not succeeded. Tell me yourself, what will give you true peace and happiness, and I will submit to whatever you may deem just and right.

Stepan Arkadyevitch gave the letter back to his brother-in-law; and with the same perplexity, he simply stared at his brother-in-law, not knowing what to say. This silence was so uncomfortable to both that Stepan Arkadyevitch's lips trembled convulsively, while he did not take his eyes from Karenin's face.

"That is what I wanted to say to her," said Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, turning away.

"Yes, yes," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, but he could not go on, the tears so choked his utterance. "Yes, yes, I understand you."

"I should like to know what she wishes," said he, at last.

"I am afraid that she herself does not realize her own situation. She is not a judge of the matter," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, trying to recover himself. "She is crushed, literally crushed, by your magnanimity; if she should read your letter, she would be unable to say a word, and could only bow her head still lower."

"Yes! But what is to be done in such a case? How can it be settled? How can I know what she wishes?"

"If you will allow me to express my opinion, I think it is for you to state clearly what measure you believe necessary to put an end to this situation at once."

"Consequently, you think it ought to be ended at once?" interrupted Aleksei Aleksandrovitch. "But how?" he added, passing the back of his hand over his eyes in an unusual way. "I see no possible way out of it!"

"There is a way out of every difficulty, however serious it may be," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, rising, and growing more animated. "There was a time when you wished for a divorce.... if you are convinced now that you can never be happy together again...."

"Happiness may be understood in different ways. Let us grant that I agree to everything, that I have no

wishes in the matter, what escape is there from our situation?"

"If you wish for my advice," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with the same smooth, almond-oily, affectionate smile with which he had spoken to his sister; and this smile was so persuasive that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, giving himself up to the weakness which overpowered him, was involuntarily inclined to believe what his brother-in-law said. "She will never say what her wishes are. But there is one thing possible, one thing that she may hope for," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, "and that is to break the bonds which are only the cause of cruel recollections. In my opinion, it is indispensable to put your relations on an entirely new footing, and that can only be done by both of you resuming your freedom."

"Divorce!" interrupted Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with disgust.

"Yes, I suppose that divorce yes, divorce," repeated Stepan Arkadyevitch, blushing. "Taking everything into consideration, that is the most sensible course when two married people find themselves in such a situation as yours. What is to be done, when husband and wife find that living together is impossible? This can always be brought about."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch drew a deep sigh, and covered his eyes.

"There is only one consideration, — whether one of the parties wishes to marry again. If not, it is very simple," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, recovering more and more from his feeling of constraint.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with his face distorted by emotion, muttered something to himself, but made no reply. What seemed so simple to Oblonsky, he had turned over a thousand thousand times in his mind, and, instead of finding it very easy, found it utterly impossible. Now that the conditions for divorce were known to him, it seemed to him impossible, because the sense of his personal dignity, as well as his respect for religion, prevented him from confessing to a fictitious accusation of

adultery and still less permitting his wife, whom he had once pardoned and still loved, to be disgraced and put to shame. Divorce seemed impossible from still other and even more important reasons.

What would become of their son? To leave him with his mother was impossible. The divorced mother would have her own illegitimate family, in which the child's position and training would be wretched. Should he keep the child for himself? But he knew that would be an act of vengeance, and vengeance he did not want.

But, above all, what made divorce impossible in his eyes was the thought that, in consenting to it, he himself would contribute to Anna's destruction. The words spoken by Darya Aleksandrovna, when he was in Moscow, remained graven in his heart, that in getting a divorce, he was thinking only of himself, and forgetting that it would be her irretrievable ruin. These words, now that he had forgiven her and had become attached to the children, had a very significant meaning to him. To consent to a divorce, to give Anna her liberty, was to cut away the last tie that bound himself to life, to her children whom he loved, and was to take away her last help in the way of salvation, and to push her over the precipice.

If she became a divorced woman, he knew very well that she would be united to Vronsky, and such a bond would be criminal and illegal; because a woman, according to the laws of the Church, cannot enter into a second marriage during the lifetime of her husband.

"And who knows but, after a year or two, either he might abandon her, or she might form a new liaison?" thought Alekseï Aleksandrovitch; "and I, having allowed an illegal divorce, should be responsible for her fall."

He had gone over all this a hundred times, and was convinced that divorce was not by any means so simple as his brother-in-law would make it out; that it was wholly impossible.

He did not admit a word of what Stepan Arkadyevitch said; he had a thousand arguments to refute such

reasoning; and, notwithstanding this, he listened, feeling that his words were the manifestation of that irresistible force which ruled his life, and to which he would finally submit.

“The only question is, how, on what conditions, you will consent to a divorce; for she will never dare to ask anything of you, and will give herself up entirely to your magnanimity.”

“My God! my God! why has this come upon me?” thought Aleksei Aleksandrovitch; and, as he remembered the condition of divorce in which the husband assumed the blame, from shame he buried his face in his hands, as Vronsky had done.

“You are distressed; I understand it; but if you will consider”

“Whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if any man would take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also,” thought Aleksei Aleksandrovitch. — “Yes, yes!” he cried, in his piping voice. “I will take all the shame upon myself; I will even give up my son. But will it not be better to leave all that? However; do as you please.”

And turning away from his brother-in-law, that he might not see his face, he sat down near the window. He was grieved; he was ashamed; but with this grief and shame he felt a sense of happiness and emotion in the consciousness of his own humility.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was touched.

“Aleksei Aleksandrovitch, be assured that she will appreciate your generosity,” said he, after a pause. “It is, without doubt, the will of God,” he added; but he felt, as soon as the words were out of his mouth, what a foolish remark it was, and he could hardly restrain a smile at his own foolishness.

Aleksei Aleksandrovitch would have replied, but tears prevented him.

“This trial comes by fate, and it must be accepted. I accept it as an accomplished fact, and I will try to help you and her,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

When Stepan Arkadyevitch left his brother-in-law’s

cabinet, he was touched, but this fact did not prevent him from being delighted at having settled this matter; for he was certain that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch would not go back on his word. His satisfaction suggested a conundrum which he could ask his wife and intimate friends:—

“What is the difference between me and a field-marshal? The field-marshal makes divorces, and nobody is the better for it; while I make divorces, and three people are better off. Or, rather, what resemblance is there between me and a field-marshal? Where but by and by I'll improve on it,” he said to himself with a smile.

CHAPTER XXIII

VRONSKY'S wound was dangerous, although it did not reach the heart. He hung for several days between life and death. When for the first time he was in a condition to talk, only Varia, his brother's wife, was in his room.

“Varia!” said he, looking at her gravely, “I shot myself accidentally. Now please never speak to me about this, but tell every one so; otherwise it will seem too stupid!”

Varia bent over him without replying, examining his face with a happy smile. His eyes were bright, but no longer feverish, but their expression was stern.

“Well! Thank the Lord!” she replied. “Are you suffering?”

“A little on this side,” said he, pointing to his chest.

“Let me change the dressing, then.”

Squinting, he silently watched her change it, and when she had finished, he said:—

“I am not delirious now. See to it, I beg of you, that nobody says that I shot myself intentionally.”

“Nobody says so. I hope, however, that after this you will not shoot yourself accidentally again,” she said with a questioning smile.

"Probably I shall not; but it would have been better"

And he smiled gloomily.

In spite of these words and this smile which so alarmed Varia, when the inflammation had subsided and he began to recover, he felt that he was free from a part of his misfortunes. By his action he had washed away, as it were, his shame and humiliation, which had weighed on him before. Henceforth he could think calmly of Aleksei Aleksandrovitch. He recognized all his magnanimity without being crushed by it. Besides, he was able to be himself again, to look people in the face, and could live, governing himself by his customary habits. What he could not tear from his heart, in spite of all his efforts, was the regret, bordering on despair, at having lost Anna forever; since he was firmly resolved, now that he had redeemed his fault toward Karenin, not to place himself between the repentant wife and her husband. But he could not put out of his heart the regret at the loss of her love; he could not blot out the memory of happy moments which he had spent with her, and not half appreciated till now, and which pursued him continually in all their fascination.

Serpukhovskoi thought of sending him to Tashkend, and Vronsky accepted the proposition without the least hesitation. But the nearer the time for his leaving came, the more cruel seemed the sacrifice to what he considered his duty.

His wound was healed, and he had already gone out and was engaged in making his preparations for his journey to Tashkend.

"To see her once more, and then bury myself and die," he thought; and while paying his farewell visit to Betsy, he expressed his wish to her.

The latter set out at once as an ambassador to Anna but brought back her refusal.

"So much the better," thought Vronsky, on receiving her reply; "this is a weakness which would have cost me my last strength."

The next morning Betsy herself went to Vronsky, announcing that she had had, through Oblonsky, positive information that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch consented to a divorce, and that consequently Vronsky might see Anna.

Without even pausing to show Betsy from his room, forgetting his resolutions, without finding out when he could see her, or where her husband would be, Vronsky immediately went to the Karenins'. He flew up the steps, not seeing anything or any one, and with hasty steps, almost running, entered Anna's room, and, without even noticing whether there might not be some one else in the room, he took her in his arms, and began covering her hands, her face, and her neck with kisses.

Anna was prepared to see him again, and had made up her mind what to say to him; but she had no time to speak. Vronsky's passion overpowered her. She wanted to calm him, to calm herself, but it was already too late. Her lips trembled so that for a long time she was unable to speak a word.

"Yes, you have conquered me; I am yours!" she succeeded in saying at last, pressing his hand to her breast.

"So it had to be!" said he, "and as long as we live, it must be so; I know it now."

"It is true," she replied, growing paler and paler as she put her arms around Vronsky's neck. "However, there is something terrible in this after what has happened."

"All that will be forgotten, forgotten; we shall be so happy! If there were any need of our love increasing, it would increase, because there is something terrible about it," said he, raising his head, and displaying his strong teeth as he smiled.

She could only reply with a smile, — not with words, — with her eyes which expressed such love for him.

"I do know you with your short hair. You are lovely so! Just like a little boy! But how pale you are!"

"Yes; I am still very weak," she replied, smiling; and her lips began to tremble again.

"We will go to Italy; you will grow strong there," said he.

"Is it possible that we could be like husband and wife, alone, by ourselves?" said she, looking him in the eye.

"I am only surprised at one thing, — that it has not always been so."

"Stiva says that *he* will consent to everything, but I will not accept his generosity," said she, looking thoughtfully above Vronsky's head. "I do not wish for a divorce. It is all the same to me now. I only wonder what he will decide with regard to Serozha."

Vronsky could not understand how, in these first moments of their reunion, she could think of her son and of divorce. How could it be all the same to her?

"Don't speak of that, don't think of it," said he, turning Anna's hand over and over in his, to draw her attention to him; but she did not look at him.

"Oh! why did I not die? it would have been so much better!" said she; and though she did not sob, the tears rolled down her pale cheeks; she tried, nevertheless, to smile, that she might not give him pain.

Once Vronsky would have thought it impossible and disgraceful to give up the flattering and perilous mission to Tashkend, but now he refused it without any hesitation; then, noticing that his refusal was misinterpreted by the authorities, he gave in his resignation.

A month later, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was left alone with his son, and Anna went abroad with Vronsky, without a divorce, and resolutely refusing to accept one.

PART FIFTH

CHAPTER I

THE Princess Shcherbatskaya found it would not be possible to have the wedding before Lent, which would come in five weeks, because the trousseau would not be half done; but she could not help agreeing with Levin that after Lent it might be too late, as an old aunt of the prince's was very ill and liable to die, and then mourning would still further postpone it. So having decided to divide the trousseau into two parts, — one large, the other small, — the princess agreed to have the wedding before Lent. She decided that she would prepare the smaller part of the trousseau at once, and send the larger part afterward, and she was very indignant with Levin because he would not answer her seriously whether this would suit him or not. This arrangement was all the more convenient because the young couple intended to set out for the country immediately after the ceremony, and would not need the larger part of the things.

Levin continued in the same condition of lunacy, in which it seemed to him that he and his happiness constituted the chief and only aim of creation, and that it was wholly unnecessary for him to think or to bother himself about anything but that his friends would arrange everything for him. He did not even make any plans or arrangements for his coming life, but left others to decide for him, knowing all would be admirable. His brother, Sergyei Ivanovitch, Stepan Arkadyevitch, and the princess ruled him absolutely; he was satisfied to accept whatever they proposed.

His brother borrowed the money that he needed; the princess advised him to leave Moscow after the wed-

ding; Stepan Arkadyevitch advised him to go abroad. He consented to everything.

"Make whatever plans you please," he thought, "I am happy; and whatever you may decide on, my joy will be neither greater nor less."

But when he told Kitty of Stepan Arkadyevitch's suggestion about going abroad, he was surprised to see that she did not approve of it, and that she had her own very decided plans for the future. She knew that Levin's heart was at home in his work, and although she neither understood his affairs, nor tried to understand them, still they seemed to her very important; as their home would be in the country, she did not wish to go abroad where they were not going to live, but insisted on settling down in the country where their home was to be. This very firm determination surprised Levin; but as it seemed to him all right, he begged Stepan Arkadyevitch, who had excellent taste, to go to Pokrovsky and take charge of the improvements in his house. It seemed to him that that belonged to his friend's province.

"By the way," said Stepan Arkadyevitch one day, after his return from the country, where he had arranged everything for the young couple's reception, "have you your certificate of confession?"

"No; why?"

"You can't be married without it."

"Aī, aī, aī!" cried Levin; "but it is nine years since I have been to confession! I had n't even thought of it!"

"That is good!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, laughing, "and you call me a nihilist! But that can't be allowed to go on; you must prepare for the sacrament!"

"When? there are only four days more!"

Stepan Arkadyevitch arranged this matter also, and Levin prepared for his devotions. For Levin as for any man who is an unbeliever, yet respects the faith of others, it was very hard to attend and participate in all religious ceremonies. Now in his tender and sentimental frame of mind, the necessity of dissimulating was not

only odious to him, it was well-nigh impossible. Now, he would be obliged either to lie or to mock at sacred things, at a time when his heart was bursting, when he felt at the height of bliss. He felt that he could do neither. But in spite of all his efforts to persuade Stepan Arkadyevitch that there must be some other way of obtaining a certificate without being forced to confess, Stepan Arkadyevitch declared that it was impossible.

“Yes, but what harm will it do you? only two days! and the priest is a capital, bright little old man. He will pull this tooth for you without your knowing it.”

During the first mass that he attended Levin did his best to recall the strong religious impressions of his youth, when he was between sixteen and seventeen years old; but he found that this was perfectly impossible. He then tried to look on religious forms as an ancient custom, without any real meaning, something like the habit of making calls; this also he felt that he could never do. Like most of his contemporaries, Levin was completely undecided in regard to his religious views. He could not believe; at the same time he was not firmly convinced that all these things were unreasonable. And therefore not being in a condition to believe in the efficacy of what he was doing, or to look on it with utter indifference as on an empty formality, he experienced a sense of pain and annoyance during the time allotted to his devotions; his conscience cried out that to do what he himself did not understand was false and wicked.

During the time of the service, he listened to the prayers, striving to attribute to them some significance which should not be in too open contradiction with his convictions; but finding that he could not understand them, but was compelled to criticize them, he tried not to listen, but occupied himself with his thoughts — with the observations and recollections that arose in his mind with extraordinary vividness during the solemn night-office in the church. He stayed through mass, vespers, and evening prayers and on the next morning he rose earlier

than usual, and came at eight o'clock, without having eaten anything, to morning prayers and confession.

There was no one in the church except a mendicant soldier, two old women, and the officiating priests. A young deacon with a long, thin back clearly defined in two halves beneath his short cassock came to meet him, and going to a little table near the wall, began to read prayers. Levin, hearing him repeat in a hurried, monotonous voice, clipping his words, the words, "Lord, have mercy upon us,"¹ felt that his thought was locked up and sealed, and that to touch it and stir it now was out of the question, since, if he did, confusion would ensue; and therefore he stood behind the deacon, not listening and not trying to fathom what he said, but thinking his own thoughts.

"What a wonderful amount of expression there is about her hands," he thought, recalling the evening before, which he had spent with Kitty at the table in one corner of the drawing-room. There had not been much to talk about, as was usually the case at this time; she had rested her hand on the table, opening and shutting it, and laughing as she made this motion. He remembered how he had kissed this hand and then examined the lines that crossed the pink palm.

"*Have merc' on us* again," thought Levin, making the sign of the cross, and bowing, while he noticed the deacon's supple movements, as he prostrated himself in front of him. "Then she took my hand, and in turn examined it. 'You have a famous hand,' she said to me." He looked at his own hand, and then at the deacon's, with its stubbed fingers. "Yes! Now it will soon be over. No; he is beginning another prayer. Yes; he is bowing to the ground; that always comes just before the end."

The deacon took the three-ruble note, discreetly slipped into his hand, under his rough shaggy cuff, and promised to register Levin's name; then quickly clacking in his new boots across the flagstones of the empty church, he went to the altar. In a moment he looked

¹ *Gospodi pomilui*, shortened by his rapid speech into *pomilos*, *pomilos*.

out and beckoned to Levin. The thought till that moment locked up in Levin's brain began to stir, but he made haste to bring it to order. "It will be arranged somehow," he said to himself and went toward the ambo. He mounted several steps, turned to the right, and saw the priest, a little old man, whose thin beard was almost white, with kindly but rather weary eyes, standing near the reading-desk, turning over the leaves of a missal. After a slight bow to Levin, he began to read the prayers; having finished them, he kneeled and faced Levin:—

"Christ is here, invisible though, to hear your confession," said he, pointing to the crucifix. "Do you believe all that the Holy Apostolic Church teaches us?" he continued, turning his eyes from Levin's face and crossing his hand under his stole.

"I have doubted, I still doubt everything" said Levin, in a voice which sounded disagreeable to his own ears, and he was silent.

The priest waited a few moments to see if he would say anything more, then closing his eyes and speaking rapidly with a Vladimirsky accent, he said:—

"To doubt is characteristic of human weakness; we must pray the Lord Almighty to strengthen you. What are your principal sins?"

The priest spoke without the least interruption, and as if he were afraid of losing time.

"My principal sin is doubt. I doubt everything, and I am generally doubting."

"To doubt is characteristic of human weakness," said the priest, using the same words; "what do you doubt principally?"

"Everything. I sometimes even doubt the existence of God," said Levin, in spite of himself, horrified at the impropriety of what he was saying. But his words seemed to make no impression on the priest.

"How can you doubt the existence of God?" he asked, with an almost imperceptible smile.

Levin was silent.

"What doubts can you have about the Creator when

you contemplate His works?" pursued the priest, in his quick habitual utterance. "Who ornamented the celestial vault with its stars? who decked the earth with all its beauty? How can these things exist without a Creator?" And he cast a questioning glance at Levin.

Levin felt that it would be out of place to enter into a philosophical discussion with the priest, and, therefore, in his reply said only what referred directly to the question:—

"I do not know."

"You do not know? Then how can you doubt that God has created everything?" asked the priest, with a light-hearted perplexity.

"I cannot understand it," replied Levin, blushing, and feeling that his words were stupid, and that in such a position they could not be other than stupid.

"Pray to God, have recourse to Him; the Fathers of the Church themselves doubted, and asked God to strengthen their faith. The devil has mighty power, and we should resist him. Pray to God, pray to God," repeated the priest, rapidly.

Then he kept silent for a moment, as if he were buried in thought.

"They tell me that you intend to marry the daughter of my parishioner and spiritual son, the Prince Shcherbatsky," he added with a smile. "She is a beautiful girl."

"Yes," replied Levin, blushing for the priest. "Why does he need to ask such questions at confession?" he said to himself.

And, as if replying to his thought, the priest continued:—

"You are preparing for marriage, and perhaps God may grant you offspring. Isn't that so? Now, what education will you give to your little children if you do not conquer the temptations of the devil, who causes you to doubt?" he asked with gentle reproach. "If you love your children as a good father, you will not only wish for them riches, luxury, and honor, but still more, their salvation and their spiritual enlightenment

by the light of truth; is this not so? How will you reply to the innocent child who asks you, 'Papasha, who made all that delights me on the earth, — the water, the sunshine, the flowers, the plants?' Will you answer, 'I know nothing about it'? Can you ignore what the Lord God in His infinite goodness has revealed to you? And if the child asks you, 'What awaits me beyond the tomb?' what will you say to him if you know nothing? How will you answer him? Will you give him up to the seductions of the world and the devil? That is not right!" said he, stopping, and turning his head on one side, looked at Levin out of his kindly, gentle eyes.

Levin was silent, not because he was afraid this time to enter into a discussion with the priest, but because nobody had ever put such questions to him before, and because he thought there was plenty of time to consider them before his children should be in a state to question him.

"You are about to enter upon a phase of life," continued the priest, "where one must choose his path and keep to it. Pray God in His mercy to keep and sustain you; and in conclusion: May our Lord God, Jesus Christ, pardon you, my son, in His goodness and loving-kindness to all mankind." And the priest, ending the formulas of absolution, took leave of him, after giving him his blessing.

Levin, returning home that day, felt happy enough at the thought of being free from a false situation without having been obliged to lie. Besides, there remained with him a vague idea that what that good and gentle little old man said to him was not altogether so stupid as he at first had thought it was going to be, and that he really had something worth clearing up sometime.

"Not now, of course," he thought, "but later on."

Levin felt more than ever at this time that there were troubled and obscure places in his soul, and that, concerning his religion, he was in exactly the same position which he so clearly saw others occupying, and disliked, and which he blamed his friend Sviazhsky for.

Levin spent that evening with his betrothed at Dolly's, and in trying to explain to Stepan Arkadyevitch the excitable condition in which he found himself, was very gay; he said that he was like a dog being trained to jump through a hoop, which, delighted at having learned his lesson, wags his tail, and is eager to leap over the table and through the window.

CHAPTER II

THE princess and Darya Aleksandrovna insisted on strictly observing the established customs; so Levin was not to see his "bride" on the day of the wedding, and he dined at his hotel with three bachelors, who met in his room by chance: they were Sergyeï Ivanovitch; Katavasof, an old university friend, now professor of natural sciences, whom Levin had met on the street and brought home to dinner; Chirikof, his *shafer* or best man, justice of the peace at Moscow, and Levin's companion in bear-hunting.

The dinner was very lively. Sergyeï Ivanovitch was in the best of spirits, and greatly enjoyed Katavasof's originality. Katavasof, feeling that his originality was appreciated and understood, made a great display of it and Chirikof added his share of gayety to the conversation.

"So, here is our friend Konstantin Dmitrievitch," said Katavasof, with the slow speech of a professor accustomed to talk *ex cathedra*; "what a talented fellow he was! I speak of him in the past, for he no longer exists. He loved science when he left the university; he took an interest in humanity; now he employs half his faculties in deceiving himself, and the other half in apologizing for the deception."

"I never met a more confirmed enemy of marriage than you," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch.

"No, I am not its enemy; I am a friend of the distribution of labor. People who cannot do anything ought to be the ones to propagate the race. All the

rest should devote themselves to their intellectual development and welfare. That is my opinion. I know a great many people are inclined to confound these two, but I am not of the number."

"How delighted I should be to hear that you were in love!" exclaimed Levin. "Pray invite me to your wedding."

"But I am already in love."

"Yes, with some cuttlefish. You know," said Levin, turning to his brother, "Mikhaïl Semyonuitch has written a work on the nutrition, and"

"Now, I beg of you not to confuse matters! It is of no consequence what I have written; but it is a fact that I love a cuttlefish."

"That need not prevent your loving a wife."

"No; but my wife would object to my loving the cuttlefish."

"Why so?"

"You will see how it will be. Now, you love your farming, hunting. Well! just wait awhile!"

"I met Arkhip to-day," said Chirikof; "he says that there are quantities of elk at Prudnoye, and two bears."

"Well! you may hunt them without me."

"You see how it is," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch. "You may as well say good-by to bear-hunting; your wife won't allow it."

Levin smiled. The idea that his wife would object to his hunting seemed so delightful that he was ready to renounce the pleasure of ever meeting a bear again.

"However, I am sorry to hunt those two bears without you," said Chirikof. "Do you remember the last time at Khapilovo? The hunting was marvelous."

Levin did not care to spoil his friend's illusion that life would be worth nothing without hunting, and so he made no reply.

"The custom of saying good-by to one's bachelor life is not without meaning," said Sergyeï Ivanovitch. "However happy one may be, a man regrets his liberty."

"Confess that, like Gogolevsky, when he was engaged, you feel like jumping out of the window."

"Certainly; but he won't confess it," said Katavasof, with a loud laugh.

"The window is open. Come now, let us go to Tver! We might find one bear in her lair. Indeed, we have still time to catch the five o'clock train," said Chirikof, smiling. "Hear them laugh!"

"Well, upon my honor," replied Levin, smiling, too, "I cannot discover the least trace of regret in my soul for my lost liberty."

"Yes! your soul is in such a chaos now that you cannot find anything in it," said Katavasof. "Wait till it becomes calmer; then you will see."

"No, if I felt in the least degree that there was nothing beyond my feeling of" — he did not like to speak of love before Katavasof — "of happiness, I should regret my lost freedom. But it is not so at all; I am even delighted at my loss of freedom."

"You are a hopeless case," exclaimed Katavasof. "However, let us drink to his recovery, or let us at least hope for him that one per cent of his illusions may be accomplished. And even that would be such happiness as was never known on this earth!"

Shortly after dinner the guests separated, to dress for the wedding.

When he was left alone, and had a chance to think over the conversation of these bachelors, Levin again asked himself whether he really regretted the liberty of which his friends had just been talking, and he smiled at the idea.

"Liberty? why liberty? Happiness for me consists in loving, in thinking her thoughts, in wishing her wishes, without any liberty. That is happiness!"

"But can I know her thoughts, her wishes, her feelings?" whispered some voice. The smile disappeared from his face and he fell into a deep study. And suddenly a strange feeling came over him: fear and doubt came over him — doubt about everything.

"Suppose she does not love me? What if she is

marrying me merely for the sake of being married? What if she does not herself know what she is doing?" he asked himself. "Will she, perhaps, see her mistake, and discover, after we are married, that she does not love me, and that she never can love me?"

And strange, even painful, thoughts about Kitty came to his mind; he began to be violently jealous of Vronsky, just as he had been the year before; there came up before him, like the memory of yesterday, that evening when he had seen them together, and he suspected her of not having confessed everything to him.

He quickly sprang up.

"No," said he, in despair. "I cannot let this remain so! I will go and find her, — I will talk with her, and say to her again, for the last time: 'We are free; is it not better to stop just where we are? Anything is better than lifelong unhappiness, shame, distrust!'"

And with despair in his heart, full of hatred toward all mankind, toward himself and Kitty, he left the hotel and hastened to her house.

He found her in one of the rear rooms sitting on a large chest, busy with her maid, looking over dresses of all colors, spread out over the backs of the chairs and on the floor.

"Akh!" she exclaimed, beaming with joy at seeing him. "What brings thee? What brings you?" Even up to this last day she sometimes said *tui*, sometimes *vi*. "I was not expecting you! I am just disposing of my maiden wardrobe."

"Ah! that is good!" he replied, frowning at the maid.

"Run away, Duniasha; I will call you," said Kitty; and as soon as she had gone she asked, using the second person of the pronoun, "What is the matter with thee?" this time resolutely. She remarked her lover's strange, excited, and gloomy face, and was seized with fear.

"Kitty, I am in torture, and I cannot suffer alone!" he said to her with despair in his voice, stopping in front of her and looking into her eyes in a beseeching

way. He at once saw by her face, so sincere and loving, that nothing whatever would result from his determination; yet he felt an urgent need of being reassured from her own lips.

"I came to tell you that it is not yet too late; that everything can even now be taken back."

"What? I do not understand. What is the matter with thee?"

"I am — as I have said and thought a thousand times before — I am not worthy of you. You once could not consent to marry me. Think of it! Perhaps you are mistaken now. Think of it well. You cannot love me ... if ... it is better to acknowledge it," he continued, without looking at her. "I shall be miserable, but no matter; let people say what they please; anything is better than unhappiness! ... But anything is better now, while there is yet time ..."

"I do not understand you," she replied, frightened. "You mean you want to take back your word ... break off our ..."

"Yes, if you do not love me."

"You must be insane!" she exclaimed, red with vexation. But the sight of Levin's piteous face arrested her anger; and pushing the frocks from one of the chairs, she sat down near him.

"What are you thinking of? Tell me all."

"I think that you cannot love me. Why should you love me?"

"Bozhe moï! what can I do?" ... said she; and she burst into tears.

"Akh! what have I done?" he cried instantly, and throwing himself on his knees, he covered her hands with kisses.

When the princess came into the room five minutes later, she found them completely reconciled. Kitty had not only convinced him of her love, but in answer to his question she had explained to him why she loved him. She said that she loved him because she understood him perfectly; because she knew that he could love, and that all he loved was good and beautiful.

Levin found the explanation perfectly satisfactory. When the princess came in, they were sitting side by side on the big chest, looking over the frocks, and discussing their fate. Kitty wanted to give Duniasha the brown frock that she wore the day Levin proposed to her; and he insisted that it should not be given to any one, and that Duniasha should have the blue frock.

"But don't you see that she is a brunette, and the blue frock will not be becoming to her?.... I have thought it all over."....

When she learned why Levin was there, the princess was half vexed at him, and sent him home to make his own toilet and leave Kitty in peace, as Charles was going to dress Kitty's hair.

"She is quite excited enough," said she; "she has eaten nothing for days, and is losing all her beauty; and here you come to trouble her with your foolishness. Come, go away now, my dear."

Levin went back to the hotel, guilty and ashamed, but reassured. His brother, Darya Aleksandrovna, and Stepan Arkadyevitch, in full dress, were already waiting with holy images to bless him. There was no time to be lost. Darya Aleksandrovna had to go home again to get her son perfumed and curled for the occasion; the child was to carry the sacred image before the bride. Then one carriage must be sent for the *shaffer* or best man, while another was to come to the hotel for Sergyei Ivanovitch. This day was full of complications. One thing was certain, that no delay was permissible, for it was already half-past six.

The ceremony of the benediction was anything but solemn. Stepan Arkadyevitch assumed a comically grave attitude beside his wife, raised the sacred image, and obliged Levin to kneel before it, while he blessed him with an affectionate and wicked smile; at last he kissed him three times; and Darya Aleksandrovna did the same very hastily, for she was in a great hurry to get away, and in great perplexity about the carriage arrangements.

"Well! This is what we will do: you go for him in

our carriage, and perhaps Sergyeï Ivanovitch will be so good as to come immediately, and to send back his."

"Certainly, with pleasure."

"We will come back together. Has the luggage been sent?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Yes," replied Levin; and he called Kuzma to help him dress.

CHAPTER III

A THRONG of people, principally women, surrounded the church, brilliantly lighted for the wedding; those who could not get inside were pushing up around the windows and elbowing one another as they strove to look through the gratings.

Already more than twenty carriages stood in a line in the street, under the supervision of policemen. A police officer stood at the entrance in brilliant uniform, unmindful of the cold. Carriages kept driving up and departing; now ladies in full dress, holding up their trains; now men taking off their hats, or *képis*. In the church itself both chandeliers and all the candles before the images were already burning. The golden gleam on the red background of the ikonostas, and the gilded chasing of the ikons, and the silver of the candelabra and of the censers, and the flaggings of the floor, and the tapestries and the banners suspended in the choir and the steps of the pulpit, and the old dingy missals, and the priestly robes, were all flooded with light.

On the right-hand side of the warm church, amid the brave array of dress-coats, uniforms, and white neckties, and satin, silk, and velvet robes; of coiffures, flowers, and bare necks and arms, and long gloves, there was a constant flow of restrained but lively conversation, which echoed strangely beneath the high, vaulted roof.

Whenever the door opened with a plaintive creak the murmur ceased, and every one turned around, hoping

at last to see the bridal pair. But the door had already opened more than ten times, and each time it proved to be some belated guest, or guests, admitted among the number of the friends on the right, or some spectator who had been clever enough to deceive or elude the police officer, and sat down among the strangers on the left.

The friends and strangers had passed through every phase of waiting; at first they supposed that the bride and bridegroom would be there any minute, and did not attach any importance to the delay; then they began to look around at the door more and more frequently, wondering what could have happened; at last the delay began to be awkward, and the relatives and invited guests tried to assume an air of indifference, as if they were absorbed in their conversation.

The archdeacon, as if to let people know that his time was precious, every now and then gave an impatient cough, which made the windows rattle; in the choir the singers, tired of waiting, could be heard, now trying their voices, and now blowing their noses; the priest kept sending, now a sacristan, now a deacon, to find out if the bridegroom was coming, and appeared himself more and more frequently at the side doors in his lilac cassock with its embroidered sash.

Finally a lady looked at her watch, and said to the one sitting next her, "This is very strange!" And immediately all the invited guests began to express their surprise and discontent aloud. One of the *shafers*, or best men, went to see what had happened.

During all this time Kitty, in her white dress, long veil, and wreath of orange blossoms, was standing in the "hall" of the Shcherbatsky mansion with her sister, Madame Lvova, and her nuptial godmother,¹ looking out of the window, and had been waiting for half an hour for the shafér to announce the bridegroom's arrival at the church.

Levin, meanwhile, in black trousers, but without either coat or waistcoat, was walking up and down his

¹ *Posazhonaya mat.*

room at the hotel, opening the door every minute to look out into the corridor. But in the corridor nothing like what he wanted was to be seen, and, wringing his hands in despair, he would pour forth his complaints to Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was calmly smoking.

“Did you ever see a man in such a horribly absurd situation?”

“Yes, abominable!” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with his tranquil smile. “But be calm; they will have it here very soon.”

“No, hang it!” said Levin, with restrained fury. “And these idiotic open waistcoats. Absolutely useless!” he added, looking at his tumbled shirt-bosom. “And what if my trunks have already gone to the railway station?” he exclaimed in despair.

“Then you can wear mine.”

“I might have done that in the first place.”

“Don’t be ridiculous.... wait; it is sure to come all right.”

The fact was that when Levin began to dress, Kuzma, his old servant, was supposed to have taken out his dress-coat, his waistcoat, and all that was necessary.

“But the shirt!” cried Levin.

“You have your shirt on,” replied Kuzma, with an innocent smile.

Kuzma had not thought to provide a clean shirt, and, having received his orders to pack everything up and take them to the Shcherbatskys’ house, from which the young couple was to start away that same evening, he had done so, leaving out only his dress-suit. The one that Levin had worn all day was tumbled, and unfit to wear with his open waistcoat; it would take too long to send to the Shcherbatskys’. They sent out to buy one; the lackey returned empty-handed—everything was shut up: it was Sunday. A shirt was brought from Stepan Arkadyevitch’s house—it was ridiculously broad and short; at last, in despair, he had to send to the Shcherbatskys’ to have his trunks opened. So, while the people were waiting in the church, the unfortunate groom, like a wild beast in a cage, was ramping with despair up and down his room, looking out into the

corridor, and in his horror and despair imagining what Kitty might be thinking all this time.

Finally the guilty Kuzma rushed into the room all out of breath, with the shirt in his hand.

"I got there just in time, as they were carrying off the trunks!" he exclaimed.

In three minutes Levin rushed through the corridor, without daring to look at his watch, for fear of increasing his agony of mind.

"You can't change anything," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a smile, following leisurely. "I told you it would come out all right."

CHAPTER IV

"HERE they come! — There he is! — Which one? Is it the youngest? Just look at her! Poor little matushka, more dead than alive!" was murmured through the crowd, as Levin, having met the bride at the entrance, came into the church with her.

Stepan Arkadyevitch told his wife the reason of the delay, and a smile passed over the congregation as it was whispered about. Levin neither saw any one nor anything, but kept his eyes fixed on his bride.

Every one said that she had grown very homely during these last days, and certainly she did not look so pretty under her bridal wreath as usual; but such was not Levin's opinion. He looked at her high coiffure, with the long white veil attached, and white flowers, at her high plaited collar encircling her slender neck in a peculiarly maidenly fashion, and just showing it a little in front, — her remarkably graceful figure; and she seemed more beautiful to him than ever. But it was not because the flowers or her veil or her Paris gown added anything to her beauty, but because of the expression of her lovely face, her eyes, her lips, with their innocent sincerity, preserved in spite of all this adornment.

"I was beginning to think that you had made up your mind to run away," she said to him with a smile.

“What happened to me was so absurd that I am ashamed to tell you about it,” he replied, reddening, and he was compelled to turn to Sergyeï Ivanovitch, who came up at that moment.

“The tale of the shirt is a good one,” said Sergyeï Ivanovitch, throwing back his head with a laugh.

“Yes, yes,” replied Levin, without understanding a word which had been said.

“Well, Kostia, now is the time to make a serious decision,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, pretending to look greatly scared. “The question is a grave one, and you must appreciate its full importance. I have been asked whether the candles shall be new ones, or those that have been partly burned; the difference is ten rubles,” he added, pursing his lips in a smile. “I have decided about it, but I am afraid that you will not approve of it.”

Levin knew that there was some joke about it, but he could not smile.

“What will you decide on? new ones, or old ones? — that is the question.”

“Yes, yes; new ones.”

“Well, I am very glad. The question is settled,” said Stepan Arkadyevitch. “Of how little importance a man is at such a time as this!” he murmured to Chirikof, while Levin drew near to his bride, after looking at her in a bewildered way.

“Notice, Kitty, who first sets foot on the carpet!” said the Countess Nordstone, stepping up to her. — “You look your best,” she added, addressing Levin.

“Are you frightened?” asked Marya Dmitrievna, an old aunt.

“You are n’t cold, are you? You look pale. Bend forward a moment,” said Madame Lvova, raising her beautiful round arms to repair some disarrangement of her sister’s flowers.

Dolly came up, and tried to say something; but she could not speak, and burst into tears and laughed unnaturally.

Kitty looked at those around her as absent-mindedly as Levin.

During this time the officiating clergymen had put on their sacerdotal robes, and the priest, accompanied by the deacon, came to the lectern placed at the entrance of the sacred doors. The priest addressed a few words to Levin; but Levin failed to understand what he said.

"Take the bride's hand and go forward," whispered his best man to him.

For a long time he was unable to make out what was expected of him. For a long time they tried to coach him and were ready to give it up, because he did the opposite of what he was told. Finally, he comprehended that he was to take Kitty's right hand with his right hand, without changing his position. When at last he took his bride by her hand in the proper way, the priest advanced a few steps, and stopped in front of the lectern. The relatives and invited guests followed the young couple with a murmur of voices and a rustling of trains. Some one stooped down to arrange the bride's train; in the church, a silence so profound reigned that the drops of wax could be heard falling from the candles.

The old priest, in a calotte, his white hair shining like silver, drawn back behind his ears, drew forth his little wrinkled hands from beneath his heavy silver chasuble, ornamented with a cross of gold, approached the lectern, and turned over the leaves of the missal.

Stepan Arkadyevitch came softly and spoke in his ear, made a sign to Levin, and then stepped back.

The priest lighted two candles decorated with flowers, and, holding them slanting in his left hand, so that the wax slowly fell from them, turned toward the young couple. It was the same old man who had heard Levin's confession. He looked at the bride and bridegroom out of his sad, weary eyes, and then, with a sigh, blessed Levin with his right hand; then, with especial tenderness, placed his fingers on Kitty's bended head, gave them the candles, and taking the censer moved quietly away.

"Is this all real?" thought Levin, and he glanced at his bride. He looked down somewhat from above on her profile, and by the motion of her lips and her eye

brows he knew that she felt his look. She did not raise her head; but the high-plaited collar which reached to her little pink ear trembled a little. He saw that she was stifling a sigh, and her hand, imprisoned in its long glove, trembled as it held the candle.

The whole affair of the shirt, his late arrival, his conversation with his relatives and friends, their displeasure, his ridiculous position, — everything at once vanished from his memory, and he was conscious of a mixed feeling of terror and joy.

The archdeacon, a tall, handsome man, his hair curling all around his head and wearing a *stikhar*, or surplice, of silver cloth, came briskly forward, and with the customary gesture raised his stole with two fingers, and stopped before the priest.

“Bless us, O Lord!”¹ slowly, one after the other, rocking the atmosphere into billows of sound, echoed the solemn syllables.

“May the Lord bless you now and through all ages,” replied the old priest in a sweet and musical voice, still turning over the leaves.

And the response, chanted by the invisible choir, filled the church to the very roof of the vault with a deep, full sound, which increased, then ceased for a moment, and softly died away.

They prayed as usual for the eternal repose and welfare of their souls, for the synod, and the emperor, and then for the servants of God, Konstantin and Yekaterina, that day about to wed.

“Let us pray the Lord to send them His love, His peace, and His aid,” the whole church seemed to say in the voice of the archdeacon.

Levin listened to these words, and was impressed by them.

“How did they know that aid was exactly what I need? Yes, aid. What can I know, what can I do, without aid?” he thought, recalling his recent doubts and fears.

When the deacon had ended the liturgy, the priest,

¹ *Bla-go-slo-vi vla-duika!*

with a book in his hand, turned toward the bridal couple:—

“O God Eternal, who unitest by an indissoluble bond those who are separate,” he read, in a strong melodious voice, “Thou who didst bless Isaac and Rebecca, and showest Thy mercy to their descendants, bless also these Thy servants, Konstantin and Yekaterina, and pour forth Thy benefits upon them. Because Thou art a merciful and beneficent God, we offer Thee the glory! To the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be”

“Amen,” again chanted the invisible choir.

“‘Who unitest by an indissoluble bond those who are separate!’ How those profound words respond to what one feels at such a time! Does she understand it as I do?” thought Levin.

And looking down he gazed into her eyes.

From the expression of Kitty’s face he concluded that she did feel it as he did; but he was mistaken: she scarcely comprehended the words of the service, and during the time of the espousal did not even hear them. She could not hear them or comprehend them, so powerful was the single feeling which filled her heart and kept increasing all the time. This feeling was one of delight at the perfect fulfilment of what had been taking place in her heart during the past month and a half, and during those six weeks had made her happy and restless by turns.

From that day when, in her cinnamon-colored gown, in the “hall” of their house on the Arbatsky, she had silently approached Levin to give herself wholly to him, from that day, from that moment, she felt a complete rupture had been made with all her past life, and another existence, new and unknown, without, however, changing her outward life, had begun. These six weeks had been at once a very happy and very trying time. Her whole life, her hopes and desires, were all concentrated on this man, whom she did not even yet fully understand, to whom she was united by a sentiment which

she understood still less, and which attracted her and repelled her by turns, and at the same time she had gone on living in the conditions of her former life. Living this old life, she was horrified at herself, at her complete and invincible indifference toward her whole past: to things, to habits, even to her relatives, whom she loved, and who loved her, her mother, who was pained by her indifference, and her gentle father, whom she had loved more than any one else in the world. At one moment she was horrified at this indifference, at the next she was filled with joy at that which had brought her to such a feeling. She could not imagine or desire anything except life with this man; but this new life had not yet begun, and she could form no definite idea of it. It was only an expectation, a fear and joy of something new and unknown. And now this expectation, as well as her remorse for not regretting the past, were at an end, and the new life was beginning. This new and unknown future could not fail to be alarming, but whether it was alarming or not, it was only the fulfilment of what had taken place in her soul six weeks before, only the sanctification of what had been taking place in her soul for a long time.

The priest, turning to the lectern again, with difficulty took off Kitty's little ring, and passed it as far as the first joint of Levin's finger.

"I unite thee, Konstantin, servant of God, to Yekaterina, servant of God;" and he repeated the same formula in placing a large ring on Kitty's delicate little rosy finger, pathetic in its weakness.

The bridal pair tried to understand what was expected of them, but each time made a mistake, and the priest corrected them in a low voice. At last the priest, blessing them with his fingers, again gave Kitty the large ring, and Levin the small one, and again they got confused, and twice passed the rings from hand to hand, failing to interchange them as they should have done.

Dolly Chirikof and Stepan Arkadyevitch stepped out to assist them in their difficulty. The people around them smiled and whispered; but the tenderly solemn

expression on the faces of the young couple did not change. On the contrary, even when they were blundering with the rings, they looked more serious and solemn than before; and the smile on Stepan Arkadyevitch's face died away, as he whispered to them that they were to put on their own rings. It seemed to him that a smile might be offensive to them.

"O Thou who, from the beginning of the world, hast created man, male and female," continued the priest, after the ceremony of the rings, "and hast given to man the woman to be his aid and delight, therefore, O Thou, our Lord God, who hast given Thy blessing to Thy chosen, to Thy servants, our fathers, to Thine inheritance, do Thou bless Thy servants Konstantin and Yekaterina, and confirm their nuptials in faith and concord and truth and love!"

Levin's breast heaved; disobedient tears filled his eyes. He kept feeling more and more that all his thoughts on marriage, his visions of how he should dispose his life, had hitherto been infantile, and that there was something that had never been comprehensible to him; and now he understood its meaning less than ever, although he was now wholly in its power.

CHAPTER V

ALL Moscow, all the relatives and acquaintances, were at the church. And during the time of the marriage service, in the brilliant light that flooded the church, in that throng of handsomely dressed women and girls, and of men in white neckties, in swallow-tails, or in uniform, there was a decorously subdued conversation, especially among the men, for the women were absorbed in observing all the details of a ceremony which is always so full of interest for them.

A little group of friends surrounded the bride, and among them were her two sisters, Dolly, and the beautiful Madame Lvova just returned from abroad.

"Why is Mary in lilac at a wedding? It is almost mourning," said Madame Korsunsky.

"With her complexion it's her only salvation," replied Madame Drubetsky. "But I wonder why they had the ceremony in the evening? That savors of the merchant."

"It is pleasanter. I, too, was married in the evening," said Madame Korsunsky, sighing, and recalling how beautiful she had been on that day, and how ridiculously in love with her her husband had been, and how it was all so different now!

"They say that those who have been best men more than ten times never marry. I tried to make myself proof against marriage, in this way, but the place was taken," said Count Siniavin to the handsome young Princess Charskaya, who had designs on him.

A smile was her only reply. She was looking at Kitty, and thinking how and when she would stand with Count Siniavin in Kitty's place; and how she would then remind him of the joke that he had made.

Shcherbatsky confided to the old Freilina Nikolayeva his intention to place the crown on Kitty's head-dress to bring her good luck.

"There is no need of wearing a head-dress," replied Freilina Nikolayeva, who had long ago decided that if the old widower whom she was setting her cap for should offer himself, she would be married very simply. "I don't like this display."

Sergyei Ivanovitch was talking with Darya Dmitrievna, jestingly declaring that the fashion of wedding tours was becoming widespread because young couples were always rather bashful.

"Your brother may well be proud of his choice. She is charming. You must envy him."

"The time has gone by for that, Darya Dmitrievna," he replied, and an unexpected expression of sadness overspread his face.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was telling his sister-in-law his pun on divorce.

"Somebody ought to arrange her wreath," replied the latter, without listening.

"What a pity that she has grown so ugly!" said the Countess Nordstone to Madame Lvova. "After all, he is n't worth her little finger, is he?"

"I don't agree with you; I am very much pleased with him, and not only because he is going to be my *beau-frère*," replied Madame Lvova. "How well he appears! It is so difficult to appear well at such a time and not to be absurd. He is neither ridiculous nor stiff; one feels that he is touched."

"Did you expect this marriage?"

"Almost. He has always been in love with her."

"Well, we shall see which will be the first to step on the carpet. I have advised Kitty to look out for that."

"That makes no difference," replied Madame Lvova; "in our family we are all submissive wives."

"But I have taken pains to keep mine under the thumb. — How is it with you, Dolly?"

Dolly was standing near them, and heard them, but she did not reply. She was affected; tears filled her eyes, and she could not have uttered a word without crying. She was glad for Kitty and Levin; she was thinking of her own wedding; and as she glanced at the brilliant Stepan Arkadyevitch, she forgot the real state of things, and only remembered his first, innocent love. She was thinking, too, of other women, — her relatives and acquaintances, — whom she remembered at this important and solemn hour of their lives; how they, like Kitty, stood under the crown; how they renounced the past with joy, and began a mysterious future, with hope and fear in their hearts. Among the number she recalled her dear Anna, the details of whose approaching divorce she had just heard; she had seen her enveloped in a white veil, as pure as Kitty, with her wreath of orange-blossoms. And now? "It is terribly strange!" she whispered.

The sisters and friends were not the only ones to follow with interest the minutest details of the ceremony; there were women among the strangers looking

on, who held their breath, for fear of losing a single movement of bride or bridegroom, and who replied absent-mindedly to the jokes or idle remarks of the men, often not even hearing them.

"Why is she so troubled? Are they marrying her against her will?"

"Against her will? to such a handsome man? Is he a prince?"

"Is that her sister in white satin? There! Just hear the deacon howl, 'Let her fear her husband'!"

"Are the singers from Chudof?"¹

"No; from the synod."

"I have asked the servant about it. He says that her husband is going to take her away to his estate. Awfully rich, they say. That is why she is marrying him."

"They make a handsome pair."

"And you pretend to say, Marya Vasilievna, that they don't wear crinolines² any longer. Just look at that one in a puce-colored dress! You would say she was an ambassador's wife by the way she is dressed. Do you see now?"

"What a sweet little creature the bride is!—like a lamb for the slaughter. You may say what you please, I can't help pitying her."

Such were the remarks of the spectators who had succeeded in getting past the door of the church.

CHAPTER VI

As the service of espousal was coming to an end, one of the officiating priests spread a piece of rose-colored silk in front of the lectern, in the center of the church, the choir chanted an artistic and complicated psalm, in which the tenor and bass sang responsively, and the priest, turning to the young couple, attracted their attention to the piece of rose-colored fabric.

¹ A monastery, famous for its singers.

² The speaker calls it *karnalin* instead of *krinolin*.

They were both familiar with the superstition that whichever one of a bridal couple first sets foot on the carpet becomes the real head of the family, but neither Kitty nor Levin remembered anything about it after they had gone a few steps. And they did not hear the remarks exchanged about them, or the discussions between those who thought that he was the first and those who were sure that they touched it simultaneously.

After the customary questions as to their willingness to enter into the bonds of matrimony, and would they plight their mutual troth, and their answers, which sounded strangely loud to their own ears, a new office began. Kitty listened to the words of the prayers and tried to understand them, but she could not. The farther the ceremony proceeded, the more her heart overflowed with triumphant joy, which prevented her from fixing her attention.

They prayed to God that "the pair might have the gift of chastity, and might rejoice in the sight of many sons and daughters;" they recalled how God had made "the first woman from Adam's side," that "the woman must leave father and mother and cling to her husband, and they twain shall be one flesh," and that this is a great miracle; they prayed God "to give them fecundity and prosperity, as he had blessed Isaac and Rebecca, Joseph, Moses, and Sephora, and to let them see their children to the third and fourth generation."

"All this is lovely," thought Kitty, as she heard these words; "all this is just as it should be." And a smile of happiness, which was reflected on the faces of all who saw her, shone on her fair, lovely face.

"Put it entirely on," were the words heard in every part of the church, as the priest brought forward the crowns, and Shcherbatsky, in his three-button gloves, tremblingly held the wreath high above Kitty's head.

"Put it on," whispered the latter, smiling.

Levin turned round, and was struck by the radiant joy which filled her face, and the same feeling, in spite of himself, took possession of him; he felt, like her, happy and serene.

They listened with joy in their hearts to the reading of the Epistle, and the archdeacon's voice echoing the last verse, fully appreciated by the strangers, who were impatiently waiting for it. Joyfully they drank the warm red wine and water from the flat cup, and they felt still more joyful when the priest, throwing back his chasuble, led them around the lectern, holding both their hands in his, while the bass sang, at the top of his voice, *Isaiye likui*. Shcherbatsky and Chirikof, carrying the crowns, smiling and constantly treading on the bride's train, now straggled behind, now bumped into the crowned couple, as the priest paused in front of the relics. The gleam of joy on Kitty's face seemed to be communicated to all present. Levin was sure that the deacon and the priest fell under its influence as well as himself.

When the crowns had been taken from their heads, the priest read the last prayers and congratulated the young couple. Levin looked at Kitty and thought he had never seen her so beautiful; it was the beauty of that new radiance of happiness which transformed her; he wanted to say something to her, but did not know whether the ceremony was yet over or not. The priest relieved him from his uncertainty, and said gently to him, with a kindly smile:—

“Kiss your wife, and you, kiss your husband,” and he took their candles.

Levin, with circumspection, kissed his wife's smiling lips, gave her his arm, and went out of the church with a new and strange feeling of being suddenly very near to her. He had not believed, he could not believe, that all this was reality. Nor until their astonished and timid eyes met did he believe it, because he felt that they were indeed one.

That same evening, after the supper, the young couple started for the country.

CHAPTER VII

VRONSKY and Anna had been traveling together in Europe for three months. They had visited Venice, Rome, Naples; and now they were just arrived at a small Italian city, where they intended to make a considerable stay.

At the hotel the head butler, a regular Adonis of a man, who wore his thick pomaded hair parted behind from the neck, and a dress-coat with a wide expanse of white shirt-front and watch-charms over his rotund belly, was standing with his hands thrust into his pockets, scornfully blinking his eyes, and giving curt answers to a gentleman who had entered the hotel. Hearing steps on the other side of the entrance, the head butler turned around, and, seeing the Russian count, who rented his most expensive apartments, he respectfully drew his hands out of his pockets, and, with a low bow, informed the count that a messenger had come to say that the *palazzo* was at his service. The agent was ready to sign the agreement.

"Ah! I am very glad," said Vronsky. "Is madame at home?"

"She has been out, but she has returned," replied the butler.

Vronsky took off his wide-brimmed soft hat, and wiped his heated forehead with his handkerchief, and smoothed his hair, which was so arranged as to hide his bald spot. Then, casting a hasty glance at the stranger, who had stopped, and was looking at him earnestly, he started to go.

"This gentleman is a Russian, and was inquiring for you," said the head butler.

With a mingled feeling of vexation because he never could get away from acquaintances, and of pleasure at the idea of any distraction from his monotonous existence, Vronsky once more looked at the gentleman, who had started to go and then stopped, and at one and the same time their eyes met.

"Golenishchef!"

"Vronsky!"

It was indeed Golenishchef, one of Vronsky's school-mates in the Corps of Pages. He had belonged to the liberal party in the Corps, and, after his graduation, he had taken a civil rank, and had not served. The comrades had entirely drifted apart since their graduation, and had met only once. At that meeting Vronsky had perceived that Golenishchef looked down from the lofty heights of his chosen liberal profession on Vronsky's profession and career. Consequently, Vronsky at that meeting with Golenishchef had given him that cold and haughty reception with which it was his fashion to treat people, as much as to say: "You may like or dislike my manner of life, but it is absolutely of no consequence to me; you must respect me if you want to know me." Golenishchef had been scornfully indifferent to Vronsky's manner. That meeting, it would seem, should have driven them still farther apart; yet now, at the sight of each other, they each uttered a cry of delight. Vronsky had never realized how glad he would be to see Golenishchef; but the fact was that he did not know how bored he was. He forgot the unpleasant impression of their previous meeting, and with manifest pleasure extended his hand to his old comrade. And likewise a look of satisfaction succeeded the troubled expression on Golenishchef's face.

"How glad I am to see you!" said Vronsky, with a friendly smile which showed his handsome white teeth.

"I heard the name Vronsky, but which.... I did not know.... I am very, very glad."

"But come in. Well, what are you doing?"

"Oh, I have been living here for more than a year, working."

"Ah!" said Vronsky, with interest. "But come in."

And, according to the habit of Russians, instead of saying in Russian what he did not wish to be understood by servants, he said in French:—

"Do you know Madame Karenin? We have been traveling together. I was just going to her room."

And while he was speaking he studied Golenishchef's face.

"Ah! I did not know," remarked Golenishchef, carelessly; but he did know. "Have you been here long?"

"I? Oh, this is the fourth day," replied Vronsky, continuing to study his companion.

"Yes! He is a gentleman, and looks upon things in the right light," he said to himself, giving a favorable interpretation to Golenishchef's way of turning the conversation; "he can be presented to Anna; his views are all right."

Vronsky, during this three months which he had been spending with Anna abroad, had felt every time that he met with new acquaintances a hesitation as to the manner in which they would look on his relations with Anna, and for the most part the men had looked on them "in the right light." If he or they had been asked what they meant by the expression "in the right light," they would have found it hard to tell. In reality, those that according to Vronsky looked on it "in the right light" had never looked on it at all, but as a general thing contented themselves with a wise discretion, not asking questions or making allusions, and behaved altogether as well-bred people behave when presented with delicate and complex questions such as surround life on all sides. They pretended that they fully appreciated the meaning and significance of the situation, recognized and even approved of it, but considered it ill-judged and superfluous to explain it.

Vronsky instantly saw that Golenishchef was one of these discreet people, and was therefore glad to meet him.

In fact Golenishchef behaved toward Madame Karenin when he was introduced to her in exactly the manner that Vronsky demanded; it evidently cost him no effort to avoid all words that would lead to any awkwardness.

He had never seen Anna before, and was delighted with her beauty, and still more with the perfect simplicity with which she accepted the situation. She flushed when she saw Vronsky come in with Goleni-

shchef, and this infantile color which spread over her frank and lovely face pleased him immensely. But he was delighted because from the very first, as if purposely, even in the presence of a stranger, which might have caused restraint, she called Vronsky Alekseï, and told how they had just rented a house which the people called a *palazzo*, and how she was going to occupy it with him. The simple and straightforward facing of their situation was delightful to Golenishchef. Perceiving Anna's happy and vivacious manner, knowing Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and Vronsky, it seemed to him that he thoroughly understood her. It seemed to him that he understood what she herself did not understand: how she could desert her unhappy husband and her son, and lose her good repute, and still feel animated, gay, and happy.

"It is in the guide-book," said Golenishchef, speaking of the *palazzo* which Vronsky called by name. "There is a superb Tintoretto there. In his latest manner."

"Do you know that? It is splendid weather; let's go over and look at it again," said Vronsky, addressing Anna.

"I should like to very much. I will go and put on my hat. Did you say it was hot?" said she, pausing at the door and looking back to Vronsky. And again the bright color came into her face.

Vronsky saw by her look that she was uncertain how he wished to treat Golenishchef, and that she was afraid that her behavior might not be what he desired.

He looked at her long and tenderly. Then he replied:—

"No, not very."

And it seemed to her that she comprehended him perfectly, and especially that he was satisfied with her, and, replying with a smile, she went out with a quick and graceful motion.

The friends looked at each other, and there came into the faces of both an expression of embarrassment, as if Golenishchef, admiring her, wished to make some

complimentary remark, and had not the courage, while Vronsky both wished and feared to hear it.

"Well, then," Vronsky began, so that some conversation might be started, "so you are settled here? Are you still interested in the same pursuits?" he asked, remembering that he had been told that Golenishchef was writing something.

"Yes; I have been writing the second part of the 'Two Origins,'" replied Golenishchef, kindling with delight at this question; "that is, to be more exact, I am not writing yet, but have been collecting and preparing my materials. It will be far more extended, and will touch on almost all questions. At home, in Russia, they can't understand that we are successors of Byzantium," and he began a long and vehement explanation.

Vronsky at first felt awkward because he did not know about the first part of the "Two Origins," about which the author spoke as if it were something well known. But afterward, as Golenishchef began to develop his thought, and Vronsky saw what he meant, then, even though he did not know about the "Two Origins," he listened not without interest, for Golenishchef spoke well.

But Vronsky was surprised and annoyed at the irritable excitement under which Golenishchef labored while talking about the object that absorbed him. The longer he spoke, the brighter grew his eyes, the more animated were his arguments in refutation of imaginary opponents, and the more angry and excited the expression of his face.

Vronsky remembered Golenishchef at the School of Pages, — a lad of small stature, thin, nervous, agile, a good-hearted and gentlemanly lad, always at the head of his class, and he could not understand the reasons for such irascibility and he did not approve of it. And it especially displeased him that Golenishchef, a man of good social standing, should put himself down on the level of these common scribblers, and get angry with them because they criticized him. Was it worth while? It displeased him; but, nevertheless, he felt that Golenishchef

was making himself miserable and he was sorry for him.

This unhappiness, almost amounting to insanity, was particularly noticeable on his mobile and rather handsome face, while he went on so hurriedly and heatedly expressing his thoughts that he did not notice Anna's return.

As Anna came in, wearing her hat and with a mantle thrown over her shoulders, and stood near them, twirling her sunshade in her lovely, slender hand, Vronsky felt a sense of relief in turning away from Golenishchef's feverish eyes fixed keenly on him, and looked with an ever new love at his charming companion, radiant with life and gayety.

It was hard for Golenishchef to come to himself, and at first he was surly and cross; but Anna, who was flatteringly amiable toward every one, for such at this time was her disposition, quickly brought him into sympathy with her gay and natural manner. After essaying various topics of conversation, she brought him round to painting, about which he spoke very well, and she listened to him attentively. They walked over to the *palazzo* and made a thorough inspection of it.

"I am very glad of one thing," said Anna to Golenishchef; "Aleksei will have a nice *atelier*. Of course you'll take this room?" she added, turning to Vronsky and speaking to him in Russian, using the familiar *tui* (thou) as if she already looked on Golenishchef as an intimate, before whom it was not necessary to be reserved.

"Do you paint?" asked Golenishchef, turning vivaciously to Vronsky.

"Yes, I used to paint long ago, and now I am going to take it up again," replied Vronsky, with color.

"He has great talent," cried Anna, with a radiant smile. "Of course I am not a judge. But good judges say so."

CHAPTER VIII

ANNA, during this first period of freedom and rapid convalescence, felt herself inexcusably happy and full of joyous life. The memory of her husband's unhappiness did not poison her pleasure. This memory in one way was too horrible to think of. In another, her husband's unhappiness was the cause of a happiness for her too great to allow regret. The memory of everything that had followed since her sickness, the reconciliation with her husband, the quarrel, Vronsky's wound, his sudden appearance, the preparations for the divorce, the flight from her husband's home, the separation from her son, — all this seemed like a delirious dream, from which she awoke and found herself abroad alone with Vronsky. The recollection of the injury which she had done her husband aroused in her a feeling akin to disgust, and like that which a drowning man might experience after having pushed away a person clinging to him. The other person was drowned. Of course, what had been done was evil, but it was the only possible salvation, and it was better not to return to those horrible memories.

One consoling argument in regard to her conduct occurred to her at the first moment of the rupture, and now, whenever she thought of all that had passed, she went over this argument.

"I have done my husband an irrevocable injury," she said to herself, "but at least I get no advantage from his misfortune. I also suffer and shall suffer. I give up all that was dearest to me; I give up my good name and my son. I have sinned, and therefore I do not desire happiness, do not desire a divorce, and I accept my shame and the separation from my son."

But, however sincere Anna was when she reasoned thus, she had not suffered. She had felt no shame. With that tact which both she and Vronsky possessed to perfection, they had avoided, while abroad, any meeting with Russian ladies, and they had never put them-

selves into any false position, but had associated only with those who pretended to understand their situation much better than they themselves did. Nor even the separation from her son, whom she loved, caused her any pain at this time. Her baby, her daughter, was so lovely and had so filled her heart since only the daughter was left to her, that she rarely thought of the son.

The joy of living caused by her convalescence was so keen, the conditions of her existence were so new and delightful, that Anna felt inexcusably happy. The more she came to know Vronsky, the more she loved him. She loved him for his own sake and for his love for her. The complete surrender to him was a delight. His presence was always a joy to her. All the traits of his character as she came to know them better and better became to her inexpressibly dear. His appearance, now that he dressed in civil attire instead of uniform, was as entrancing to her as for a young girl desperately in love. In all he said, thought, or did, she saw something noble and elevated. She herself often felt frightened at this excessive worship of him. She tried in vain to find any imperfection in him. She did not dare to confess to him her own inferiority, lest he, knowing it, should love her less. And now there was nothing that she feared so much, although there was not the slightest occasion for it, as to lose his love. But she could not fail to be grateful to him for the way he treated her or to show him how much she prized it.

Although in her opinion he had shown such a decided vocation for statesmanship, in which he would certainly have played an important part, and had sacrificed his ambition for her, still he had never expressed the slightest regret. He was more than ever affectionately respectful, and careful that she should never feel in the slightest degree the compromising character of her position. This man, so masculine, not only never opposed her, but moreover it might be said that he had no will besides hers, and his only aim seemed to be to anticipate her desires. And she could not but appreciate this, though this very assiduity in his attentions, this

atmosphere of solicitude which he threw around her, was sometimes oppressive to her.

Vronsky, meantime, notwithstanding the complete realization of all that he had desired so long, was not entirely happy. He soon began to feel that the accomplishment of his desires was only a small portion of the mountain of pleasure which he had anticipated. This realization now proved to him the eternal error made by men who imagine their happiness lies in the accomplishment of their desires. During the first of the time after he had begun to live with her, and had put on his citizen's clothes, he experienced all the charm of a freedom such as he had never known before and the freedom of love, and he was satisfied with that; but not for long. He soon began to feel rising in his soul the desire of desires — *toska*, melancholy, homesickness, *ennui*. Involuntarily, he began to follow every light caprice as if they were serious aspirations and ends.

It was necessary to fill sixteen hours each day with some occupation, living, as they did, abroad, in perfect freedom, away from the social and military duties that took Vronsky's time at Petersburg. He could not think of indulging in the pleasures such as he had enjoyed as a bachelor during his previous trips abroad, for one experiment of that kind — a scheme of a late supper with some acquaintances — reduced Anna to a most unexpected and uncomfortable state of dejection. The enjoyment with foreign or Russian society was impossible on account of the peculiarity of their relation. And to amuse himself with the curiosities of the country was not to be spoken of, not only because he had already seen them, but because as a Russian and a man of sense, he could not find in them that immense importance that the English are pleased to attach to them.

And as a hungry animal throws itself on everything that presents itself, hoping to find in it something to eat, so Vronsky, with perfect spontaneity, attacked, now politics, now new books, now painting.

As, when he was young, he had shown some inclination toward art, and, not knowing what to do with his money,

had begun to collect engravings, he had tried his hand at painting. And now he took it up again, and employed in it that unexpended superfluity of energy which demanded employment. He had the capacity for appreciating art, and he thought that this was all that an artist needed. After having for some time hung doubtful which he would choose, — the religious, the historical, *genre*, or the realistic, — he actually began to paint. He understood all kinds, and could get inspiration from each; but he could not imagine that it was possible to be entirely ignorant of the various styles of art and to draw inspiration directly from what is in the soul itself, not caring what may be the result or to what famous school it may belong. As he did not know this, and drew his inspiration, not directly from life, but from life as expressed in art, so he became easily and speedily inspired, and with equal ease and rapidity succeeded in making what he undertook to paint a very good resemblance to that style which he was trying to imitate.

More than all others, the graceful and effective French school appealed to him, and in this style he began a portrait of Anna in an Italian costume; and this portrait seemed to him and to all that saw it very successful.

CHAPTER IX

THE old, dilapidated *palazzo* into which they moved supplied Vronsky with the agreeable illusion that he was not so much a Russian proprietor, a *shtalmeister* in retirement, as he was an enlightened amateur and protector of art, in his own modest way an artist, who had sacrificed society, his ties, his ambition, for a woman's love. This ancient palace, with its lofty stuccoed ceilings, its frescoed walls, its mosaic floors, its yellow tapestries, its thick, yellow curtains at the high windows, its vases on mantelpiece and consoles, its carved doors, and its melancholy halls hung with paintings, lent itself readily to his illusion.

This new *rôle* which Vronsky had chosen, together with their removal to the *palazzo* and acquaintance with

several interesting persons, which came about through Golenishchef, made the first part of this period very enjoyable. Under the instruction of an Italian professor of painting, he made some studies from nature, and he took up the study of Italian life during the Middle Ages. Medieval Italian life became so fascinating to him that he began to wear his hat and throw his plaid over his shoulders in the medieval style, which was very becoming to him.

"Here we are alive, and yet we know nothing," said Vronsky one morning to Golenishchef, who came in to see him. "Have you seen Mikhaïlof's¹ painting?" he asked, and at the same time handed him a Russian paper just received, and indicated an article on this artist, who was living in that very city, and had just completed a picture about which many reports had long been in circulation, and which had been sold on the easel. The article severely criticized the government and the academy that an artist of such genius was left without any encouragement and aid.

"I have seen it," replied Golenishchef. "Of course he is not without talent, but his tendencies are absolutely false. He always shows the Ivanof-Strauss-Renan conception of Christ and religious art."

"What is the subject of his painting?" asked Anna.

"'Christ before Pilate.' The Christ is a Jew with all the realism of the new school."

And as this subject was a favorite one with him, he began to develop his ideas.

"I cannot understand how they can fall into such a gross mistake. The type of the Christ in art was clearly represented by the old masters. Accordingly, if they want to paint, not God, but a sage or a revolutionist, let them take Franklin or Socrates, or Charlotte Corday,—but not Christ. They take the very person whom art should not attempt to portray, and then"

"Is it true that this Mikhaïlof is in such poverty?" asked Vronsky, who felt that in his quality of Russian

¹ Count Tolstoï may possibly refer to the great artist Gay, one of whose pictures was exhibited in this country a number of years ago. — ED.

Mæcenas he ought to find some way of aiding the artist, whether his painting was good or not.

"It is doubtful. He is a famous portrait painter. Have you not seen his portrait of Madame Vasilchikof? But it seems he does n't care to paint portraits any longer, and perhaps that is the reason he is in need. I say that"

"Could n't we ask him to paint Anna Arkadyevna's portrait?"

"Why mine?" she demanded. "After your portrait of me, I want no other. It would be better to let him paint Ani [so she called her daughter], or her," she added, looking out of the window at the pretty Italian nurse, who was just taking the baby into the garden. And at the same time she gave Vronsky a furtive glance. This pretty Italian woman, whose face Vronsky had taken as a model for a picture, was the only secret woe in Anna's life. Vronsky painted her picture, admired her beauty and her medieval quaintness, and Anna did not dare to confess to herself that she feared she was going to be jealous, and was accordingly all the more kind to her and her little boy.

Vronsky also looked out of the window, and at Anna's eyes, and, instantly turning to Golenishchef, said:—

"And so you know this Mikhaïlof?"

"I have met him. But he is an original—a *chudak*—without any education, you know, one of these new-fashioned savages such as you meet with nowadays—you know them—these free-thinkers, who rush headlong into atheism, materialism, universal negation. Once," Golenishchef went on to say, either not noticing or not wishing to notice that both Vronsky and Anna were ready to speak, "once the free-thinker was a man educated in the conceptions of religion, law, and morality, who did not ignore the laws by which society is regulated, and who reached freedom of thought only after long struggles. But now we have a new type of them,—free-thinkers who grow up without even knowing that there are such things as laws in morality and religion, who will not admit that sure authorities exist,

and who possess only the sentiment of negation; in a word, savages. Mikhaïlof is one of these. He is the son of a major-domo, or *ober-lakeï*, at Moscow, and never had any education. When he entered the academy, and had made a reputation, he was willing to be taught, for he is not a fool; and, with this end in view, he turned to that source of all learning, — the magazines and reviews. Now you know in the good old times, if a man — let us say a Frenchman — wanted to get an education, he would study the classics, — the preachers, the tragic poets, the historians, the philosophers; and you can see all the intellectual labor that involved. But nowadays he turns to negative literature, and succeeds very speedily in getting a smattering of such a science. And, again, twenty years ago, he would have found in this same literature traces of the struggle against the authorities and secular traditions of the past; he would have understood from this dispute that there was something else. But now he turns directly to a literature where the old traditions are of no avail at all, but men say up and down there is nothing — natural selection, *évolution*, struggle for existence, negation, and all. In my article”

“Do you know,” said Anna, after exchanging several glances with Vronsky, and noticing that he was not interested in the artist’s education, but was occupied only with the thought of helping him and getting him to paint the portrait. “What do you say?” said she, resolutely cutting short Golenishchef’s verbiage, “let us go and see him.”

Golenishchef, after deliberating, readily consented; and, as the artist lived in a remote quarter, they had a carriage called. An hour later, Anna, occupying the same seat in the calash with Golenishchef and Vronsky, drove up to an ugly new house in a distant part of the city. When they learned from the concierge’s wife, who came to receive them, that Mikhaïlof permitted visitors to his studio, but that he was now at his lodgings a few steps distant, they sent her to him with their cards, and begged to be admitted to see his paintings.

CHAPTER X

THE painter Mikhaïlof was at work as usual, when the cards of Count Vronsky and Golenishchef were brought him. He had been painting all the morning in his studio on his great picture, but, when he reached his house, he became enraged with his wife because of her failure to make terms with their landlady, who demanded money.

"I have told you twenty times not to go into explanations with her. You are a fool anyway; but when you try to argue in Italian, you are three times as much of a fool," said he, at the end of a long dispute.

"Why do you get behindhand so? It is not my fault. If I had any money...."

"For heaven's sake, give me some peace!" cried Mikhaïlof, his voice thick with tears; and, putting his hands over his ears, he hastily rushed to the workroom, separated from the sitting-room by a partition, and bolted the door. "She has n't any common sense," he said to himself, as he sat down at his table, and, opening a portfolio, addressed himself with feverish ardor to a sketch which he had already begun.

He never worked with such zeal and success as when his life went hard, and especially when he had been quarreling with his wife. "Akh! it must be somewhere!" he said to himself, as he went on with his work. He had begun a study of a man seized with a fit of anger. He had made the sketch some time before; but he was dissatisfied with it. "No," said he, "that one was better.... but where is it?".... He went back to his wife with an air of vexation, and, without looking at her, asked his eldest daughter for the piece of paper which he had given her. The paper with the sketch on it was found, but it was soiled and covered with drops of tallow. Nevertheless, he took it as it was, laid it on the table, examined it from a distance, squinting his eyes; then suddenly he smiled, with a satisfied gesture.

"So! so!" he cried, taking a pencil, and drawing

some rapid lines. One of the tallow spots gave his sketch a new aspect.

He sketched in this new pose, and suddenly remembered the prominent chin and energetic face of the man of whom he bought his cigars, and instantly he gave his design the same kind of a face and prominent chin. He laughed with delight. The figure ceased to be something vague and dead, but became animated, and took a form which could not be bettered. This figure was alive, and was clearly and indubitably delineated. It was possible to correct the sketch in conformity with the demands of this figure; it was possible and even requisite to set the legs in a different way, to make an absolute change in the position of the left arm, to rearrange the hair; but after he had finished these corrections he made no changes in the figure but only cleared away what concealed it. He, as it were, took from it the veils behind which it was not wholly visible. Each new stroke only the more exposed the entire figure in all its energetic power, just as it had suddenly appeared to him in the spot made by the wax. He laughed with delight. He was carefully finishing his design when the two cards were brought him.

"I will come instantly," he replied.

He went to his wife.

"There, come, Sasha, don't be vexed," he said, with a smile tender and timid. "You were wrong; so was I. I will settle matters."

And, having made his peace with her, he put on an olive-green overcoat with velvet collar, took his hat, and went to his studio. His successfully completed sketch was already quite forgotten, now he was delighted and surprised by the visit of these stylish Russians who had come to see him in a carriage.

In the depth of his soul his opinion on the painting which was on his easel at that time was as follows:—

"No one has ever painted another like it." He did not believe that his painting was better than all the Raphaels; but he knew that no one had ever put into a picture what he had tried to put into this one. This

he knew assuredly, and had known it ever since he had begun to paint it. Nevertheless, the criticisms of others, whatever they were, possessed for him an enormous weight and stirred him to the depths of his soul. Any remark, however insignificant, which showed that the critic saw even the smallest part of what he himself saw in this picture, stirred him to the depths of his soul. He felt that his critics had a depth of insight superior even to his own, and he expected to have them discover in his picture new features that had escaped his own observation.

And often in the judgments of visitors who came to look at it, it seemed to him, he discovered this. He hurried to the door of his studio, and, in spite of his emotion, was struck by the soft radiance of Anna, who was standing in the shadow of the portico and listening to something which Golenishchef was saying to her, and at the same time eagerly watching the artist's approach. The artist, without definite consciousness of it, instantly stowed away in the pigeonholes of his brain the impression she made on him, to make use of it some day, just as he had used the tobacconist's chin.

The visitors, whose ideas of Mikhaïlof had been greatly modified by Golenishchef's description of him, were still more disenchanted when they saw him. Mikhaïlof was a thick-set man, of medium height, and with a nimble gait, and in his cinnamon-colored hat, his olive-green coat, and his trousers worn tight when the style was to wear them loose, produced an unfavorable impression, increased by the vulgarity of his broad face and the mixture of timidity and pretentious dignity which it expressed.

"Do me the honor to enter," he said, trying to assume an air of indifference, and, going to the vestibule, he took a key out of his pocket and opened the door.

CHAPTER XI

As they entered the studio, Mikhaïlof again glanced at his guests, and stored away in his memory the expression of Vronsky's face, especially its cheek-bones. Notwithstanding the fact that this man's artistic sense was always at work storing up new materials, notwithstanding the fact that his emotion grew greater and greater as the crucial moment for their criticism of his work approached, still he quickly and shrewdly gathered from almost imperceptible indications his conclusions regarding his three visitors.

"That one [meaning Golenishchef] must be a Russian resident in Italy." Mikhaïlof did not remember either his name or the place where he had met him, or whether he had ever spoken to him; he remembered only his face, as he remembered all the faces that he had ever seen, but he also remembered that he had once before classed him in the immense category of pretentiously important but really expressionless faces. An abundance of hair and a very high forehead would make the casual observer take him to be a man of importance, but his face had an insignificant expression of puerile agitation concentrated in the narrow space between his eyes.

Vronsky and Anna were, according to Mikhaïlof's intuition, rich and distinguished Russians, ignorant of art, like all rich Russians who play the amateur and the connoisseur.

"They have undoubtedly seen all the old galleries," he thought, "and now are visiting the studios of the German charlatans and the imbecile English pre-Raphaelites, and have come to me in order to complete their survey."

He knew very well the fashion in which the dilettanti — the more intellectual they were, the worse they were — visited the studios of modern painters, with the single aim of having the right to say that art was declining, and that, the more you study the moderns, the better you see how inimitable the great masters of old were.

He expected all this, he saw it in their faces, and he read it in the indifference with which his visitors conversed together as they walked up and down the studio, leisurely examining the manikins and busts, while waiting for him to take the covering off his painting.

But, in spite of this, all the time that he was turning over his studies, raising his window-blinds, and uncovering his paintings, he experienced a powerful emotion, and all the more so because, though he considered that all distinguished and wealthy Russians must necessarily be "cattle" and fools, yet Vronsky, and particularly Anna, pleased him.

"Here," he said, stepping back from the easel and pointing to the painting, "is the 'Christ before Pilate.' Matthew, chapter xxvii."

He felt his lips tremble with emotion, and he took his place behind his guests. During the few seconds, during which the visitors looked silently at the painting, Mikhaïlof also looked at it and looked at it with the indifference of a stranger. In those few seconds he anticipated a superior and infallible criticism from these three persons, whom but a moment before he had despised. He forgot all that he had thought about his painting during the three years while he had been painting it; he forgot all those merits which had been so indubitable to him; he looked at it now with the cold and critical look of a stranger, and found nothing good in it. He saw in the foreground the irate face of Pilate and the Christ's serene countenance, and in the middle distance the figures of Pilate's servants, and among them John, looking on at the proceedings. Each face, with its attempted expression, with its faults, with its rectifications, each face which, with its own peculiar character, had, as it were, been a growth from himself, and had cost him so much travail and delight, — and all these faces, which he had changed so many times so as to unify them, — all the shades of color, all the nuances, obtained with such extraordinary pains, — all this, taken together and looked at in such a way, now seemed to him commonplace, a thousand fold commonplace! The face which he had

regarded with the most complacency — the face of the Christ in the very center of the picture, which had roused his enthusiasm as he had developed it — was wholly spoilt for him when he looked at his painting with their eyes.

He saw a well-painted picture, — nay, not even well-painted, — for now he clearly detected hosts of faults in it — a repetition of all those interminable Christs of Titian, Raphael, Rubens — and the same soldiers and Pilate! All about it was trivial, poor, and antiquated, and even badly painted, — spotty and feeble! They would be justified in repeating politely hypocritical remarks in his presence, pitying him and ridiculing him after they were gone!

The silence, which in reality did not last more than a minute, seemed to him intolerably long, and to abridge it and show that he was not agitated, he made an effort, and addressed Golenishchef: —

“I think that I have had the honor of meeting you before,” said he, glancing anxiously first at Anna, then at Vronsky, so that he might not lose for an instant the changing expression of their faces.

“Certainly; we met at Rossi’s the evening when that Italian girl, the new Rachel, made a recitation; don’t you remember?” replied Golenishchef, turning away his face from the picture without the least show of regret, and addressing the artist.

Seeing, however, that Mikhaïlof was expecting him to say something about the picture, he added: —

“Your work has made great progress since the last time I saw it; and I am now, just as I was then, greatly impressed with your Pilate. You have represented a good but feeble man, — a chinovnik to the bottom of his soul, — who is absolutely blind to what he is doing. But it seems to me”

Mikhaïlof’s mobile face suddenly lighted up, his eyes gleamed, he wanted to reply; but his emotion prevented him, and he pretended to have a fit of coughing. In spite of his low estimation of Golenishchef’s artistic instinct, in spite of the insignificance of the remark, true though it was, about the expression of Pilate’s face

represented as the face of a functionary, in spite of the humiliation which such a remark spontaneously elicited at the first sight of the painting implicitly subjected him to, — since the more important features of the painting were left unnoticed, Mikhaïlof was in raptures over this criticism. Golenishchef had expressed his own conception of Pilate! The fact that this observation was one out of a million possible observations, all of which, as Mikhaïlof knew perfectly well, would be true, did not diminish for him the significance of Golenishchef's remark. He suddenly conceived a liking for his guest, and suddenly flew from dejection to enthusiasm. Instantly his whole painting became vital once more with a life inexpressibly complex and profound. He again tried to say that he himself had that conception of Pilate, but his lips trembled so that he had no control over them, and he could not say a word.

Vronsky and Anna were talking in that low tone of voice peculiar to picture exhibitions, and caused by the desire not to say anything that might give offense to the artist, and, more than all, not to let any one hear those absurd remarks which are so easily made in regard to art. Mikhaïlof thought that his picture was making an impression on them also, and he approached them.

"What an admirable expression the Christ has," said Anna. This expression pleased her more than anything else in the painting, and she felt that the Christ was the principal figure in it, and therefore that this eulogy would be agreeable to the artist. She added, "One can see that he pities Pilate."

This, again, was one of those million accurate but idle observations which his picture, and especially the figure of the Christ, might have elicited. She said that Christ pitied Pilate. In the expression of the Christ there was bound to be an expression of pity, because there was in it the expression of love, a supernal color, a readiness for death, and a realization of the idleness of words. Of course, Pilate should stand for the functionary, the chinovnik, and the Christ should show pity

for him, — since one is the incarnation of the fleshly life, the other of the spiritual life. All this and much besides flashed through Mikhaïlof's mind. And once more his face was radiant with joy.

"Yes! And how that figure is painted! how much atmosphere! One could go round it," said Golenishchef, evidently showing by this observation that he did not approve of the design and scope¹ of the figure.

"Yes; it is a wonderful masterpiece," said Vronsky. "How alive those figures in the background are! There is technique for you!" he added, turning to Golenishchef, and alluding to a discussion in which he had avowed his discouragement in the technique of the art.

"Yes, yes; very remarkable," said Golenishchef and Anna, simultaneously. Notwithstanding the condition of enthusiasm to which he had risen, the remark about technique nettled Mikhaïlof; he scowled and looked at Vronsky with an angry expression. He had often heard this word technique, and he really did not know what was meant by it. He knew that this word signified the mechanical ability to paint and sketch, and had nothing to do with the thing painted. He had often noticed, as in the present case, that technical skill was opposed to the intrinsic merit of a work, as if it were possible to paint a bad picture with talent. He knew that it required great attention and care in removing the cloth not to injure the work, and in removing all the covers; but the technique of painting was not in that. If in the same way to a little child or to his cook were revealed what he saw, then the cook or the child would not hesitate to express what they saw. But the most experienced and skilful of technicians could not paint anything by mechanical ability only; it requires that the realm of inspiration² should be opened before him. Moreover, he saw that the very fact of talking about technique made it impossible to praise him for it. In everything that he had painted and was painting he

¹ *Soderzhaniye i muisl*, literally, "tenor and thought."

² *Granitsui soderzhaniya*, literally "the limits or boundaries of the subject, contents, or tenor."

saw the glaring faults resulting from the carelessness with which he had removed the covers — faults impossible now to rectify without ruining the whole production. And in almost all the figures and faces he saw the remains of veils that had not been perfectly removed, and spoiled the painting.

“The only criticism that I should dare to make, if you will allow me” said Golenishchef.

“Oh! I should be very glad beg you to favor me,” replied Mikhaïlof, pretending to smile.

“It is that you have painted a man made God, and not God made man. However, I know that that was your intention.”

“I cannot paint any Christ that is not in my heart,” replied Mikhaïlof, gloomily.

“Yes, but in that case, excuse me, if you will allow me to express my thought Your painting is so beautiful, that this observation can do it no harm; and, besides, it is my own individual opinion. You look on this in one way. Your very motive is peculiar. Take Ivanof, for example, — I imagine that if the Christ is to be reduced to the proportions of an historical figure, then it would be better for him to choose a new historical theme, — one less hackneyed.”

“But suppose this theme is the grandest of all for art?”

“By searching, others may be found just as grand. But the fact is, art, in my estimation, cannot suffer discussion; now this question is raised in the minds of believers or non-believers by Ivanof’s painting: Is that God, or not God? and thus the unity of the impression is destroyed.”

“Why so? It seems to me that this question can no longer exist for enlightened men,” replied Mikhaïlof.

Golenishchef was not of this opinion; and, dwelling on his first thought about the unity of the impression required by art, he made an onslaught on Mikhaïlof.

Mikhaïlof grew excited, but could not say anything in defense of his ideas.

CHAPTER XII

ANNA and Vronsky, wearying of their friend's learned loquacity, exchanged glances. Finally Vronsky, without saying anything to his host, went over to a small painting.

"Oh! How charming! What a gem — wonderful! How fascinating!" said both of them at once.

"What pleases them so?" thought Mikhaïlof. He had completely forgotten this picture, painted three years before. He had forgotten all the anguish and joy which that painting had caused him while he had been working at it day and night for days at a time — he had forgotten about it as he always forgot about his pictures when once they were finished. He did not even like to look at it, and he had brought it out only because he was expecting an Englishman who had thought of purchasing it.

"That is nothing," he said — "only an old study."

"But it is capital," replied Golenishchef, very honestly, falling under the charm of the painting.

Two children were fishing under the shade of a laburnum. The elder, all absorbed in his work, was cautiously disentangling his float from a bush. The younger one was lying in the grass, leaning his blond, frowzy head on his hand, and gazing at the water with great, pensive blue eyes. What was he thinking about?

The enthusiasm caused by this study brought back somewhat of Mikhaïlof's first emotion; but he did not love the vain memories of the past, and, therefore, pleasant as such praise was to him, he preferred to take his guests to a third painting.

But Vronsky asked him if the painting was for sale; but to Mikhaïlof, who was excited by the presence of visitors, the question of money was very distasteful.

"It was put up for sale," said he, darkly frowning.

After his visitors had gone, Mikhaïlof sat down before his painting of Christ and Pilate, and mentally reviewed all that had been said, and if not said had

been understood by them. And how strange! the observations which seemed so weighty when they were present, and when he put himself on their plane of observation, now lost all significance. He began to examine his work with his artist's eye, and soon regained his full conviction of its perfection and significance, so that he could shut out all other interests and make the effort necessary for his best work.

The foreshortening in the leg of the Christ was not quite correct. He seized his palette and set himself to work, and, while he was correcting it, looked long at the figure of John, which seemed to him to show the highest degree of perfection — and yet his visitors had not even noticed it! Having corrected the leg of the Christ, he tried to give this also a few touches, but he felt too excited to do it. However, he could not work when he was cool any better than he could when he was too near the melting point or when he was too clairvoyant. It was only one step of transition from indifference to inspiration, and only when he reached this was work possible. But to-day he was too excited. He started to cover the canvas. Then he stopped, and, lifting the drapery with one hand, he smiled ecstatically, and looked for a long time at his St. John. At last, tearing himself from his contemplation, he let the curtain fall, and went home, weary but happy.

Vronsky, Anna, and Golenishchef, returning to the *palazzo*, were very lively and gay. They talked about Mikhaïlof and his paintings. The word *talent* was often heard as they talked; they meant by it an innate gift, almost physical, independent of intellect and heart, and they tried to express by it all that had been experienced by the artist. It seemed as if they needed to have a term which should express something of which they had not the slightest comprehension, but yet wanted to talk about.

“There is no denying his talent,” they said, “but his talent is not sufficiently developed, because he lacks intellectual culture, a fault common to all Russian artists.”

But the painting of the two boys appealed to their tastes, and again and again they recurred to it. "How charming! How natural and how simple! And he did not realize how good it was. Certainly, I must not fail to buy it," said Vronsky.

CHAPTER XIII

MIKHAILOF sold Vronsky the little picture, and also agreed to paint Anna's portrait. He came on the appointed day and began his work.

Even on the fifth sitting the portrait struck every one, and especially Vronsky, by its resemblance, and by its peculiar beauty. It was remarkable how Mikhaïlof was able to hit upon her peculiar beauty.

"One must know her and love her as I love her to get her gentle and spiritual expression," thought Vronsky; and yet he found in Mikhaïlof's portrait exactly that very expression. But this expression was so faithful that it seemed to him and to others that they had always known it.

"I have spent so much time, and never get ahead," said Vronsky, referring to his own portrait of Anna, "and he has only to look at her to paint her. That is what I call technique."

"That will come," said Golenishchef, to console him; for in his eyes Vronsky had talent, and, moreover, had a training which ought to give him a lofty view of art. But Golenishchef's belief in Vronsky's talent was sustained by the fact that he needed Vronsky's praise and sympathy with him in his own work, and he felt that the praise and support ought to be reciprocal; it was a fair exchange.

In a stranger's house, and especially in Vronsky's *palazzo*, Mikhaïlof was an entirely different man from what he was in his own studio. He showed himself almost venomously respectful, as if he were anxious to avoid all intimacy with people whom at heart he did not respect. He always called Vronsky "your excel-

lency";¹ and, in spite of Vronsky's and Anna's repeated invitations, he never would stay to dinner, or come except at the hours for the sitting. Anna was even more genial to him than to the others, and grateful for her portrait; Vronsky was more than polite to him, and was anxious for his criticism on his paintings; Golenishchef never lost an opportunity of inculcating sound theories of art: still Mikhaïlof remained just as cool as ever to them all. But Anna felt that he liked to look at her, even though he avoided all conversation with her. When Vronsky wanted to talk about his own work he remained obstinately silent, and he was just as obstinately silent when he was shown Vronsky's painting and pictures, and he took no pains to conceal the weariness which Golenishchef's sermons caused him.

On the whole Mikhaïlof, by his distant and disagreeable, as it were hostile, behavior, was very unpopular with them, even after they came to see him closer; and they were glad when the sittings were over, and the painter, having completed an admirable portrait, ceased to come. Golenishchef was the first to express a thought which all had been thinking: that Mikhaïlof was envious of Vronsky.

"We will agree that he is not envious because he has talent; but he is vexed to see a wealthy man, of high position, a count, — and apparently they are all vexed at that, — reaching without especial trouble the skill to paint as well, if not better, than he, though he has devoted his life to painting; but, above all, at your mental culture, which he has not."

Vronsky took Mikhaïlof's part, but he felt at heart that his friend was right; for it seemed to him extremely natural that a man in an inferior position should envy him.

The two portraits of Anna, painted from the life by him and Mikhaïlof, might have shown Vronsky the difference between him and Mikhaïlof, but he did not see it. Only after Mikhaïlof had finished his portrait he ceased to work at his, having decided that it was a

¹ *Vashe siyatelstvo.*

superfluity ; but he still devoted himself to his painting of medieval life. He himself, and Golenishchef, and Anna especially, felt that it was very good, because it resembled the works of the old masters far more than Mikhaïlof's painting did.

Mikhaïlof, meantime, in spite of the pleasure which he took in doing Anna's portrait, was even more glad than the others were when the sittings came to an end, and he no longer had to hear Golenishchef's discourses about art, and was allowed to forget Vronsky's paintings. He knew that it was impossible to prevent Vronsky from amusing himself with painting ; he knew that he, and all other dilettanti, had the right to paint as much as they pleased ; but it was disagreeable to him. No one can prevent a man from making for himself a big wax doll, and kissing it ; but if this man takes his doll and sits in the presence of a lover, and begins to caress his doll as the lover caresses the woman he loves, then it becomes unpleasant to the lover. Vronsky's painting produced on him a similar feeling ; it was ridiculous and vexatious, pitiable and disgusting.

Vronsky's enthusiasm for painting and the Middle Ages was, however, of short duration ; his art instinct was strong enough to prevent him from finishing his painting. His work came to a standstill. He had a dim consciousness that his faults, at first apparently trifling, would grow more and more grievous if he went on. The same thing happened to him that happened to Golenishchef, who was conscious that he had nothing to say, and kept deceiving himself with the notion that his thought was not yet ripe, that he was training it, and collecting materials. But this made Golenishchef bitter and irritable, while Vronsky could not deceive himself, or torture himself, and, least of all, grow irritable. With his habitual decision of character, without seeking to justify himself or to offer explanations, he simply gave up his painting.

But, without this occupation, his life in this little Italian city quickly became intolerable ; the *palazzo* suddenly appeared old and filthy ; the spots on the curtains

assumed a sordid aspect; the cracks in the mosaics, the broken stucco of the cornices, the eternal Golenishchef, the Italian professor, and the German tourist, all became so unspeakably wearisome that it was necessary to make a change. Accordingly he and Anna, who was surprised by this abrupt disenchantment, decided to return to Russia to live in the country. Vronsky wanted to pass through Petersburg to make business arrangements with his brother, and Anna was anxious to see her son. They decided to spend the summer on Vronsky's large patrimonial estate.

CHAPTER XIV

LEVIN had been married three months. He was happy, but in a different way from what he had anticipated. At every step he had found that his former expectations were illusory, and that his joy lay in what he had not anticipated. He was happy, but as he went on in his married existence he discovered at each step that it was utterly different from what he had imagined it would be. At each step he experienced what a man would experience who had been charmed with the graceful and joyful motion of a boat on the sea, and afterwards should find himself in the boat. He saw that it was not enough to sit still and not rock; it was necessary to be on the lookout, never for a moment forgetful of the course, to think of the water under his feet, to row, — and rowing for unaccustomed arms is hard; easy enough it is to look on, but it is hard, very hard, to work, even though it be very agreeable.

When still a bachelor, looking at the conjugal life of others, at their little miseries, quarrels, jealousies, he had often laughed scornfully in his heart of hearts. In his future married life never should any such thing happen; even all the external forms of his private life should be in every respect absolutely different from that of others. And lo, and behold, instead of that, his life with his wife not only refused to arrange itself peculiarly, but, on the

contrary, was wholly made up of those very same insignificant trifles which he had formerly so despised, but which now, in spite of him, assumed an extraordinary and irrefutable importance. And Levin saw that the regulation of all these trifles was not nearly so easy as he had supposed it would be. Notwithstanding the fact that Levin supposed he had the most delicate comprehension of family life, he, like all men, had imagined that it was only meant as the gratification of his love, and that nothing should prevent it and that no petty details ought to interfere with it. According to his idea, he was to do his work, and rest from it in the delights of love. His wife was to be his love, and that was all.

But, like all men, he forgot that she, too, had to work. His surprise was great to find how this charming and poetic Kitty, in the first weeks, even in the first days, of their married life, could be thinking, planning, taking charge of the table-cloths, the furniture, the mattresses, the table service, the kitchen. Even during their engagement he was dumfounded at the decided way in which she refused to travel abroad and at her determination to go immediately to their country home, as if she knew what was needful, and could think of other things besides her love. It vexed him then, and now many times he still felt vexed, to find that she took upon herself these petty cares and labors.

But he saw that it was unavoidable; and, as he loved her, although he could not see why she did such things, and although he laughed at her for doing them, he could not help admiring. He laughed to see how she disposed the new furniture which came from Moscow, how she rearranged everything in her room and his, how she hung the curtains, provided for the guest-rooms and the rooms that Dolly would have, directed her new chambermaid, how she ordered the old cook to provide for dinner, how she discussed with Agafya Mikhailovna, whom she removed from the charge of the provisions.

He saw how the old cook smiled gently as he received fantastic orders, impossible to execute; he saw how Agafya Mikhailovna shook her head pensively at the

new measures introduced by her young mistress into the larder, he saw how wonderfully charming she was when she came to him, half laughing, half crying, to complain because her maid, Masha, insisted on treating her like a child, and no one would heed her orders. It all seemed to him charming, but strange, and he thought it would be better if it were otherwise.

He could not comprehend the sense of metamorphosis which she felt at finding herself the mistress, permitted to see to the preparation of cauliflower and *kvas*, or confections, to spend all the money she wanted, and to command whatever pastry she pleased, after having always had her parents to restrain her fancies.

She was now making joyful preparations for the arrival of Dolly and the children, and was thinking of the pies which she would have made for them, and how she would surprise Dolly with all her new arrangements. She herself could not have given any reasons for it, but it was a fact that the details of housekeeping had an irresistible attraction for her. She foresaw evil days to come, instinctively feeling the approach of spring; and knowing that unhappy days would also surely come, she prepared her little nest as well as she could, and made haste both to build it and to learn how to build it.

This zeal for trifles, so entirely opposed to Levin's lofty ideal of happiness, seemed to him one thing that disillusioned him; while this same activity, the meaning of which escaped him, but which he could not help loving, was one of the things that gave him new delight.

The quarrels were also a disenchantment and a charm! Never had it entered into Levin's head that between him and his wife there could be any relations other than those of gentleness, respect, tenderness; and here, even in their honeymoon, they were disputing, so that Kitty declared that he did not love her, that he was selfish, and burst into tears and wrung her hands.

The first of these little differences arose in consequence of a ride which Levin took to see a new farm; he stayed half an hour longer than he had said, having missed his way in trying to come home by a shorter

road. He rode homeward, thinking only of her, of her love, of her happiness; and the nearer he came to the house the more his heart glowed with affection for his wife. He hurried to her room with the same feeling, only much intensified, as he had experienced on the day when he went to the Shcherbatskys' to offer himself. An angry expression, such as he had never seen in her face, received him. He was going to kiss her; she pushed him away.

"What is the matter?"

"You've been enjoying...." she began, wishing to show herself cold and bitter.

But hardly had she opened her mouth when the ridiculous jealousy, which had been tormenting her for half an hour while she had been waiting for him, sitting on the window-seat, broke out in a torrent of angry words.

He then began for the first time to understand clearly what before he had seen only confusedly, when after the crowning they went out of the church. He saw that she was not only near to him, but that he did not know at all where his own personality began or her personality ended. He felt this by the painful sensation of internal division which he experienced at that instant. At first he was offended, but at the same moment he realized that he had no right to be offended, because she and he were one and the same! At that first instant he experienced a feeling such as a man might have when, having suddenly received a sharp blow from behind, turns around with an angry desire to revenge himself on the culprit, and discovers that he has accidentally inflicted the blow on himself, that there is no one to be angry with, and that he must bear the pain and appease it.

Never again did he experience this feeling with such force, but this first time it was long before he could give an account of it. A natural impulse impelled him to exonerate himself, and show Kitty how wrong she was; but that would have irritated her still more and increased the rupture which was the cause of all their unhappiness. A natural impulse tempted him to disavow the blame and cast it at her; but a second and stronger impulse

came to close the breach as quickly as possible and not let it grow wider. For him to remain under the shadow of an injustice was cruel; but, under the pretext of a justification, to cause her pain was still worse. Like a man half asleep, wearied with pain, he wished to free himself from it, to throw off the painful place; but, on fully waking, he found that the painful place was himself. Patience only was necessary to give relief to the pain, and he tried to apply this remedy.

Reconciliation followed. Kitty felt herself in the wrong, and, though she did not confess it, was more than ever tender to him, and they felt a new and doubled happiness of love. But this did not prevent these differences from coming up, and coming up very frequently, from the most unexpected and insignificant causes. These collisions often arose from the fact that they were still ignorant of what was indispensable for each, and from the fact that during all this first period they both were often in a bad frame of mind. When one was happy and the other depressed, then peace was disturbed, but when they both happened to be in low spirits, then such childish things were sufficient to provoke misunderstandings, that they could not even remember afterward what they were quarreling about. It is true, when they were both in good spirits, their joy of life was doubled. But nevertheless this first period was a trying time for them both. All those early days, they felt with especial vividness the strain, just as if both of them were pulling in contrary ways on the chain that bound them. Especially the honeymoon, from which Levin expected so much, was far from honey-sweet, but remained in the memories of them both the most trying and humiliating period of their lives. Both of them afterwards tried to blot from their memories all the ugly, shameful incidents of this unhealthy period, during which they so rarely found themselves in a normal state of mind, were so rarely themselves.

Life became better regulated only after their return from Moscow, where they made a short visit in the third month after the wedding.

CHAPTER XV

THEY were just back from Moscow, and enjoying their solitude. Levin was sitting at his library table, writing; Kitty, dressed in a dark violet dress, which she had worn in the first days of their marriage, and which Levin had always liked, was making *broderie anglaise*, as she sat on the divan, — on the great leather divan which ever since the days of Levin's father and grandfather had stood in the library.

Levin enjoyed her presence while he was writing and thinking. He had not abandoned his occupations, — his farming, and the treatise in which the principles of his new method of conducting his estate were to be evolved. But, as before, these occupations and thoughts seemed to him small and useless in comparison with the gloom that overshadowed his life; so now they seemed just as petty and unimportant in comparison with the life before him, irradiated as it was with the full light of joy. He kept up his occupations, but felt now that the center of gravity of his interests had shifted, and that consequently he looked otherwise and more clearly than formerly at the matter.

In former days this occupation seemed like the salvation of his life; in former days he felt that without it life would be altogether gloomy; now these occupations were necessary in order that his life might not be too monotonously bright. As he took up his manuscript again, reading over what he had written, he felt with satisfaction that the work was worth his attention. Many of his former thoughts seemed to him exaggerated and extravagant, but many of the gaps became clearly evident to him as he reviewed the whole subject. He was now writing a new chapter, in which he treated of the causes for the unfavorable condition of Russian agriculture. He argued that the poverty of the country was caused not entirely by the unequal distribution of the land property and false economical tendencies, but that this cooperated with the abnormal introduction of a veneer

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of civilization, especially the means of communication, the railways, which produced an exaggerated centralization in the cities, the development of luxury, and consequently the creation of new industries at the expense of agriculture, an extraordinary extension of the credit system and its concomitant — stock speculation. It seemed to him that with a normal development of riches in the empire all these signs of exterior civilization would appear only when the cultivation of the land should have attained a proportional development, when it should have at least been established on correct, determining conditions; that the wealth of a country ought to increase at a regular ratio, and in such a way that agriculture should not be outstripped by other branches of wealth; that the means of intercommunication ought to be developed in conformity with the natural development of agriculture, and that in view of our improper use of the land, the railways, constructed not by reason of actual necessity, but from political motives, were premature, and instead of the coöperation which they were expected to give to agriculture, they arrested it by encouraging the spread of manufacturing and the credit system; and that, therefore, just as a one-sided and premature development of one organ in the body would prevent its general development, so for the general development of wealth in Russia, the credit system, the means of intercommunication, the recrudescence of manufacturing industries, however indispensable they may have been in Europe, where they are opportune, have in Russia done nothing but harm by keeping from sight the most important question as to the organization of agriculture.

While Levin was writing, Kitty was thinking how her husband, on the evening before they left Moscow, had watched unnaturally the young Prince Charsky, who, with remarkable lack of tact, had made love to her. "He is jealous," she said to herself. "Bozhe moï! how good and stupid he is! To be jealous of me! If he only knew that for me they are all like Piotr the cook!" And she glanced with a strange feeling of proprietorship at the back of her husband's head and his sunburnt neck.

"It is a shame to interrupt him, but he has plenty of time. I must see his face; will he feel how I am looking at him? I will *will* for him to turn round. There, I will make him."

And she opened her eyes as wide as she could, as if to concentrate more strength into her gaze.

"Yes, they attract all the best sap and give a false appearance of wealth," murmured Levin, ceasing to write, and conscious that she was looking at him and smiling. He turned around.

"What is it?" he asked, smiling, and getting up.

"He *did* turn round," she thought. "Nothing; I only willed to make you turn around," and she looked at him as if to fathom whether he was vexed or not because she had disturbed him.

"Well, how good it is to be alone together! For me, at least," said he, radiant with joy, going to where she sat.

"I am so happy here! I never, never, want to go away again, especially not to Moscow."

"But what were you thinking about?"

"I? I was thinking....no, no; go on with your writing! don't let your mind be distracted," she replied, pouting. "I must cut all these eyelet-holes now; do you see?"

And she took her scissors and began to snip.

"No; tell me what you were thinking about!" he insisted, sitting down near her, and following all the movements of her little scissors.

"Oh! What was I thinking about? About Moscow and — the nape of your neck!"

"What have I done to deserve this great happiness? It is supernatural. It is too good," said he, kissing her hand.

"To me, on the contrary, the happier I am the more natural I find it!"

"You have a little stray curl," he said, turning her head around carefully.

"A stray curl? let it be. We must think about serious things."

But their conference was interrupted; and, when

Kuzma came to announce tea, they separated as if they were guilty.

"Are they returned from town?" asked Levin of Kuzma.

"They're just back, — they're unpacking the things now."

"Come as quickly as you can," said Kitty, going from the library.

Levin, left alone, shut up his books and papers in a new portfolio, bought by his wife, washed his hands in a new wash-basin supplied with elegant new appurtenances, also bought by her, and, smiling at his thoughts, nodded his head disapprovingly; he was tormented by a feeling which resembled remorse. His life had become too indolent, too spoiled. It was a life of a Capuan, and he felt ashamed of it. "To live so is not good," he thought. "Here, for three months, I have scarcely done a thing! To-day, almost for the first time, I have set about anything seriously, and what was the result? I have hardly begun before I give it up. I even neglect my ordinary occupations. I don't watch the men. I don't go anywhere. Sometimes I am sorry to leave her; sometimes I see that she is out of spirits; I who believed that existence before marriage counted for nothing, and that life only began after marriage! And here, for three months, I have been spending my time in absolute idleness. This must not go on. I must do something. Of course, she is not to blame, and one could not lay the least blame on her. But I ought to have shown more firmness, and have preserved my manly independence; otherwise, I shall get into confirmed bad habits.... of course, she is not to blame...."

A discontented man finds it hard not to blame some one or other for his discontent, and generally the very person who is nearest. And so Levin felt vaguely that while the fault was not his wife's — and he could not lay it to her charge — it was owing to her bringing up; it was too superficial and frivolous. "That fool of a Charsky, for example,.... I know she wanted to get rid of him; but she did not know how."

Then he went on again :—

“ Yes! Besides the petty interests of housekeeping ... she looks out for those and enjoys them; besides her toilet and her *broderie anglaise*, she has no serious interests, no sympathy in my labors, in my schemes, or for the muzhiks, no taste for reading or music; and yet she is a good musician. She does absolutely nothing, and yet she is perfectly content.”

Levin in his heart judged her thus, and did not comprehend that his wife was making ready for the time of activity which was ere long to come to her, when she would be at once wife, mistress of the house,¹ mother, nurse, teacher. He did not understand that she knew this by intuition, and in preparing for this terrible task could not blame herself for these indolent moments, and the enjoyment of love, which made her so happy, while she was cheerily building her nest for the future.

CHAPTER XVI

WHEN Levin came up-stairs again his wife was sitting in front of the new silver samovar, behind the new tea-set, reading a letter from Dolly, with whom she kept up a brisk correspondence. Old Agafya Mikhaïlovna, with a cup of tea, was cozily sitting at a small table beside her.

“ You see your lady has asked me to sit here,” said the old woman, looking affectionately at Kitty.

These last words showed Levin that the domestic drama which had been going on between Kitty and Agafya Mikhaïlovna was at an end. He saw that, notwithstanding the chagrin which Agafya Mikhaïlovna felt at resigning the reins of government to the new mistress, Kitty was victorious, and had just made peace with her.

“ Here I have been looking over your letters,” said Kitty, handing her husband an illiterate-looking envelop. “ I think it is from that woman ... you know ...

¹ *Khozaïka doma.*

of your brother's. I have not read it, but this is from Dolly ... imagine it; she has been to take Grisha and Tania to a children's ball at the Sarmatskys'. Tania was dressed like a little marchioness."

But Levin was not listening. With a flushed face he took the letter from Marya Nikolayevna, his brother Nikolai's discarded mistress, and began to read it. This was already the second time that she had written him. In her first letter she told him that Nikolai had sent her away without reason, and she added, with touching simplicity, that she asked no assistance and wanted nothing, though she was reduced to penury, but that the thought of what Nikolai Dmitritch would do without her in his feeble condition was killing her. She begged his brother to look out for him.

Her second letter was in a different tone. She said that she had found Nikolai Dmitrievitch and was living with him again in Moscow, that she had gone with him to a provincial city, where he had received an appointment. There he had quarreled with the chief, and immediately started for Moscow; but on the way he had been taken so violently ill that he would probably never leave his bed again. "He constantly calls for you, and, besides, we have no money," she wrote.

"Read what Dolly writes about you," Kitty began; but, when she saw her husband's dejected face, she suddenly stopped speaking. Then she said: —

"What is it — what has happened?"

"She writes me that Nikolai, my brother, is dying. I must go to him."

Kitty's face suddenly changed. The thought of Tania as a little marchioness, of Dolly, and all, vanished.

"When shall you go?"

"To-morrow."

"May I go with you?" she asked.

"Kitty! what an idea!" he replied, reproachfully.

"Why *what an idea?*" she exclaimed, vexed to see her proposal received with such bad grace. "Why,

pray, should I not go with you? I should not hinder you in any way. I...."

"I am going because my brother is dying," said Levin. "Why should you go?"

"For the same reason that you do."....

"At a time so solemn for me, she thinks only of the discomfort of being left alone," said Levin to himself, and this excuse for taking part in such a solemn duty angered him.

"It is impossible," he replied sternly.

Agafya Mikhaïlovna, seeing that a quarrel was imminent, quietly put down her cup and went out. Kitty did not even notice it. Her husband's tone wounded her all the more deeply because he evidently did not believe what she said.

"I tell you, if you go, I am going too. I shall certainly go with you. I certainly am going," said she, with angry determination. "Why is it impossible? Why did you say that?"

"Because God knows when or in what place I shall find him, or by what means I shall reach him. You would only hinder me," said he, doing his best to retain his self-control.

"Not at all. I don't need anything. Where you can go, I can go too, and...."

"Well! If it were for nothing else, it would be because of that woman, with whom you cannot come in contact."....

"Why not? I know nothing about all that, and don't want to know. I know that my husband's brother is dying; that my husband is going to see him; and I am going too, because...."

"Kitty! don't be angry! and remember that in such a serious time it is painful for me to have you add to my grief by showing such weakness,—the fear of being alone. There, now, if it would bore you to be alone, go to Moscow."....

"You *always* ascribe to me such miserable sentiments," she cried, choking with tears of vexation and anger. "I am not so weak.... I know that it is my

duty to be with my husband when he is in sorrow, and you want to wound me on purpose. You don't want to take me." ...

"No! this is frightful! to be such a slave!" cried Levin, rising from the table, no longer able to hide his anger; at the same instant he perceived that he was doing himself harm.

"Why, then, did you get married? You might have been free. Why — if you repent already?" — and Kitty fled into the drawing-room.

When he went to find her, she was sobbing.

He began to speak, striving to find words not to persuade her, but to calm her. She would not listen, and did not allow one of his arguments. He bent over her, took one of her recalcitrant hands, kissed it, kissed her hair, and then her hands again; but still she refused to speak. But when, at length, he took her head between his two hands and called her "Kitty," she softly wept, and the reconciliation was complete.

It was decided that they should go together on the next day. Levin told his wife he was satisfied that she wished nothing but to be useful, and agreed that Marya Nikolayevna's presence with his brother would not be an impropriety; but at the bottom of his heart he was dissatisfied with himself and with her. He was dissatisfied with her because she would not let him go alone when it was necessary. And how strange it was for him to think that he who such a short time before had not dared to believe in the possibility of such a joy as her loving him, now felt unhappy because she loved him too well. And he was dissatisfied with himself because he had yielded in such a weak way. In the depths of his heart he was even more dissatisfied to think of the inevitable acquaintance between his wife and his brother's mistress. The thought of seeing his wife, his Kitty, in the same room with this woman, filled him with horror and repulsion.

CHAPTER XVII

THE inn where Nikolaï Levin was dying was one of those establishments which are found in governmental cities, built on a new and improved model, with the very best regard for neatness, comfort, and even elegance, but which the public frequenting them cause to degenerate with extraordinary rapidity into filthy grog-shops with pretensions to modern improvements and by reason of this very pretentiousness become far worse than old-fashioned inns which are simply filthy. This inn had already reached this condition. The soldier in dirty uniform, who served as Swiss, and was smoking a cigarette in the vestibule; the perforated cast-iron staircase, gloomy and unpleasant; the impertinent waiter in a dirty black coat; the common "hall" with its table decorated with a dusty bouquet of wax flowers; the dirt, dust, and slovenliness everywhere and at the same time a certain new restlessness and self-sufficiency characteristic of these railway days — everything about this inn produced a feeling of deep depression in the Levins after their recent happiness and especially from the fact that the wretched condition of the inn was wholly irreconcilable with what was waiting for them.

As usual, after they had been asked what priced rooms they wanted, it proved that the best rooms were taken, — one by the supervisor of the railroad, another by a lawyer from Moscow, the third by Princess Astavyeva from the country. One disorderly bedroom was left for them, with the promise that they should have the one next to it, when evening came. Levin took his wife to it, vexed to find his prognostications so speedily realized, and impatient because when his heart was overwhelmed with emotion at the thought of how he should find his brother, he was obliged to get settled instead of hurrying to his brother.

"Go, go!" said Kitty, with a melancholy look of contrition.

He left her without saying a word, and just outside

the door he ran against Marya Nikolayevna, who had just heard of his arrival but had not ventured to knock at his room. She had not changed since he last saw her in Moscow. She wore the same woolen dress, without collar or cuffs, and her pock-marked face expressed the same unflinching good nature.

"Well! How is he? tell me!"

"Very bad. He doesn't sit up, and he is all the time asking for you. You.... she.... Is your wife with you?"

Levin at first did not see why she seemed confused; but she immediately explained herself.

"I am going to the kitchen," she went on to say; "he will be glad; he remembers seeing her abroad."

Levin perceived¹ that she meant his wife, and did not know what to say.

"Come," said he, "let us go to him."

But they had not gone a step before the chamber door opened and Kitty appeared. Levin grew red with vexation and mortification to see his wife in such a predicament; but Marya Nikolayevna was still more confused, and crouching back against the wall ready to cry, she caught the ends of her apron and wound it around her red hands, not knowing what to say or to do.

For an instant Levin saw an expression of lively curiosity in the look with which Kitty regarded this terrible creature, so incomprehensible to her; it lasted but a moment.

"Tell me! what is it? how is he?" she asked, turning to her husband, and then to the woman.

"We cannot talk in the corridor," replied Levin, looking with an expression of annoyance at a gentleman who, with leisurely steps, as if on his own business bent, was coming along the corridor just at this time.

"Well, come into the room, then," said Kitty, addressing the apologetic Marya Nikolayevna; then seeing the look of alarm on her husband's face, she added, "Or

¹ Marya Nikolayevna in speaking of Nikolaï Levin as well as of Kitty uses the third person plural, a form of exaggerated obsequiousness common with persons addressing their superiors.

rather go — go, and send for me,” and she turned back to the room.

Levin hastened to his brother.

He had never expected to see and experience what now he saw and experienced. He expected to find him in that state of illusion so common to consumptives, and which had so struck him during his visit the preceding autumn. He expected to find him with the physical indications of approaching death more distinct than before — greater feebleness, greater emaciation, but practically about the same state of things. He expected that he should have the same feeling of pity for this well-beloved brother, and of horror at the presence of death, — only intensified. He was quite prepared for this. But what he saw was absolutely different.

In a little, close, dirty, ill-smelling room, the paneled walls of which were covered with red stains of expectoration, separated by a thin partition from another room, where conversation was going on, he saw lying on a wretched bed moved out from the wall a body covered with a counterpane. One hand huge as a rake, and holding in a strange way by the end a sort of long and slender bobbin, was on the outside of the counterpane. The head, resting on the pillow, showed the thin hair glued to his temples, and a strained, almost transparent brow.

“Can it be that this horrible body is my brother Nikolaï?” thought Levin; but as he came near, he saw his face and the doubt ceased. In spite of the terrible change that had taken place, it was enough to glance at the lively eyes turned toward him as he entered, or the motions of his mouth under the long mustache, to recognize the frightful truth that this dead body was indeed his living brother.

Nikolaï's gleaming eyes gazed at his brother with a stern and reproachful look. His look seemed to bring living relations between living beings. Konstantin instantly felt the reproach in the eyes fixed on him and regret for his own happiness.

When Konstantin took his brother's hand, Nikolaï smiled; but the smile was slight, almost imperceptible,

and in spite of it the stern expression of his eyes did not change.

"You did not expect to find me so," said he, with effort.

"Yes.... no," replied Levin, with confusion. "Why did n't you let me know sooner, before my marriage? I had inquiries made for you everywhere."

He wanted to keep on speaking, so as to avoid a painful silence; but he did not know what to say, the more as his brother looked at him without replying, and seemed to be weighing each one of his words. Finally he told him that his wife had come with him, and Nikolai appeared delighted, adding, however, that he was afraid he should frighten her by his condition. A silence followed; suddenly Nikolai began to speak, and Levin felt by the expression of his face that he had something of importance to tell him, but he spoke only of his health. He blamed his doctor, and regretted that he could not have consulted a celebrity in Moscow, and Levin perceived that he was still hopeful.

Taking advantage of the first moment of silence, Levin got up, wishing to escape for a little while at least from these cruel impressions, and said he would go and fetch his wife.

"Good! I will have things put in order here. It is dirty here and smells bad, I imagine. Masha, you attend to this," said the sick man, with effort. "Yes! and when you have put things to rights, go away," he added, looking at his brother questioningly.

Levin made no reply, but as soon as he had reached the corridor he paused. He had promised to bring his wife, but now as he recalled what he himself had suffered, he made up his mind to persuade her that she had best not make this visit. "Why torment her as I am tormented?" he asked himself.

"Well, how is it?" asked Kitty, with frightened face.

"Oh, it is horrible, horrible! Why did you come?"

Kitty looked timidly, compassionately, at her husband for a few seconds without speaking; then going to him, she put both hands on his arm.

"Kostia, take me to him; it will be easier for both of us. Take me and leave me with him, please. Can't you see that it is far harder for me to see you and not to see him? Perhaps I shall be useful to him, and to you also. I beg of you, let me go."

She besought him as if the happiness of her life depended on it.

Levin was obliged to let her go with him, but in his haste he completely forgot all about Marya Nikolayevna.

Kitty, walking lightly and showing her husband a courageous and sympathetic face, stepped quietly into the sick man's room and shut the door noiselessly. She went with light, quick steps up to the bed, and sat down so that the sick man would not have to turn his head, and with her cool, soft hand she took the dying man's enormous bony hand, pressed it, and employing that tact peculiar to women, of showing sympathy without wounding, she began to speak to him with a gentle cheerfulness.

"We saw each other at Soden without becoming acquainted; you did not think then that I should ever become your sister."

"You would not have known me, would you?" he said; his face was lighted up with a smile when he saw her come in.

"Oh, yes, indeed. How good it was of you to send for us! Not a day has passed without Kostia speaking of you. He has been very anxious about you."

But the sick man's animation lasted only a short time.

Kitty had not finished speaking before his face again assumed that expression of stern, reproachful envy which the dying feel for the living.

"I am afraid that you are not very comfortable here," said she, avoiding the look which he gave her, and examining the room.

"We must ask for another room, and be nearer to him," she said to her husband.

CHAPTER XVIII

LEVIN could not bear to look at his brother, could not even be himself and feel at ease in his presence. When he came into the sick man's room, his eyes and his motions entirely absorbed him, and he did not see and did not realize the details of his frightful situation.

He perceived the horrid odor, he saw the uncleanness and disorder, he heard the sick man's groans, and it seemed to him that there was no way of helping it. It did not occur to him to investigate how the body lay under the coverlid; how the lean long legs, the thighs, the back, were doubled up and accommodated; nor did he ask whether he might not help him to lie more easily and do something to improve his condition, at least to make a bad situation less trying.

The mere thought of these details made a cold chill run down his back; he was undoubtedly persuaded in his own mind that it was impossible to do anything either to prolong his life or to lighten his sufferings, and the sick man, feeling instinctively that his brother was powerless to help him, was irritated. And this made it all the harder for Levin. To be in the sick-room was painful to him; to be away from it was still worse. And he kept leaving the room under various pretexts, and coming back again, for he was unable to stay alone by himself.

Kitty thought, felt, and acted in an entirely different way: as soon as she saw the sick man, she was filled with pity for him, and this pity in her womanly heart, instead of arousing a sense of fear or repulsion as it did in her husband's case, moved her to act, moved her to find out all the details of his condition and to ameliorate them. And as she had not the slightest doubt that it was her duty to help him, neither did she doubt the possibility of it, and she set herself to work without delay.

The details the mere thought of which repelled her husband were the very ones that attracted her attention.

She sent for a doctor; she sent to the drug-store; she set her own maid and Marya Nikolayevna to sweeping, washing, and dusting, and she even helped them herself. She had all needless articles carried away, and she had them replaced by things that were needed. She went several times to her room, paying no heed to those whom she met on the way, and she unpacked and carried with her sheets, pillow-cases, towels, shirts.

The waiter who served the *table d'hôte* dinner to the engineers several times came with surly face when she rang; but she gave her orders with such gentle authority that he never failed to execute them. Levin did not approve of all this. He did not believe that any advantage would result from it for the sick man. More than all, he was afraid that it would worry his brother. But Nikolai, although he seemed to be indifferent, did not lose his temper and only felt a little ashamed and watched with a certain interest everything she did for him.

When Levin came back from the doctor's, whither Kitty had sent him, he saw, on opening the door, that, under Kitty's directions, they were changing the sick man's linen. His long white back and his stooping shoulders, his prominent ribs and vertebræ, were all uncovered, while Marya Nikolayevna and the lackey were in great perplexity over the sleeves of Nikolai's night-shirt, into which they were vainly striving to get his long, thin arms. Kitty, quickly closing the door behind Levin, did not look at him; but the sick man groaned and she hastened to him.

"Be quick," she said.

"There! don't come near me," muttered the sick man, angrily. "I myself"

"What do you say?" asked Marya.

But Kitty had heard and understood that he was ashamed of being stripped in her presence.

"I am not looking, I am not looking," said she, trying to get his arm into the night-shirt. "Marya Nikolayevna, you go to the other side of the bed and help us. — Please go and get a little flask out of my bag, and bring it to

me," she said to her husband. "You know, in the side pocket; please bring it, and in the meantime we will finish arranging him."

When Levin came back with the flask, he found the invalid lying down in bed, and everything about him had assumed a different appearance. The oppressive odor had been exchanged for that of aromatic vinegar which Kitty, pursing up her lips and puffing out her rosy cheeks, was scattering about from a glass tube. The dust was all gone; a rug was spread under the bed; on the table were arranged the medicine vials, a *carafe*, the necessary linen, and Kitty's English embroidery. On another table, near the bed, stood a candle, his medicine, and powders. The sick man, bathed, with smoothly brushed hair, was lying between clean sheets, and propped up by several pillows, was dressed in a clean night-shirt, the white collar of which came around his unnaturally thin neck. A new expression of hope shone in his eyes as he looked at Kitty.

The doctor whom Levin went for and found at the club was not the one who had been treating Nikolai and had aroused his indignation. The new doctor brought his stethoscope and carefully sounded the sick man's lungs, shook his head, wrote a prescription, and gave explicit directions first about the application of his remedies and then about the diet which he wished him to observe. He ordered fresh eggs, raw, or at least scarcely cooked, and Seltzer water with milk heated to a certain temperature. After he was gone, the sick man said a few words to his brother, but Levin heard only the last words: "... your Katya." But by the way he looked at Kitty, Levin knew that he said something in her praise. Then he called Katya, as he had named her:—

"I feel much better already," he said to her. "With you I should have got well long ago! how good everything is."

He took her hand and lifted it to his lips; but as if he feared that it might be unpleasant to her, he hesitated, put it down again and only caressed it. Kitty pressed his hand affectionately between her own.

“Now turn me over on the left side, and all of you go to bed.”

No one heard what he said; Kitty alone understood. She understood because she was ceaselessly on the watch for what he needed.

“Turn him on the other side,” said she to her husband. “He always sleeps on that side. It is not pleasant to call the man. I cannot do it. Can you?” she asked of Marya Nikolayevna.

“I am afraid not,” she replied.

Levin, terrible as it was to him to put his arms around this frightful body, to feel what he did not wish to feel under the coverlid, submitted to his wife’s influence, and assuming that resolute air which she knew so well, and putting in his arms, took hold of him; but in spite of all his strength he was amazed at the strange weight of these emaciated limbs. While he was, with difficulty, changing his brother’s position, Nikolai threw his arms around his neck, and Kitty quickly turned the pillows so as to make the bed more comfortable, and carefully arranged his head and his thin hair, which was again sticking to his temples.

Nikolai kept one of his brother’s hands in his. Levin felt that the sick man was going to do something with his hand and was drawing it toward him. His heart sank within him! Yes, Nikolai put it to his lips and kissed it! Then, shaken with sobs, Levin hurried from the room, without being able to utter a word.

CHAPTER XIX

“HE has hidden it from the wise, and revealed it unto children and fools;” thus thought Levin about his wife as he was talking with her a little while later.

He did not mean to compare himself to a wise man in thus quoting the Gospel. He did not call himself wise; but he could not help feeling that he was more intellectual than his wife and Agafya Mikharlovna, that he employed all the powers of his soul, when he thought about

death. He knew also that many great and manly minds whose thoughts on this subject he had read had tried to fathom this mystery, but they had not seemed to know one hundredth part as much as his wife and his old nurse. Agafya Mikhaïlovna and Katya — as his brother called her, and he also now began to take pleasure in doing — had, in this respect, a perfect sympathy, though otherwise they were entirely opposite.

Both unquestionably knew what life meant and what death meant, and though they were of course incapable of answering or understanding the questions that presented themselves to Levin's mind, they not only had their own way of explaining these great facts of human existence, but they also shared their belief in this regard with millions of human beings. As a proof of their well-grounded knowledge of what death was, they without a second of doubt knew what to do for those who were dying, and felt no fear of them. While Levin and others, who could talk much about death, evidently knew nothing about it because they were afraid of it and actually had no notion what to do when men were dying. If Konstantin Levin had been alone now with his brother Nikolai, he would have gazed with terror into his face, and with growing terror awaited his end with fear, and been able to think of nothing to do for him.

What was more, he did not know what to say, how to look, how to walk. To speak of indifferent things seemed unworthy, impossible; to speak of melancholy things, of death, was likewise impossible; to be silent was even worse.

"If I look at him, he will think that I am studying him, I fear; if I do not look at him, he will believe that my thoughts are elsewhere. To walk on tiptoe irritates him; to walk as usual seems brutal."

Kitty apparently did not think about herself, and she had not the time. Occupied only with the invalid, she seemed to have a clear idea of what to do; and she succeeded in her endeavor.

She related the circumstances of their marriage; she told about herself; she smiled on him; she caressed

him; she cited cases of extraordinary cures; and it was all delightful: she understood how to do it. The proof that her activity — and Agafya Mikhailovna's — was not instinctive, was animal, was above reason, lay in the fact that neither of them was satisfied with offering physical solace or performing purely material acts; both of them demanded for the dying man something more important than physical care, and something above and beyond merely physical conditions.

Agafya Mikhailovna, speaking of the old servant who had lately passed away, said, "Thank God, he had confession and extreme unction; God grant us all to die likewise."

Katya, though she was busy with her care of the linen, the medicines, and the bed-sores, even on the first day succeeded in persuading her brother-in-law to receive the sacrament.

When Levin at the end of the day returned from the sick-room to their own two rooms, he sat down with bowed head, confused, not knowing what to do, unable to think of eating his supper, of arranging for the night, of doing anything at all; he could not even talk with his wife: he felt ashamed of himself.

But Kitty showed extraordinary activity. She had supper brought; she herself unpacked the trunks, helped arrange the beds, and even remembered to scatter Persian powder upon them. She felt the same excitement and quickness of thought which men of genius show on the eve of battle, or at those serious and critical moments in their lives, those moments when, if ever, a man shows his value, and all the preceding days of his life are only the preparation for these moments.

The whole work made such rapid progress that before twelve o'clock all their things were neatly and carefully arranged: their two hotel rooms presented a thoroughly homelike appearance; the beds were remade; the brushes, the combs, the hand-mirrors, were taken out; the towels were in order.

Levin found it unpardonable in himself to eat, to sleep, even to speak; and he felt that every motion he

made was inappropriate. But she took out her toilet articles and did everything in such a way that there was nothing in the least disturbing or unsuitable in it.

Neither of them could eat, however, and they sat long before they could make up their minds to go to bed.

"I am very glad that I persuaded him to receive extreme unction to-morrow," said Kitty, as she combed her soft perfumed hair, before her mirror, sitting in her dressing-sack. "I never saw it given; but mamma told me that they repeat prayers for restoration to health."

"Do you believe that he can get well?" asked Levin, as he watched the narrow parting at the back of her little round head disappear as she moved the comb forward.

"I asked the doctor; he says that he cannot live more than three days. But what does he know about it? I am glad that I persuaded him," she said, looking at her husband from behind her hair. "All things are possible," she added, with that peculiar, almost crafty, expression which came over her face when she spoke about religion.

Never, since the conversation that they had while they were engaged, had they spoken about religion; but Kitty still continued to go to church and to say her prayers with the calm conviction that she was fulfilling a duty. Notwithstanding the confession, which her husband had felt impelled to make, she firmly believed that he was a good Christian, perhaps better even than herself, and that all he had said about it was only one of his absurd masculine freaks such as he liked to indulge in, just as he did when he jested about her *broderie anglaise* — as if good people mended holes, but she purposely created them.

"There! This woman, Marya Nikolayevna, would never have been able to persuade him," said Levin; "and I must confess that I am very, very glad that you came. You made everything look so neat and comfortable!"

He took her hand, but did not kiss it; it seemed to him a profanation even to kiss her hand in the presence

of death, but he pressed it, as he looked with contrition into her shining eyes.

"You would have suffered too terribly all alone," she said, as she raised her arms, which covered the glow of satisfaction that made her cheeks red, and began to coil up her hair and fasten it to the top of her head. "No, she would not have known how but fortunately I learned many things at Soden."

"Were there people there as ill as he is?"

"Yes, more so."

"It is terrible to me not to see him as he used to be when he was young. You can't imagine what a handsome fellow he was; but I did not understand him then."

"Indeed, indeed, I believe you. I feel that we *should have been* friends," said she, and she turned toward her husband, frightened at what she had said, and the tears shone in her eyes.

"Yes, *would have been*," he said mournfully. "He is one of those men of whom one can say with reason that he was not meant for this world."

"Meanwhile, we must not forget that we have many days ahead of us; it is time to go to bed," said Kitty, consulting her tiny watch.

CHAPTER XX

DEATH

ON the next morning communion was administered to the sick man. Nikolai prayed fervently during the ceremony. There was such an expression of passionate entreaty and prayer in his great eyes gazing at the sacred image placed on a card-table covered with a colored towel that it was terrible for Levin to look at him so; for he knew that this passionate entreaty and hope made it all the harder for him to part from life, to which he clung so desperately. He knew his brother and the trend of his thoughts; he knew that his skepti-

cism did not arise from the fact that it was easier for him to live without a religion, but from the fact that gradually his religious beliefs had been supplanted by the theories of modern science; and therefore he knew that his return to faith was not logical or normal, but was ephemeral and due simply to his unreasonable hope for recovery. He knew likewise that Kitty had strengthened this hope by her stories of extraordinary cures.

Levin knew all this and was tormented by these thoughts as he looked at his brother's beseeching, hopeful eyes, as he saw his difficulty in lifting his emaciated hand to touch his yellow forehead to make the sign of the cross, and saw his fleshless shoulders, and his hollow, rattling chest, unable longer to contain the life which he was begging to have restored. During the sacrament Levin did what he had done a thousand times, skeptic that he was:—

"Heal this man if Thou dost exist," he said, addressing God, "and Thou wilt save me also."

The invalid felt suddenly much better after the anointing with the holy oil; for more than an hour he did not cough once. He assured Kitty, as he kissed her hand with smiles and tears of thanksgiving, that he felt well, that he was not suffering, and that he felt a return of strength and appetite. When his broth was brought, he got up by himself and asked for a cutlet. Hopeless as his case was, impossible as his recovery was, as any one might see by a glance, Levin and Kitty spent this hour in a kind of timid joy.

"Is he not better?"

"Much better."

"It is astonishing."

"Why should it be astonishing?"

"He is certainly better," they whispered, smiling at each other.

The illusion did not last. The sick man went serenely to sleep, but after half an hour his cough wakened him and instantly those who were with him and the sick man himself lost all hope. The actuality of suffering unquestioned made them forget their late hopes. Nikolai,

giving no thought to what he had believed a half-hour previously, and apparently ashamed even to remember it, asked for a bottle of iodine to inhale.

Levin gave him the bottle, which was covered with a piece of perforated paper, and his brother looked at him with the same imploring, passionate look which he had given the image, as if asking him to confirm the words of the doctor, who attributed miraculous virtues to the inhaling of iodine.

"Kitty is n't here?" he asked in his hoarse whisper, when Levin had unwillingly repeated the doctor's words.

"No? then I may speak!.... I played the comedy for her sake. She is so sweet! But you and I cannot deceive ourselves! This is what I put my faith in," said he, pressing the bottle in his bony hands as he smelt the iodine.

About eight o'clock in the evening Levin and his wife were taking tea in their room, when Marya Nikolayevna came running toward them all out of breath. She was pale, and her lips trembled.

"He is dying!" she whispered, "I am afraid that he is dying!"

Both of them hurried to Nikolai. He had lifted himself, and was sitting up in bed leaning on his elbow, his head bowed, his long back bent.

"How do you feel?" asked Levin, tenderly, after a moment of silence.

"I feel that I am going," whispered Nikolai, struggling painfully to speak, but as yet pronouncing the words distinctly. He did not raise his head, but only turned his eyes up, without seeing his brother's face.

"Katya, go away!" he whispered once again.

Levin sprang up and in an imperative whisper bade her leave the room.

"I am going," the dying man whispered once again.

"Why do you think so?" asked Levin, for the sake of saying something.

"Because I am going," he repeated, as if he had an affection for the phrase. "It is the end."

Marya Nikolayevna came to him.

"If you would lie down, it would be easier for you," said she.

"Soon I shall be lying down," he remarked softly, — "dead," he added, with angry irony. "Well, lay me back, if you will."

Levin laid his brother down on his back, took a seat near him, and, hardly able to breathe, gazed into his face. The dying man lay with his eyes shut, but the muscles of his forehead twitched from time to time as if he were in deep thought. Levin involuntarily tried to comprehend what was taking place in him, but in spite of all the efforts of his mind to accompany his brother's thoughts, he saw by the expression of his calm stern face, and the play of the muscles above his eyebrows, that his brother perceived mysteries hidden from him.

"Yes yes so," the dying man murmured slowly, with long pauses; "lay me down!" Then long silence followed. "So!" said he suddenly, with an expression of content as if all had been explained for him. "O Lord!" he exclaimed, and he sighed heavily.

Marya Nikolayevna felt of his feet. "They are growing cold," she said in a low voice.

Long, very long, as it seemed to Levin, the sick man remained motionless; but he was still alive, and sighed from time to time.

Weary from the mental strain, Levin felt that in spite of all his efforts he could not understand what his brother meant to express by the exclamation "So." He seemed to be far away from the dying man; he could no longer think of the mystery of death; the most incongruous ideas came into his mind. He asked himself what he was going to do; — to close his eyes, dress him, order the coffin? Strange! he felt perfectly cold and indifferent; he did not experience any sense of grief or loss, or even the least pity for his brother; the principal feeling that he had was one almost of envy for the knowledge which the dying man would soon have and which he himself could not have.

Long he waited by his bedside, expecting the end;

it did not come. The door opened, and Kitty came in. He got up to stop her, but instantly heard the dying man move.

“Don’t go away!” said Nikolaï, stretching out his hand. Levin took it, and angrily motioned his wife away.

Still holding the dying man’s hand, he waited a half-hour — an hour — and still another hour. He ceased to think of death; he thought what Kitty was doing. Who was occupying the next room? Had the doctor a house of his own? Then he became hungry and sleepy. He gently let go the dying man’s hand and felt of his feet. His feet and legs were cold; but still Nikolaï was breathing. Levin started to go away on his tiptoes; but again the invalid stirred, and said, “Don’t go away!”

* * * * *

It began to grow light; the situation was unchanged. Levin gently rose, and without looking at his brother went to his room, and fell asleep. When he awoke, instead of hearing of his brother’s death as he expected, he was told that he had come to his senses again. He was sitting up in bed, was coughing, and wanted something to eat. He became talkative, but ceased to talk about death, and once more began to express the hope of getting well again, and was more irritable and restless than before. No one, not even his brother or Kitty, could calm him. He was angry with them all, and said disagreeable things, and blamed every one for his sufferings, demanding that the famous doctor from Moscow should be sent for; and whenever they asked him how he was, he replied with expressions of anger and reproach, “I am suffering terrible, unendurable agony.”

He suffered more and more, especially from his bedsores, which they were wholly unable to heal, and his irritability kept increasing, and he reproached them all bitterly, especially because they did not fetch the doctor from Moscow. Kitty tried every means in her power to help him, to calm him; but it was all in vain, and

Levin saw that she was suffering physically as well as morally, although she would not confess it.

The sentiment of death which had been aroused in all by his farewell to life that night when he had summoned his brother was mightily weakened. All knew that he would inevitably and speedily reach the end, that he was already half dead. They all felt that the sooner he died the better it would be; yet, concealing this, they still gave him medicines from vials, sent for new medicines and doctors, and they deceived him and themselves and one another; all this was falsehood, vile, humiliating, blasphemous falsehood. And this falsehood was more painful to Konstantin than to the others, because he loved his brother more deeply, and because nothing was more contrary to his nature than lack of sincerity.

Levin, who had long felt the desire to reconcile his two brothers before Nikolaï should die, wrote to Sergyeï Ivanovitch. He replied, and Konstantin read the letter to the sick man: Sergyeï Ivanovitch could not come but he asked his brother's pardon in touching terms.

Nikolaï said nothing.

"What shall I write him?" asked Konstantin. "I hope you are not angry with him."

"No, not at all," replied Nikolaï, in a tone of vexation. "Write him to send me the doctor."

Three cruel days passed in this manner, the invalid remaining in the same condition. All those who saw him—the hotel waiter and the landlord and all the lodgers and the doctor and Marya Nikolayevna and Levin and Kitty—now wished only one thing, and that was his death. The invalid only did not express any such wish, but, on the contrary, continually grumbled because they did not send for the doctor; and he took his remedies and he spoke of life. Only at rare moments, when opium caused him for a little to be oblivious of his incessant agony, he would in a sort of doze confess what weighed on his mind even more heavily than on the others': "Akh! If this could only end!" or "When this is over."

His sufferings, growing ever more and more severe, did their work and prepared him to die. There was no position in which he could find relief; there was not a moment in which he could forget himself; there was not a place or a single member of his body that did not cause him pain, agony. Even the memories, the impressions, and the thoughts about his body now awakened in him the same feeling of repulsion as his body itself; the sight of other people and their talk, their individual recollections, were a torment to him. Those who surrounded him felt it and instinctively refrained in his presence from using any freedom of motion, from conversation or from expressing their wishes. All his life was concentrated in one feeling, suffering, and in an ardent desire to be freed from it.

Evidently there was accomplishing in him that revolution whereby he would be induced to look on death as a consummation of his desires, even as a joy. Hitherto, every individual desire called forth by suffering or privation, as by hunger, weariness, thirst, was satisfied by some bodily exercise producing pleasure; but now privation and suffering got no relief and any attempt at relieving them caused new suffering. And so all his desires were concentrated on one thing,—the wish to be delivered from all his woes and the very source of his woes, from his body. But he had no words to express this thought, and he continued out of habit to ask for what once gave him comfort, but could no longer satisfy him. “Turn me on the other side,” he would say, and then immediately wish to return to his former position. “Give me *bouillon*! Take it away! Speak, and don’t stay so still!” and as soon as any one began to speak, he would shut his eyes and show fatigue, indifference, and disgust.

On the tenth day after their arrival Kitty was taken ill; she had a headache and nausea and all the morning felt unable to get up.

The doctor declared that it was caused by her emotions and weariness. He advised quiet and rest.

Yet, after dinner, she got up and went as usual with

her work to Nikolai's room. He looked at her sternly, and smiled scornfully when she told him that she had been ill. All day long he never ceased to cough and to groan piteously.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Worse," he replied with difficulty. "I am in pain."

"Where do you feel the pain?"

"All over."

"You will see the end will come to-day," said Marya Nikolayevna, in an undertone.

Levin hushed her, thinking that his brother, whose ear was very acute, might hear; he turned and looked at him. Nikolai had heard, but the words made no impression; his look remained as before, reproachful and intense.

"What makes you think so?" asked Levin, when she followed him into the corridor.

"He has begun to pick with his fingers."

"What do you mean?"

"This way," she said, plucking at the folds of her woolen dress. Levin himself noticed that all that day the invalid had been plucking at his bed-clothes as if to pick off something.

Marya Nikolayevna's prediction came true. Toward evening Nikolai had not strength enough left to lift his arms, and his motionless eyes assumed an expression of concentrated attention. Even when his brother and Kitty bent over him in order that he might see them, this look remained unchanged. Kitty had the priest summoned to say the prayers for the dying.

While the priest was reading the prayer, the dying man gave no sign of life. His eyes were closed. Levin, Kitty, and Marya Nikolayevna were standing by his bedside. Before the prayers were ended, Nikolai stretched himself a little, sighed, and opened his eyes. The priest, having finished the prayer, placed the crucifix on his icy brow, then put it under his stole, and after he had stood for a moment or two longer, silently he touched the huge bloodless hand.

"It is all over," he said at last, and started to go away;

but suddenly Nikolai's lips trembled slightly, and from the depths of his breast came these words, which sounded distinctly in the silent room: —

“Not yet.... soon.”

A moment later his face brightened, a smile came to his lips, and the women who had been summoned hastened to lay out the body.

The sight of his brother and the propinquity of death awakened in Levin's mind that feeling of horror at the inexplicability and the unavoidable nature of death, just as he had felt on that autumn night when his brother came to see him. This feeling was now more intense than ever. More than ever he felt his inability to fathom this mystery, and even more terrible seemed to him its proximity. But now, thanks to his wife's presence, this feeling did not lead him to despair; for in spite of his terrors he felt the need of living, and loving. He felt that love saved him from despair, and that this love became all the stronger and purer because it was threatened.

And scarcely had this mystery of death taken place before his eyes ere he found himself face to face with another miracle of love and of life equally unfathomable.

The doctor confirmed his surmise in regard to Kitty. Her discomfort was the beginning of pregnancy.

END OF VOL. II.

1877

1878

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